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THE
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE;

OR, THE
SUMMER'S RAMBLE

OF
MR. GEOFFRY WILDGOOSE.

A COMIC ROMANCE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE

SPIRITUAL QUIKOTE:

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LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THIS ingenious novel was the production of the Rev. Richard Graves, rector of Claverton in Somersetshire; a gentleman who has been considerably distinguished in the literary world for above half a century. His father was Richard Graves, Esq. of Mickleton in Gloucestershire, who died in 1729, and was a man of learning, particularly in the history and antiquities of his country.

The author of this work was born at Mickleton, the seat of his father and grandfather, on May 4, 1715, and received his early education under the Rev. Mr. Smith, the curate of the parish. About the age of thirteen he was removed thence to the school of Abingdon in Berkshire; the reputation of which, at that time, stood very high. At the age of sixteen, he was chosen scholar of Pembroke college, Oxford, where he was soon distinguished for uncommon proficiency.

Such was his eagerness for classical knowledge, that he had not been long at Oxford before he join-

ed a small party of young men, who assembled in the evenings to read Epictetus, Theophrastus, and such Greek authors as were not, at that time, recommended in the common course of study; and it is much to the credit of this party, that their only beverage at these meetings, was water. It was about this time that he became acquainted with Shenstone the poet; and their intimacy, which continued till the death of the latter, was frequently renewed by epistolary correspondence, part of which has been published. There does not appear to have been a perfect coincidence of sentiment between them in matters of taste; but in general there was a congeniality, and a harmony of opinion and friendship, which added not inconsiderably to the happiness of both.

In 1736, Mr. Graves having left Pembroke, was elected a fellow of All Souls; but, instead of pursuing theological studies, as he first intended, he was led to the study of physic, and attended two courses of anatomical lectures in London. From this, however, he was diverted by a long and dangerous, illness, which left him in a very languid state; and on his recovery, he resumed his original intention, and was admitted to holy orders in 1740, at which time also he took his master's degree.

Some time after he went to reside with Mr. Fitzherbert, at Tissington in Derbyshire, who had a donative in his gift, and was desirous of the company of a clergyman. In this house, Mr. Graves enjoyed the advantage of elegant society for nearly

three years. While making a tour in the north, he accidentally met with a relation at Scarborough, Dr. Samuel Knight, archdeacon of Berkshire, by whose recommendation he obtained a curacy near Oxford; which, at this time, became necessary, as he had come into office in his college, and was obliged to reside within a convenient distance. For this purpose he lodged with a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood, whose youngest daughter, a very amiable young lady, so far captivated him, that he resigned his fellowship and married her. This incident, with some fictitious circumstances, is supposed to be related in the present work, in the history of Mr. Rivers.

About the year 1750, he was presented by Mr. Skrine to the rectory of Claverton, on which he resided very constantly during the whole of his life; and filled up his time, as well as improved his circumstances, by taking a few pupils to be educated with his children. In 1763 he was presented to the living of Kilmersdon, through the interest of his steady friend Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Park, who likewise procured him a scarf from Lady Chatham.

Although Mr. Graves frequently employed his pen on light and gay subjects, he did not commence author until the year 1765, when he published *The Festoon*, a collection of Epigrams, chosen with great judgment, and prefaced by a valuable critical essay on that species of composition, for which he received a silver medal, offered by

the proprietors of a periodical work for the best essay on that subject. The success of *The Festoon* was, however, not great; although, perhaps, as much as he expected. It was followed, at short intervals, by *Lucubrations in Prose and Rhime*—*The Spiritual Quixote*—*A Treatise on Politeness*, translated from the Italian of De la Casa, archbishop of Benevento—*Columella*, or the Distressed Anchorite—*Euphrosyne*, consisting of poetical pieces—*Eugenius*, or *Anecdotes of the Golden Vale*—*Recollections of some Particulars in the Life of Mr. Shenstone*—*Plexippus*, or the Aspiring Plebeian—*The Rout-Fleurettes*, a translation of Archbishop Fenelon's *Ode on Solitude*, &c.—*The Life of Commodus*, from the Greek of Herodian—*Hiero*, on the Condition of Royalty, from Xenophon—*The Meditations of Antoninus*, from the Greek—*The Reveries of Solitude*—*The Coalition*, or *Rehearsal of the Pastoral Opera of Echo and Narcissus*—*Sermons on various Subjects*—*The Farmer's Son*, as a counterpart to Mr. Anstey's *Farmer's Daughter*—*The Invalid*, with the obvious Means of enjoying Long Life, by a Nonagenarian—and *Senilities*.

The merit of these compositions is various; but the general character of all Mr. Graves's works resolves itself into benevolence, instruction, and harmless amusement. He was himself the amiable character he frequently portrays; and, by habits of cheerfulness and temperance, prolonged his life free from blame and care, until his ninetieth year, when he expired after a very short illness.

Of the works now enumerated, the *Spiritual Quixote*, has been by far the most popular. Independent of the design, which at the time of publication, was an object of some importance, the execution of it made it soon be ranked among those productions which are chiefly admired for ingenuity of fiction. By occasionally introducing real characters and authenticated narratives, he has also diffused a charm over the whole, by which curiosity is excited and gratified in the most pleasing manner.

PREFATORY ANECDOTE,

BY THE EDITOR.

GOING lately into the shop of a little upholsterer, not far from the celebrated haunt of the Muses, called Grub-street, I observed him with a bunch of small keys in his hand, with one of which he had just opened a black leather port-folio, or travelling letter-case. The poor man shaking his head with an air of disappointment, I inquired into the cause of his chagrin; upon which he gave me the following account:

Some years ago, says he, a jolly plump gentleman, with a very serious countenance, came to lodge at my house, and rented an apartment up three pair of stairs backwards. It is not usual, continues he, to give any long credit to lodgers of that kind. But the gentleman in question looked like a very honest man. By his dress, indeed, I should have taken him for a country clergyman; but that he never drank ale or smoked tobacco. I was unwilling, therefore, after the first time, to give him the trouble of a weekly payment; so had let his rent run on for near six weeks; at which time, one Friday

morning, before any one was stirring, he suddenly decamped ; leaving nothing behind him, but an old Bible, an old pair of shoes, and an old grizzled periwig. I did not think it worth while to advertise my lodger. I made inquiries after him at the coffee-house, however, which he frequented, and at the chop-house where he dined ; but have heard nothing of him to this day.

The upholsterer, it seems, was in hopes that this letter-case (which, upon removing the bedstead, he had found thrust over the tester) might have contained a bank-bill, or something of value. But, to his utter confusion, he found nothing in it except the manuscript of the following history ; which he considered as waste paper, and, prophetically of its fate, perhaps, said it was good for nothing but to line trunks and band boxes.

Upon casting my eyes, however, over two or three different pages, I thought it might suit the taste of the present age ; in which also the subject appeared by no means unseasonable. I, therefore, offered the honest man an equivalent for his six weeks' rent ; and, after drinking half a pint of mountain together at the next tavern, we finished our contract.

Upon examining my purchase, I found the following rough draft of the author's preface ; which, notwithstanding the sagacious upholsterer's argument to the contrary, makes it probable that the history was written by a clergyman.

THE
APOLOGY,
OR
A WORD TO THE WISE.

THE first romance that we read of (called The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea) was written by Heliodorus, a Thracian bishop. The prelate was called before a synod for this indecorum; and having his choice given him, either to suppress his romance or to quit his preferment, he is said to have preferred the literary fame of that juvenile performance to the revenues of a bishopric.

But though the good man may be blamed for his conduct, I think the synod were too severe in their censure; for I can see no more harm in a fable of this kind (if properly conducted) than in any other, either mythological or parabolical representation of the truth. Nay, I am convinced that Don Quixote or Gil Blas, Clarissa or Sir Charles Grandison, will furnish more hints for correcting the follies and regulating the morals of young persons, and impress them more forcibly on their minds, than volumes of severe precepts seriously delivered and dogmatically enforced.

The following narrative was intended to expose a species of folly which has frequently disturbed the tranquillity of this nation. The author, indeed, by no means considers ridicule as a proper test of religious opinions. But they are the practices, rather than the principles, of the people in question, which he thinks exceptionable. And the following work is so far from ridiculing religion (as, perhaps, may be objected), that, he flatters himself, it has a direct tendency to prevent religion becoming ridiculous, by the absurd conduct of such irregular teachers of it. And he does not see how the honour of God is any more concerned in an attempt to expose the ill-judged zeal of a frantic enthusiast, than the authority of the king would be in our laughing at the absurdities of some pragmatistical country justice or a petty constable.—Thus far the author.

In a blank leaf, next to the title-page, I found an odd instance of the author's peculiar turn: for he had there written this whimsical parody upon Shakespeare's whimsical epitaph:

Reader! for goodness' sake, forbear
To change one word that's written here.
Bless'd be the man that spares my scribbling;
But curs'd be he that would be nibbling.

Accordingly, as I found the language tolerably correct, and the whole piece as highly finished as this species of writing is thought to deserve, I have given it to the public just as I found it; though I

cannot but think that the author might have heightened the ridicule of his principal character, by making more use of some modern journals ; which has since been done, on a different occasion, with exquisite humour, by one of the first writers* of the age for genius and learning.

Now, what became of the author of this history ; whether he was picked up by those foes to indigent merit, the bum-bailiffs, or those friends to bashful courage, a press-gang ; it is impossible, in this particular, to gratify the reader's curiosity. But, from his landlord's account, it seems probable that, having some scruple about publishing the work, he left it, as the ostrich does her eggs, to take its chance : or, perhaps, made use of this innocent stratagem ; that if ever, by any accident, his piece should see the light, he might engage the attention of the public to a subject which he thought of importance ; and by his mysterious and sudden departure would insinuate that he had put a voluntary period to his own life. For, I cannot but think that, instead of an editor's informing the world, that a work was produced, either amidst a hurry of business, or in retirement ; in a fit of sickness, or on a journey ; by a youth under twenty, or by a lady ; or the like uninteresting circumstances ; it would be more likely to rouse the curiosity of mankind, to assure them, that it was written by a man that had either hanged or drowned himself.

* Bp. of G.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the above ludicrous defiance of the critics, I could not but smile at the following memorandum; which partly accounts for the author's not giving his work to the public, according to his first intention.

N. B. Having written the following tale for my winter evenings' amusement, when a *weakness in my eyes* would not permit me to read; and being conscious that I have transgressed, in several instances, the strict rules of epopœa; I was deterred from publishing it by a set of *ensorious Christians*, lately started up, called *Reviewers*; who will not suffer a man to nod in his elbow-chair, without giving him a jog; nor to talk nonsense, without contradicting or ridiculing him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE the Preface was printed off, happening to mention this adventure with the upholsterer, as also the cipher at the end of the following Dedication, to a Gloucestershire esquire, he lifted up his hands, and, in a strain of alliteration, cried out, Cot's life! my old friend and crony! that comical cur, Christopher Collop!—commonly called, the comely curate of Cotswold! he was always scribbling; and, I remember, about ten years ago, took a walk to London (as he always walked to keep down his *fat*), with an intent to publish something, as his friends imagined; but he would never discover the event of that journey.

What is remarkable, however, added the esquire, if Kit were really the author of a thing of this kind, is, that although he did not approve of the Methodists rambling about the country, as many of them do; yet he was suspected to *favour* them in his heart; and continued so to do to the day of his death.

THE
AUTHOR'S DEDICATION,

TO
MONSIEUR PATTYPAN,

Pastry-cook to his most sacred Majesty King George II.

SIR,

THOUGH a stranger to your person, I am no stranger to your ingenuity and your profound skill in your profession. I have often amused myself with some of those elegant *compositions* with which you daily *entertain* the public. I have long been acquainted with the *virtues* of your diet-bread; am a great friend to your *wigs*; and think myself under great obligations to your admirable *puffs*.

As I am convinced, therefore, you will make a *proper* use of my works; will do justice to their merit, and *cover* their defects: that by the well-known goodness of your *taste*, you will *preserve* them from the attacks of the *sourest* critics; and by the *sweetness* of your disposition, defend them against their *bitterest* enemies: if you are not overstocked with waste-paper by my brethren of the quill, I beg leave to dedicate these few sheets to your service; and am,

Sir,

Your devoted humble servant,

CC

THE
INTRODUCTION.

EVERY barber, and blind fiddler* is acquainted with the false delicacy of Politian and Peter Bembo, who would never read the Bible (the Vulgate translation of it, I suppose) for fear of corrupting their style. Now, though I would not be so unreasonable, as to expect the gentle reader of this trifling history to have read his Bible, much less all the numerous commentators upon it: to have perused the profound treatises of John Burstamantius upon the Sacred Animals, or Laurentius Codomannus upon the Scripture Chronology; to have studied Quistorpius's Annotations, or the learned labours of Coppenstenius, Stumpius, Conrade Godenius, and the like: yet, in order to relish many parts of this narration, and to enter into the humour which is sometimes aimed at, I think it absolutely necessary that a man should have some smattering in the religion of his country, some tincture of that education which prevailed in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; I mean, that he should have been taught his Catechism in his infancy; or at least, the Creed,

* *Lippis notum et tonsoribus.* HOR.

the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue: nay, that he should have dipped into the Bible sometimes, or, at least, should have occasionally conversed with those that have. For, as the hero of this romance sallies forth in order to revive the practice of, what he imagines to be, true Christianity; it is impossible that a person of a mere modern education (of which the doctrines of Christianity seldom make the least part) should comprehend the writer's intention.

But, as I would wish, for the sake of the bookseller, to have my work as universally interesting as possible, such a person may yet, perhaps, find some little amusement; especially if he has a taste for regular journals, or books of travels, where we frequently attend the adventurer, with great patience, from stage to stage; though, perhaps, we meet with nothing more material, than the distance of one place from another; the provisions the traveller finds at his inn; the number of aldermen that govern, or the number of bells that entertain a borough town; or the like diverting particulars.

The reader will likewise meet with several trifling incidents from real life, which, however, the author flatters himself, are so far disguised by an alteration of the circumstances of place and time, as to prevent a particular application—unless where a particular application was intended.

THE
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

The education and juvenile pursuits of Mr. Wildgoose.

IN a sequestered village, whose Gothic spire (though hardly discernible in a map of the world) makes a picturesque appearance under the Cotswold hills, the family of the Wildgooses had been settled for many generations. The only surviving heir to their freehold estate, which, next to that of the squire, was the most considerable in the parish, was Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose, the subject of the following history. They had another son, indeed, who died in his infancy; and also a daughter: but as she married young, contrary to her parents' approbation, and became the careful mother of many children, she, for that reason, made but a small figure in the annals of the family.

Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose received the first rudiments of his education at a little free-school by the side of the church-yard; from whence he was removed, at a proper age, to a considerable grammar-

school: and having, by the time he was seventeen, gained as much classical knowledge as is usually taught in those seminaries, the master greatly extolled his parts and genius. His father, therefore, whose veneration for learning rose in proportion to his own want of it, thinking his son might augment his fortune by some learned profession, sent him to finish his studies in the university of Oxford. Young Wildgoose applied himself to the sciences with great assiduity. And, though he had been prevailed on to make one or two excursions to London, and had taken a glimpse of the fashionable world: had seen Quin in his meridian at Drury-lane, and Garrick in his dawn at Goodman's-fields: had shown his face at the Bedford coffee-house, and even eat a jelly with Betty Careless* in Covent-garden; notwithstanding these youthful sallies, young Wildgoose went through the business of the college with diligence and regularity. And having in his person and behaviour something naturally agreeable, an openness of countenance and a simplicity of manners, he gained the love and esteem of his acquaintance, which were pretty numerous, and of the gentleman sort of young people in the university. But, soon after he had been created senior soph, by the solemn imposition of Aristotle upon this head (which solemnity he made a pretence for drawing upon the old gentleman for ten guineas extraordinary,) and when he was just aspiring to the high dignity and honourable privileges of a bachelor in arts, he was recalled to his native seat by the death of his father.

Old Mr. Wildgoose had always shown a great affection for his son. But the necessary expences of a university education appearing to him the height

* Carlesis! ah! nostris et fleta et flenda camœnis.

Meret. Brit.

of extravagance, according to the opinion he now entertained of his son Geoffry, he was afraid his estate would be squandered away the moment he was laid in his grave. Besides, as it had been freed from a considerable encumbrance by Mrs. Wildgoose's fortune, who was the daughter of a wealthy clergyman, and as it had been greatly augmented by her good economy and his own frugality, he left a great part of his fortune in Mrs. Wildgoose's power. As Mr. Geoffry, however, was the only son, and was conscious of being the darling of his mother, this circumstance gave him no kind of uneasiness. And though his father had intended him for some learned profession (as was observed,) yet, being now his own master; and the natural aversion which most young people have to confinement, falling in with his mother's inclination to keep her son always with her, he dwelt at home for some years; a comfort to his mother in her decline of life, a conversable companion to the neighbouring gentlemen, an oracle amongst the farmers, and a wag amongst the gossips at every christening and festival entertainment.

Mr. Wildgoose's chief employment was to manage that part of his mother's estate which she kept in her hands, to the best advantage. This, however, with the assistance of an old servant, gave him little trouble, and left him at liberty to amuse himself, either in company or in the common recreations of the country; or, what was more to his taste, in reading history, poetry, and, in short, most of the best authors in the English language. He frequently walked out, indeed, with his greyhound, or with his spaniel and gun; but the one was rather for a companion, and the other for show, than for any great pleasure which he took either in coursing or shooting. In this obscurity Mr. Wildgoose had

probably spent his life, and joined the undistinguished list of his deceased ancestors, but for the following contemptible incident.

CHAPTER II.

A dispute with the vicar.

CHRISTMAS being still observed amongst the lower sort of people as a solemn festival, Wildgoose had been invited by a substantial farmer, at that season, to spend a sociable evening with Mr. Powell, the vicar of the parish, and other company. Mr. Wildgoose, though a sensible man, used frequently to entertain his illiterate companions, and excite their admiration, with some academical paradoxes; and was fond of exhibiting his dexterity in managing an argument, on the most trifling occasions, in all the forms of mood and figure, agreeably to the rules of Aristotle or Locke.

In the course of this evening's conversation there arose a dispute between Wildgoose and the vicar, in which, according to the letter of the law, Wildgoose, perhaps, had the right side of the question.

There had lately been a new window-tax imposed, which, amongst the middling sort of people, was a frequent subject of complaint. Wildgoose, it seems, since his retreat into the country, had been improving the old mansion-house, by opening a glass-door into the garden. The question was, whether this door ought to be taxed as a window or not, as the overseer, supported by the vicar, seemed to think it ought. Wildgoose insisted upon it, that, however a set of country justices (who seldom were great logicians) might determine, a door was not a

window ; that it was essentially distinguished from it, by its name, its structure, its use, and what not.

The vicar, instead of answering him merely in a serious way, turned his reasoning into ridicule, with some humour, and, perhaps, with some solidity. He said, that as a glass door conveyed light, it answered the end of a widow, and ought to be taxed as such: that its being used as a door, did not destroy the use of it as a window; and, that the name of a thing did not alter its nature. In short, says the vicar, you may as well argue, that a pudding and a dumpling are essentially distinguished, as that a glass door and a glass window are so.

As a pun or a ludicrous expression has frequently more weight with the vulgar, than the most solid argument, the doctor by his raillery turned the laugh against his antagonist, and put him to an awkward silence. The conversation, however, was soon changed, and the company continued their mirth and good humour. But this defeat sunk deeper into Wildgoose's bosom than one would easily imagine, and was attended with considerable consequences, which greatly affected the future conduct of his life.

CHAPTER III.

The serious consequences of it.

SOME of the most important events in history, if traced to their original, have sprung from the most trifling causes. The murder of Cæsar in the capitol was chiefly owing to his not rising from his seat, when the senate tendered him some particular honours. The negociations with the pope for dissolv-

ing Henry the Eighth's marriage (which brought on the Reformation) are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's dog biting his holiness's toe, when he put it out to be kissed by that ambassador: and, not to multiply instances in so plain a case, the duchess of Marlborough's spilling a bason of water on Mrs. Masham's gown, in Queen Anne's reign, brought in the Tory ministry, and gave a new turn to the affairs of Europe.

Thus, to descend from these heroic examples, the greatest revolution in Mr. Wildgoose's life sprung from a frivolous dispute, in which he was apparently so slenderly interested.

To account for his resentment on this occasion, however, we must observe, that every man acts a kind of subaltern part in conversation; and he who is an inferior or a common man in one company, may be a captain, or a leading orator in another. There are few persons of so mean a capacity, or so despicable accomplishments, as not to have a circle of acquaintance who reverence their opinions, and amongst whom they are heard with attention, and utter their decisions with a kind of oracular authority. This was the case with Mr. Wildgoose. In company with any of the neighbouring gentlemen, his superiors, he was modest, and patient of contradiction; but in an assembly of yeomen he was in his glory, in his very kingdom. By ridiculing his opinions, therefore, and diminishing his consequence amongst his own subjects, Mr. Powell was guilty of a kind of high treason, which Wildgoose could not easily forgive.

Time, however, might have worn off this unreasonable disgust against the vicar, if Mr. Wildgoose had not gone to church the next Sunday, whilst the impression was strong upon his imagination. He had always been remarkably decent in his behavi-

our at the public worship, and not only made his responses with an audible voice, but generally, leaning over the pew, accompanied the minister through both the lessons, with a Latin Bible, which he had brought with him from the university. At the same time, however, Mr. Geoffry was shrewdly suspected to have been guilty of some slight offences against the rules of chastity, with his mother's maid. And though, in general, he might not be worse than his neighbours, yet he probably did not surpass them so much in his private character, as he did in his external deportment at church.

Now it happened unfortunately, that the doctor was haranguing that day upon the sin of hypocrisy; which, one would think, is a subject the least liable to a particular application by the hypocrite himself; for what knave or debauchee would be encumbered with the mask of piety, unless he flattered himself that it concealed his real character, and screened him from the attacks of public censure? It is to be feared, however, that Mr. Wildgoose was conscious to himself of some slight failings, inconsistent with his sanctified appearance, and was too nearly concerned in the subject of the parson's discourse, not to make a particular application: and whether he suspected Mr. Powell to have pried into his secrets, or whether, as he was piqued against the vicar, he thought the resentment was mutual, whatever was the cause, he from that time avoided his company, and determined for the future to absent himself entirely from church.

As he could not, without exposing his weakness, give any reasons for this alteration in his conduct, he by degrees grew shy of the rest of his acquaintance, and sunk insensibly into a gloomy, unaccountable kind of misanthropy. Mrs. Wildgoose, who was fond of her son, became very uneasy on

his account, but could not guess at the cause of his malady. She was always pressing him to go more abroad, and visit his neighbours. Nay, she got Mr. Powell, the vicar, himself (who was really a good-natured man, and, with his wife, often drank tea at Mrs. Wildgoose's) to talk to her son on the subject. Mr. Geoffry pleaded lowness of spirits, and a disrelish for company ; and said, with some sullenness, that he chose to be alone. In short, he found out so many excuses from time to time, that at last it was looked upon as his way; his humour to be always alone ; and Mrs. Wildgoose desisted from her maternal expostulation.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Wildgoose enters upon a new course of studies.

BUTTERED toast for breakfast now became unseasonable, and gave way to sage and bread and butter. Lamb and sallad ceased to be a Sunday's dinner, or part of the second course, and was an obvious dish at every table. The parson of F-field* no longer threw his oyster-shell into the street, ambitiously luxurious ! but supped in his garden upon codlins and cream, or a bit of soft cheese and a cucumber. In other words, the spring was far advanced—when Mr. Wildgoose was, one day, sitting in his old-fashioned parlour ; and, in an indolent posture, ruminating upon such trifles as usually employ a disgusted mind : the windows were shaded with an over-grown laurel, and the solemn vibrations of an old clock from its sable trunk, with the

* On the Bath road.

distant sound of a doleful ditty which the servant whistled as he was digging in the garden, concurred to increase his melancholy.

“He roll’d his eyes, that witness’d huge dismay,”

and surveyed over and over again every picture, and every part of the hereditary furniture of the mansion-house, which had been so familiar to his eyes from his very infancy. At last, he happened to fix them on an old forlorn quarto, that lay upon a lofty shelf, covered with dust, and tinged with smoke an inch within the margin. Something prompted him to look into it, which, starting from his elbow chair, he immediately put in execution. He found it to contain a miscellaneous collection of godly discourses, upon predestination, election and reprobation, justification by faith, grace and free-will, and the like controverted points of divinity; the productions of those self-taught teachers and self-called pastors of the church, in the time of Cromwell’s usurpation. As his usual studies had been very insipid to him, since he was become thus a prey to melancholy, and out of humour with himself, the vicar, and all the neighbourhood, this crude trash happened to suit Mr. Geoffry’s vitiated palate; especially as these writings abounded with bitter invectives against the regular clergy, and the established church; and with sentences of reprobation upon all mankind, except a few choice spirits called the elect.

Mr. Wildgoose read over this curious volume in an indolent manner, which rather amused than pleased him, and bewildered rather than instructed him. He was so far from being cloyed, however, with this crabbed food, that he found his appetite increase by indulgence; and recollecting that there was a closet in the house, which had been locked

up ever since the death of his grandmother, who was a rigid Non-conformist, thither he instantly resorts, and finds it stored with a variety of authors of the same stamp ; some Presbyterian, some Independent, some Anabaptist, some Fifth-monarchy men ; the works of that swarm of sectaries in the last century ; all differing somewhat in their principles, but all agreeing in their inveteracy against the church of England.

This was no unpleasant food for Wildgoose's disorder ; for, having conceived so great a prejudice against the vicar of the parish, he gladly embraced any system that seemed to thwart his usual doctrine. In short, in half a year's time he had gone through the whole library of godly discourses ; the Marrow of Divinity, Crumbs of Comfort, and Honey-combs for the Elect, The Spiritual Eye-salves and Cordials for the Saints, and Shoves for heavy-ars'd Christians ;* and was forced at last to take up with an old tattered folio of Foxe's Martyrology, and another of Master Clark's Lives of famous Men ; amongst others, that of Mr. Carter of Norwich, who, the history informs us, was a mighty lover of Norfolk-dumplings.

CHAPTER V.

Adopts a new system of religion.

THE puritanical principles which he had thus imbibed, prepared Mr. Wildgoose to relish the doctrines of the Methodists, which began, about this time, to spread in every corner of the kingdom :

* A very good book of old Baxter's.

and he was much pleased with the journals of their proceedings, two or three of which he had accidentally met with, and which made no slight impression on his imagination. Such a multifarious body of divinity, indeed, quite unsettled Mr. Geoffry's mind, and filled his head with such a farraginous medley of opinions as almost turned his brain. It produced at least, to speak candidly of the matter, that sort of phrenzy which we ascribe to enthusiasts in music, poetry, or painting, or in any other art or science ; whose imaginations are so entirely possessed by those ideas, as to make them talk and act like madmen, in the sober eye of merely rational people.

But to complete poor Geoffry's religious phrenzy, some straggling itinerant had lately penetrated into that neighbourhood, and held forth once or twice a-week at a market-town a few miles from the village where Wildgoose lived. These nocturnal meetings he now frequently attended ; at first without his mother's knowledge, or that of any of his neighbours ; and when she discovered it, by his frequent absence, she thought it more prudent to connive at his whimsies, than aggravate them by opposition.

A pious inclination to retail those doctrines which he had heard at those meetings, as well as the natural propensity which men have to propagate their own opinions, concurring with the prejudice which Mr. Wildgoose had conceived against the parson of the parish, strongly urged him to give vent to that fund of spiritual knowledge, which, like the volatile bee, he had been the whole summer in gleaning from those flowers of rhetoric, and from those flourishing orators above-mentioned.

He would now and then venture to defend the cause of the Methodists before his mother ; but she would never hear him with patience on the subject.

She said, if the clergy would but do their duty, as her poor father did, and as the canons of the church required, there would be no necessity for these extraordinary proceedings: and if they neglected their duty, complaint should be made to their lawful superiors. Her own father, she said, was a very good man: and, whatever little show of piety these upstart preachers might raise amongst their followers by the novelty of the thing, she was sure her father did more real good in his sphere, by a regular discharge of his duty in an extensive parish: that he instructed the ignorant, and reproved the vicious; that he catechised the children, visited the sick, and (as far as his circumstances would permit) relieved the poor; and that not only his own parish, but the whole neighbourhood, were the better for his instructions and his example, to this day.

As Mrs. Wildgoose was so zealous an advocate for the church, Mr. Geoffry forbore to display his sentiments any farther in her presence, though he took an opportunity, now and then, of privately insinuating his notions into the maid, who, being young, was more attentive and more pliant than the man whom age and habit had rendered stubborn and averse to speculation. In other respects, as Wildgoose had long since deserted his old companions amongst the credible part of the neighbourhood, he was under a necessity, at present, of keeping silence from (what he thought) such good words, though it was no small pain and grief to him.

CHAPTER VI.

Preliminaries with the fastidious reader.

MR. Wildgoose, being impatient of any longer confinement, began, after some time, to creep out in the dusk of the evening, and join the sober assembly of labourers and mechanics under an old elm, at the cottage gate of an honest, sociable cobbler, where the news of the parish, or the weather of the ensuing day, the badness of the times, or the scarcity of money, and other matters of general concern, were adjusted with great wisdom and penetration.

As Jeremiah Tugwell (which was the name of this cobbler) will bear a considerable part in this history, the polite reader will not be offended with a slight sketch of his person and character.

Here, however, it may be necessary, once for all, to settle preliminaries with such readers, as are possessed with the modern *tapino-phoby*, or dread of every thing that is low, either in writing or in conversation. For as people in high life are less prone to that excess of zeal or religious enthusiasm, which gave occasion to the following tale, than people in a less elevated sphere, the author could not, consistently with probability, introduce him so frequently amongst the former as amongst the latter.

I have sometimes been tempted to think, however, that high and low are by no means necessarily confined to the different ranks and stations in life; and have even suspected (though I do not presume to have penetrated into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of high life) that there may be as much low wit and as many practical jokes going on over a bottle of burgundy at the Star and Garter, or at Arthur's, as over a pot of porter at the Robin Hood society. It

seems at least probable, that as we sometimes find very low wit employed upon the highest subjects, so there is room for high humour (if the author had abilities) upon the lowest subjects.

If the reader, however, has otherwise determined it; if he is of opinion that every representation of nature that does not relate to the great world is to be exploded as contemptible stuff, he will certainly repent of having read thus far; and I would exhort him, by all means, to return in peace to his card-assembly, or to his chocolate-house, and pursue so low a subject no further.

For the sake, however, of the less critical-customer, the fat, sleek-headed guest, who, like a prudent traveller in a stage-coach, instead of affecting to be more squeamish than his companions, is resolved to be pleased with whatever is set before him, we will proceed in our narration.

CHAPTER VII.

What sort of man Jeremiah Tugwell was.

COME! then, thou goddess Fame, if haply thou canst steal a moment from high life; from trumpeting forth the praises of the great artist of the golden boot in Berkeley-square,* and I do not blasphemously invoke thy power to record the humbler virtues of a rural craftsman, come to my aid! and bestow one blast in honour of the fidelity, courage,

* On a sign there, a painter had copied Roubiliac's figure of Fame on the wing; in her right hand exalting a golden boot, with a trumpet in the left, sounding forth the praises of the illustrious boot-maker.

wit, and humour, of the renowned Jeremiah Tugwell.

Jeremiah Tugwell then, or Tagwell, or Tackwell (for learning having been at a low ebb in the family, the orthography is somewhat dubious; nay, a conceited fellow in the village, who pretended to etymology, said it ought to have been written Tugwool, and that wool was put for sheep, and sheep for mutton (by a synecdoche :) so that the true meaning of the name, according to his conceit, was Tug-mutton. But I value at a nut-shell these fanciful etymologies, which endeavour to elicit a significative meaning from every family name, the originals of which are infinitely uncertain; and our conjectures about them are often as far from the truth as the interpretation of dreams by an old midwife.)*

Tugwell, then, was a thickset little fellow; near fifty, but of a strong constitution and hale complexion: and though time and accidents had made considerable depredations on his person, had turned the colour of his bushy locks, had made bald the crown of his head, and robbed him of most of his grinders, yet these strokes of time had only given him a more picturesque appearance; and one solitary tooth in his upper mandible, when any thing excited his mirth, gave an inexpressibly droll and joyous air to his physiognomy.

As to his character, Jerry had a tolerable share of natural sense; but having somewhat of a speculative turn, and being fond of books, he too much disregarded the common maxims of prudence, and passed amongst his more provident, though really less sagacious, neighbours, for a half-witted fellow. By

* A learned antiquary insists upon it, that Tugwell is a corruption of Toghill near Bath, and Toghill of the Oak-hill, being a wood of oaks, where the Druids went in search of the sacred Mistletoe.

which means, though Jerry was really a tolerable hand, a more popular operator having started up, he had lost most of his custom as a shoe-maker, and was dwindled into a mere mender of shoes, or what is vulgarly called a cobbler. He still worked for Mrs. Wildgoose's family, however, who had always made it a point of conscience, not wantonly to change their tradesmen from any imaginary want of skill in an old man, whose honesty and desire to oblige them were unquestionable.

Though Jerry was fond of books, it was chiefly those of the fabulous kind, which dealt in the marvellous and the romantic. As he did not trouble himself about the niceties of chronology or geography, Jerry was particularly fond of the Seven Champions of Christendom, who are said by the historian to have sprung up soon after the destruction of Troy; that is, about some thousand years before Christ was born; and one of them to have ridden on horseback from Sicily, through Cappadocia, Tartary, the Island of Cyprus, &c. the direct road to Jerusalem. Tugwell was possessed also of the old edition of Mandeville's Travels, who is the author alluded to by Shakespeare, as speaking of antres vast and deserts idle, and of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. Jerry delighted to talk of Prester John, of the Holy-land, and of the wandering Jew, that cursed shoemaker, who thrust our Saviour out of the judgment-hall; for which he is condemned to a vagabond life, till Christ comes in judgment; whose real existence* Jerry as firmly believed as any part of the Gospel.

He had also some smattering in astronomy, though he had not yet embraced the Newtonian

* Matthew Paris, no contemptible historian, mentions his being frequently seen in the East, about 400 years ago;

system: he could point out Charles's wain and the polar star, and could give as good an account of the northern lights as most other philosophers; yet Jerry strenuously denied their appearance in England before the beheading of the rebel lords, in the year fifteen.

For, as to his political principles, Tugwell was suspected, like some of his neighbours, to be strongly attached to the Stuart family; though this attachment seemed to have no other foundation, than a compassion for the distressed; and never showed itself but in a harmless pun once a year, in wearing a sprig of rue and thyme on the eleventh of June (the accession of his late majesty,) as the tenth was honoured with a white rose.

As for Jerry's moral character, his justice, temperance, and fortitude, they will sufficiently appear in the course of this history.

Tugwell had no family but his wife Dorothy, his dog Snap, and a tabby cat. His only son Joseph, having violated the chastity of the justice's maid (who was known to be common to all men,) rather than marry her, listed for a soldier; and was supposed to be dead in America.

Jerry and his spouse were more equally yoked than Jobson and Nell in the farce; though in the present instance, the female prerogative rather preponderated; by a proper exercise of which, notwithstanding his censorious neighbours thought Jerry cursedly hen-pecked, Dorothy contrived to convince him. that he had the best wife in Christendom.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sketch of Mr. Wildgoose's theological system.

No more of Jeremiah Tugwell ! for heaven's sake, says the delicate reader, whose patience has hitherto been unexhausted. I shall only add, therefore, that as Tugwell's name was liable to puns, and capable of significant applications, so the situation of his stall, within view of the street, exposed him to the familiar salutation of those who passed by. And, as every one had something to say to Jerry, so Jerry had something to say to every one : and this gave a sort of petulant dicacity to his repartees, by no means agreeable to the natural civility of his disposition.

The reader will observe likewise, that Tugwell's profound knowledge of books had infected his language ; which was frequently interlarded with hard words, not always applied or pronounced with the utmost propriety.

Such, then, were the circumstances, person, and character of Jeremiah Tugwell, at whose cottage-gate Mr. Wildgoose made the first essay towards propagating the doctrines which he had lately adopted.

He took occasion first to lament the great decay of Christian piety (which with regard to his present audience, was probably a complaint but too justly founded.) He then began to insinuate, that the present doctrine and discipline of the church were the chief causes of this degeneracy : that, for his part, he had attended the public worship, as others did, merely because it was the custom of the country ; but that he had always found it a tedious piece of lip-labour, without the least edification : that as

for the parson's preaching, it might serve just to keep up some little appearance of religion amongst us, and perhaps might prevent some people from being quite so bad, as they would otherwise be; but could never reform one sinner, nor "make men wise unto salvation." Besides, says he, if we could live a good moral life, and practise all the good works which the doctor so earnestly recommends, all this would be little to the purpose. Faith in Christ, says he, is all in all. We must be clothed with the splendid robes of his righteousness, instead of the "filthy rags of our own works." In short, continues Wildgoose, we must be assured, that we are in the number of the elect, and have the seal of adoption (the impression of which, he hinted, none but a few choice spirits like himself were acquainted with,) and if our name were thus once up (according to his doctrine,) we might lie a-bed, and give ourselves no further trouble.

With this, and a great deal more to the same purpose, Mr. Geoffry entertained his little circle under the great elm at Tugwell's gate: and though they were not capable of distinguishing nicely between his doctrine and what they heard at church; yet being delivered to them in a more familiar manner, and by a new teacher, and in a new place, it made a considerable impression upon them, and brought them punctually the next evening to their usual rendezvous. But, as the report of Mr. Wildgoose's appearing amongst them soon increased the number of this little assembly, and also as the evenings began now to be pretty cool, he thought it proper to adjourn to Tugwell's chimney-corner. Besides, Mr. Wildgoose was sufficiently sensible of the difference between mere talking, and preaching in a fanatical manner. Where nothing was intended but informing the understanding, the former alone

might answer the end; but where the passions were to be moved and the affections engaged, a more vehement action (approaching to gesticulation,) a greater earnestness, and more impassioned tone of voice, were to be made use of: which an orator upon a level with the crowd, and in the open street, could by no means exert to the best advantage.

CHAPTER IX.

He commences orator.

MR. Wildgoose, therefore, now borrowed a stool of Dame Tugwell, and exalting himself above his audience, harangued them in the true Gospel tone and style of address. To shew them the necessity of the new birth and of a divine faith, he began to describe, in heightened colours, the universal depravity of human nature. He confessed, that for his part, he had violated every precept of the moral law, as contained in the ten commandments. And, in the heat of his oratory (with eyes fixed and foaming mouth,) he insisted upon it, that he had blasphemed God, and cursed the king: that he had dishonoured his father and his mother: that he had murdered his brother.—Here the company stared, as it was well known, that he never had but one brother, who died of the chin-cough.—He declared, that he had defiled his neighbour's wife; that he had robbed upon the high-way—Stop! stop! master, (cries Tugwell, who could hold no longer) why sure you are beside yourself—I believe your worship is as honest a gentleman as any in the county—

Ah! Jerry, replies Wildgoose (correcting himself) I have not, perhaps, been actually guilty of

those enormous transgressions: but every unregenerate man is daily guilty of them virtually, as we say; inasmuch, as he has the seeds of corruption in his heart: and it is only by the grace of God, that he is restrained from putting them in execution.

In this style Mr. Wildgoose usually addressed his little audience; and though he had really a classical taste, and, on common subjects, an elegance of expression, yet by confining himself so long to the puritanical writings above mentioned, and those of the methodists, he had strongly imbibed their manner: and his language on religious topics abounded with that strange jargon of those pious people, which chiefly consists in applying the quaint Hebraisms of the Old Testament, and the peculiar expressions of the primitive apostles, to their own situations, and every trifling occurrence of modern life.

Thus, in allusion to the sacred unction, he would tell them, that God anointed (that is, greased) the wheels of his soul; and blasphemously makes him act as a surgeon and apothecary, "purging him with hysop, healing his putrid sores, and binding up his broken bones." Sometimes God is a Grub-street writer, and writes bitter things against him. And he always speaks of himself, as an apostle and evangelist; that few could resist the power with which he spoke;* and that "he spake as one having authority, and not as the scribes," that is, common country parsons.

As Mr. Geoffry was sometimes rather prolix in his discourses, Tugwell would put him in mind, that talking was dry work. He, therefore, frequently enforced his arguments with a flagon of good ale

* Journal, p. 103.

from his mother's cellar, which afforded great comfort to his thirsty audience, cemented their friendship, and contributed not a little to convince them, that they were in "the right way." And to keep Dame Tugwell in good-humour (who was sovereign in that mansion,) and to make her some recompense for the use of her house, Mr. Geoffry ordered her to come daily to his mother's kitchen, where, together with her broth or pot-liquor, he contrived to slip something more substantial into Dorothy's pipkin.

CHAPTER X.

A peculiar species of ecclesiastical discipline.

By this kind of management, Mr. Wildgoose's audience greatly increased, and became almost as numerous as Mr. Powell's, the vicar's, at church. For though Mr. Powell did his duty in the parish with sufficient care, there was a peculiarity in his conduct, which made him many secret enemies, and which deserves to be recorded.

Mr. Powell was a man of great benevolence; but being a Cambro-Briton, (of the Ap-hoels of Brecknockshire) he was subject to a national impetuosity of temper; and being endued with great bodily strength and proportionable courage, if any of his parishioners were notoriously guilty of swearing, drinking, or any other scandalous vice, he would address them in this manner: Look you, my friends, your drunkenness and profaneness are an open insult upon the laws of that great King whom I have the honour to serve, and an affront to me who bear his commission. As I have often admonished you, therefore, against swearing and drinking, and you

still persist in the same course, I give you fair warning once more, that the next time I hear or see any thing of this kind, I will drub you most confoundedly. This method had so good an effect, that as they knew he had strength and courage to put his threats in execution, he was very seldom under any necessity of doing so.

Those, however, who were thus kept in awe, though they could not but reverence Mr. Powell's character, rather feared than loved him, and were glad to listen to any doctrine which they thought was in opposition to the vicar's. But to return from this digression.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Wildgoose takes an extraordinary resolution.

By haranguing so frequently upon the same topics, Mr. Wildgoose began to talk very fluently : and from attending to the applauses of his little audience, and observing the effect of his oratory upon them, he began to entertain no mean opinion of his own eloquence, and to aspire after a more extensive fame. Nay, he thought himself false to his trust, thus to bury "his talent in a napkin," to hide his "candle under a bushel," and not let his "light shine before men," for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Besides, from the accounts of God's dealings with several of his saints, particularly with John Bunyan, who, in his youth, had been greatly addicted to the diabolical diversions of ringing bells, dancing at may-poles, and other profane amusements (as he himself informs us,) yet in his advanced age, was

thought worthy, for his pious labours in God's vineyard, to be sent to Newgate ; from perusing these I say, and the Acts of our modern Apostles, contained in their Journals above mentioned, Mr. Wildgoose was ambitious of emulating their spiritual adventures, and even burnt with zeal to imitate them in their sufferings, and wished for nothing so much as to be persecuted for the sake of his religion. The suffering for one's opinions gives a man an air of consequence in his own eyes ; as it supposes him to think for himself, and to be distinguished from the herd of mankind, who live and die unregarded, content with the hereditary notions of their unthinking ancestors.

Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose, therefore, having no longer any pleasure in the society of his more creditable neighbours, nor in his wonted amusements, since his fancy became entirely possessed with these enthusiastic ideas, determined to leave the management of his mother's estate to their old servant Stephen, and, like a true Spiritual Quixote, to abandon his dwelling : and, in imitation of Mr. Whitfield and his associates, to use his earnest endeavours, to revive the practice of primitive piety and the doctrines of the Reformation, by turning missionary, and publishing his religious notions in every part of the kingdom.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Original of Methodism. Mr. Wildgoose's resolution to visit the society at Bristol.

WHEN the learned Humphry Prideaux (as the story goes) offered his Life of Mahomet to the bookseller, he was desired to leave the copy with him a few days, for his perusal. The bookseller, who had not the learning or taste of a modern artist, having consulted with his learned garreteers, who were highly pleased with the performance, told the doctor at his return: Well, Mr. What's-your-name, says he, I have perused your manuscript; I do not know what to say to it: I believe I shall venture to print it: the thing is well enough, but—I could wish there were a little more humour in it.

Now though the courteous reader should be as fond of humour, as this facetious bookseller was; yet if, in travelling through a flat country, he should now and then meet with a picturesque prospect, sometimes with a bit of galloping ground, and sometimes with a droll object upon the road, he must patiently submit to jog on some parts of the way without any thing to entertain or amuse; for such

probably will be the fate of the gentle reader of this various history.

About this time the sect of the methodists (as was before observed) began to spread into most parts of the nation; though, perhaps, it is doing them too much credit, and at the same time an act of injustice, to call them a sect; as I know of no new opinions which they maintain, except that of the lawfulness of preaching without a legal call; and of assembling in conventicles or in the open fields, in direct opposition to the laws of the land.

A late writer* does Mr. Whitfield the honour of being the first author of methodism, whom he also calls a fellow of Pembroke college in Oxford. But as Mr. Whitfield disclaims all worldly grandeur, and with great humility assures us, that like the blessed Founder of our religion, he was born at an inn†; so, like him, I am persuaded, he will confess, that “he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister:” for he was really a servitor, and not a fellow of that learned society. Neither was Mr. Whitfield concerned in the first institution of methodism, though he has since made so shining a figure amongst them; for, some years‡ before he came to the university, Mr. John Wesley, fellow of Lincoln college, his brother Charles, a student of Christchurch, Mr. Clayton, of Brazen-nose, and two or three more young gentlemen, with a very laudable intention, agreed to spend two or three evenings in

* Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe.

† *Vide* God’s Dealings with Mr. Whitfield. There is nothing so ridiculous, or rather profane, which pious writers will not say for the sake of a witty allusion. Thus the learned bishop Taylor says, that Christ was born at the sign of the Star in Bethlehem.

“Born at an inn,
A star the sign—”

GOLD. GROVE.

‡ About the year 1730.

a week together, in reading history or other entertaining and instructive books, instead of drinking, which, at that time, was too much in vogue among the young people of the university. The Sunday evenings they appropriated to religious authors, which soon convinced them of the great neglect of practical religion in that place, as well as in other parts of the kingdom. In consequence of these convictions they formed themselves into a little society, and raised a small fund for charitable uses; to relieve the necessitous, buy medicines for the sick, and to disperse books amongst the ignorant. They agreed also to go occasionally and visit the prisoners in the castle, who, at that time, were much neglected: and, that they might have the more leisure for these charitable offices, without breaking in too much upon the business of their colleges, they were obliged to fix stated hours for these employments, and their other religious exercises; to which they were directed by Mr. Nelson's Practice of Devotion. This strict regularity and methodical conduct, after some time, acquired them the name of methodists; though not without allusion probably to an ancient school of physians of that denomination.

Mr. Wesley, however, I am convinced, had no thoughts at that time of separating from the established church (the most essential of whose doctrines he has generally adhered to), much less of robbing the community of so many useful mechanics; who, with a view of raising themselves above their fellow-plebeians, without any other apparatus than a long cravat, and a demure pertness of countenance, together with a little common-place jargon (picked up at their weekly assemblies), forsake their lawful callings, and commence reformers and teachers of their brethren. But "the beginning of strife

is as the letting out of water ;” and if one man may break through the established order of society, another has the same right to do it ; which must end at last in utter confusion.

These people then had several societies at this time in London, Bristol, and in most of the considerable towns in England : but as Bristol was the nearest to the place of Mr. Wildgoose’s habitation, and he saw by the newspapers, that Mr. Whitfield at this time made that his principal residence, he resolved to visit the society in that city, and confer with them upon the subject of the cause in which he was now a volunteer ; and to take instructions for the better discharge of the mission, to which he flattered himself he had a divine call.

CHAPTER II.

Communicates his intentions to Jerry Tugwell.

MR. Wildgoose, having determined to go on a pilgrimage to Bristol, after some deliberation, communicated his intentions to his foresaid honest neighbour, Jeremiah Tugwell, but under a strict injunction of the greatest secrecy : and, as he thought it would be more agreeable to have a companion in his travels, finding him alone in his stall, he began to sound Jerry upon that subject.

Mr. Wildgoose esteemed Tugwell, and Tugwell fancied himself a true convert to his religious system : for, hearing him harangue so often upon the same subject, Jerry had learned, whenever Mr. Wildgoose talked to him upon that head, to echo back most of his expressions with an appearance of a sincere conviction. If Mr. Wildgoose lamented

the sad decay of Christian piety, Tugwell would shake his head, and clinch it with a more vehement exclamation against the wickedness of the age. If Wildgoose asserted the preference of faith to works, Yes, yes, cries Jerry, faith's all; our good works are no better than "filthy rags," in the sight of God.

And as Jerry's passions were naturally tame and moderate, he was not often guilty either of swearing or drinking; the most common foibles of men in his rank of life.

As to the former, however, Jerry might rather be called a Demi-juror, than a Non-juror; as, instead of the usual profane execrations, he would content himself with some softening modifications of them: Instead of the shocking exclamation of G-d damn you! Jerry would use, G-d mend you, or convert you! Instead of Od's blood, od's wounds, or Pox take you, Jerry was content with Odsbodkins, odszounterkins, pock-i-cat take you, and the like: and even these castrated imprecations Jerry seldom used, even in the paroxysms of his wrath, without a decent *salvo*; as, God forgive me for swearing, or I was going to say, and the like.—Which, however, answered the purpose of venting his rage, and at the same time secured him from the imputation of impiety and profaneness.

As to drinking, Tugwell's greatest temptation was from the Angel, in his neighbourhood: I mean, the sign of the Angel, where he longed to be tippling with the sociable part of his acquaintance; but as there is no law in England against the wife's wearing that emblem of sovereignty, the breeches, Dorothy kept the cash, and by that means kept Jerry within tolerable bounds, unless when he could secrete a tester for some bye-job; on which occasions he would sometimes elope and take his fill. But, since

Mr. Wildgoose had made use of his cottage for their nightly assemblies, this supplied the place of other less innocent amusements: so that Tugwell flattered himself he was a true convert to religion; that he had made a great progress in the road to heaven, and was qualified to teach others the way.

But to prepare Tugwell for a proper assistant in his mission, Mr. Wildgoose took this opportunity of examining him upon some of the distinguishing doctrines which he had of late been inculcating.

Wildgoose asked Jerry, therefore, whether he had a true sense of his fallen condition, and that he was a wicked sinner, and had broken every commandment of the moral law? for unless he was convinced of sin, he said, he could not hope for pardon.

Tell me, therefore, Jerry, says Wildgoose, have you ever broke the first or second commandment, or have you ever been guilty of worshipping idols?—*Idols!* says Jerry, why yes to be sure, I have been very *idle* sometimes, that's *sertain*; especially at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and *sich* good times, as one may say!—Pshaw, says Wildgoose, you mistake me, Jerry; I mean, did you ever worship more gods than one, or any false gods, as the Jews and heathens did?—Oh! says Jerry; what! Bel and the dragon, and Nebuchadnezzar, and *sich* like: no, no! thank God, I never *troubles* my head about them. I *says* my prayers, and *worships* the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but there is no great harm in that; for they are all the same, as a body may say.

Well, Jerry, but you may have been guilty of idolatry, by setting up idols in your heart, and loving any thing more than God.

Ah! says Jerry, God forgive me! to be sure, I formerly loved nine-pins and cudgel-playing, bet-

ter than going to church and saying my prayers.— Well then, Jerry, thou hast broken the first and second commandment. Now for the third ;

Didst thou never take the name of God in vain ?

No, says Jerry, I hope not. God be friends, I never was guilty of that—though to be sure, when a body is in a passion, a body may use a bad word now and then, such as, pock-i-cat take you, odsbobs, odsbodikins, and the like—but there is no harm in that—

Why, says Wildgoose, if you think them bad words, there is harm in them, and they are very wicked ; and if you do not, they are very ridiculous. Do you know, Jerry, that many of those words are corruptions, either of the most tremendous oaths, or of the most shocking execrations ? Pock-i-cat take you, is only a corruption of The pox of God take you ! Odsbobs, as you call it, means, As sure as God's above us ! and Zounterkins, which you frequently use, is a construction of God's wounds, and is a most shocking oath, as swearing by the precious wounds of our Redeemer. In short, Jerry, the only way to avoid the guilt of profane swearing, is to use the greatest simplicity of speech ; to let your Yea be yea, and your Nay nay, as our great Master directs.

Tugwell stared at this exposition of his unmeaning gibberish ; but Wildgoose proceeded in his examination.

In the next place, Jerry, have you never profaned the sabbath, by doing your ordinary work on the Lord's day ?

No, says Jerry, except paring turnips now and then, and boiling the pot ; which we han't time to do always on working days—and I remember I once

sat up till Sunday morning, to finish a pair of shoes against Easter.

Well, Jerry, continued Wildgoose, If I were to examine you through the whole decalogue, I am afraid there is not one of the moral precepts but what thou hast transgressed, either in thought, word, or deed: for, as the tenth commandment is intended to guard against the breach of the rest, if you have not actually been guilty, you may intentionally, even by coveting your neighbour's house, your neighbour's wife, or any thing that is his.

Nay, says Jerry, as for coveting my neighbour's wife, nobody can accuse me of that; for, thank God, I have the best wife in England.

Just as Jerry was saying this, Dorothy, who had listened for some time, and did not hear the noise of the hammer, called out with no very harmonious voice, Why don't you mind your work? Don't you know those shoes must all be finished against Whitsunday?

The dread of Dorothy's displeasure, therefore, put a stop to Mr. Wildgoose's scrutiny, for the present; and so they parted.

As Jerry then had no family to provide for, but his wife Dorothy, who could support herself by her own industry, and, as he suspected, had already made a purse for herself, he wanted but little persuasion to come into Mr. Wildgoose's proposal; especially as the course of his studies had given him a romantic turn, and a strong inclination for travelling; although his situation in life had never permitted him to indulge that propensity. Besides, as Jerry made a sort of merit of accompanying Mr. Wildgoose, he did not doubt but he would, some time or other, recompense him for his trouble. Tugwell, therefore, told Mr. Wildgoose, that he

should be very proud to bear him company, if he was resolved to go. But, please your worship—Jerry was here going to propose some artful scruples, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Jerry's affected scruples.

TUGWELL assured Mr. Wildgoose he should be very proud to accompany him to the land's end, if occasion were; for that he always loved travelling. But master, says he, what must we do for money to pay for our lodgings, and to provide necessaries upon the road? for as madam is not to know of our going, belike your worship's purse will soon be *dishasted*.—Oh! as for that, says Mr. Wildgoose, you may make yourself easy—The labourer is worthy of his hire. Those to whom we impart our spiritual things, will abundantly supply us with those carnal conveniences which you are so anxious about: at least, Providence will infallibly provide for those that rely upon him; and I have as good security for the necessaries of life, in God's promises, as if I had millions in the Bank of England.

Was not Elijah fed as well by ravens, dost thou think, as he would have been from the king's table? and did not he sleep as sweetly under a juniper tree, as he would have done upon a bed of state?—Yes, yes, says Jerry, that is very true, but then that was in the holy land, where belike it is much warmer than it is in this country: and then, mayhap, there were no inns nor ale-houses in those days; nor any thing to be got for love or money, in

the wilderness where Elijah travelled; so that he was obliged to trust to Providence, as a body may say—

However, folks were not so hard-hearted in those days; but were more given to *hostility* than they are now.—Hospitality, I suppose you mean, says Wildgoose.—Well, well, that is all one, replies Tugwell; but I am no Oxford scholar, that's *sar-tain*; which was all that Jerry thought requisite to make him as wise as his master.—But howsomever, now-a-days, if a poor man does but ask for a cup of drink upon the road, he's taken for a thief or a *bug-abond*. Instead of giving a man any thing to eat, they will only give one good advice; Why don't you get to your own parish? says one; Why don't you work? says another, and not beg? Here are so many idle fellows about the country, says another. And then it's good luck, if the house-dog be not set upon one, and one gets off without a torn skirt! I should like well enough to travel amongst your Turks and *Hometans* (as Thomas Coryat, the Somersetshire man, did), where a man may lay down his knapsack in an evening, and lodge in a sort of alms-house or *carry-fancy*, as the book calls it, and nobody ask any questions; but there's no travelling in a Christian country without a little money in one's pocket.

Well, says Wildgoose, if that be all, I could take money enough to provide us necessaries upon the road. But I greatly question, whether it be lawful for a preacher of the gospel to take any thought for the things of this life. The first apostles, you know, were forbid to take, "either purse or scrip, or to have two coats a-piece."—Well, says Tugwell, I believe we shall have but one coat between us, as your worship will hardly walk in a great-coat this summer time, and mine is but a

waistcoat, and make the best of it!—Why, I suppose, the only intention of those particular expressions, replies Wildgoose, is, that we should not distrust Providence—but should give good christians an opportunity of displaying their charity and benevolence.

Well, but master, continues Tugwell, what must we do for clean linen, as a body may say? for your worship belike has been used to shift you twice a week; and I most commonly *puts* on a clean neckcloth every Sunday, and sometimes a clean shirt. Now I have thought (if so be it is not contrary to scripture) to take my wallet over my shoulder; and that would hold some clean linen, and a crust of bread and cheese sometimes; for we may happen to lose our way upon Cotswold, and that's but a heathenish sort of a country at best—

Why, to be sure, Jerry, replies Mr. Wildgoose, we ought to take all prudent means for our subsistence, and not expect Providence to feed and clothe us by a constant miracle, as he did the children of Israel in the wilderness.—No, no, says Tugwell, to be sure, their meat dropt into their mouths, as a body may say; and their shoes never waxed old in their forty years' travel; and yet I believe they tramped it on foot all the way.

Well, says Wildgoose, I do not recollect, that either Mr. Wesley or Mr. Whitfield ever make any mention, in their journals, that they took either money or clean shirts with them, nor whether they thought it lawful or unlawful to use any precaution of this kind. But, let me see, you have got a brown jug at home, I think, Jerry; have you not?—That I have, master; and it will hold two quarts, good measure.—Well, well! you must know then, that Mr. Whitfield and his friends have revived a custom of deciding doubtful points, by lot. He does not

tell us, indeed, the manner of doing this; but I know, the method amongst the ancients was to write down the two questions upon scraps of paper, and shake them in an urn or pitcher, and leave the determination to Providence.—Why, says Jerry, if that be all, one may put those same papers into an old hat; or why cannot one toss up a halfpenny, heads or tails, as boys do: but then, methinks, it may happen wrong sometimes; and what is lawful at one time may be unlawful at another, just as it turns up trump.—Why, you must observe, Jerry, this method is only to determine particular facts, or whether one should act so or so on any particular occasion; and this sure we may leave to the decision of Providence.

But, however, Jerry, without any more dispute on the matter, we may be sure of this, that whilst we are honestly employed in promoting the glory of God, and the good of mankind, he will never suffer us to want what is necessary for our support. “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other necessary things shall be added unto you.” A text of scripture, how absurdly soever applied, was always decisive with Tugwell: and he was now worked up to a pitch of Spiritual Quixotism, and grew impatient to set out; and begged Mr. Wildgoose to name a day for their departure towards Bristol.

Wildgoose told him, that as Whitsuntide was at hand, and that great irregularities were practised amongst the common people upon those festivals, at wakes and revels, and other ungodly meetings; particularly at a heathenish assembly of that kind, on the Cotswold-hills, called Dover’s Meeting*, he had

* This was a meeting of great renown in the last century, revived by one Captain Dover, for wrestling, back-sword, and other athletic exercises; and celebrated in verse by the Pindars of Oxford and Cambridge.

thoughts of making that in their road to Bristol.—Ah! says Tugwell, I have been many a time at Dover's Meeting, and won a hat there, at cudgel-playing, when I was a young man; and they say there is to be good sport there this year.—Ah! Jerry, replies Wildgoose, dost thou call that sport, where so many poor souls are devoted to destruction, by drinking, swearing, and all kinds of debauchery? These wakes or revels are the devil's strong-holds, whence he issues forth, and takes captive the poor deluded people at his pleasure. However, I am determined to bear my testimony against them, by preaching to our brethren, and warning them of their danger, “whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear:” and so, we'll resolve to set out next Thursday morning, which I think is the day when that meeting is always held.

Tugwell said he would be ready to attend his worship at break of day, if he could give Dorothy the slip. But, says he, there is another thing, which I had forgot; how does your worship design to travel; on foot or on horseback?—Why, Jerry, says Wildgoose, didst thou ever hear that apostles ever rode on horseback? No, St. Peter himself never thought of any such thing (much less of riding in a coach or post-chaise, as many of his successors have done), but performed all his journeys on foot, as I intend to do.—Well, well, master, says Tugwell, I do not speak upon my own account; for I never have been on horseback since I was twelve years old, when I used to ride the 'squire's horses to water sometimes, along with old Thomas Heartwell, the coachman.

Well, master Geoffry, I will be ready to attend your worship on foot or on horseback, by land or by sea, whenever you please: and so they parted for

the present ; each to make what little preparations he thought necessary for such an expedition.

CHAPTER IV.

Essay on Quixotism.

THOUGH the profession of chivalry has been exhibited to us, by Cervantes, as an object of ridicule, we must not imagine that it was in itself, and in its original, really ridiculous. Knight-errantry took its rise from true heroism, and the most generous principles of honour and public spirit. The most celebrated heroes of antiquity were in reality knights-errant ; who wandered about to subdue monsters, or to deliver men from oppression ; to protect the innocent, or chastise the insolent ; and, in short, to redress those grievances which were not sufficiently provided against by established laws, in the ruder ages of the world.

The absurdity which we laugh at in the celebrated Don Quixote is, his attempting to revive that profession, when the more perfect regulations of civil society had rendered it not only unnecessary, but unlawful.

By poring incessantly over the legendary tales of romance, his ideas of things were so strangely perverted, and his imagination possessed with such frantic notions, that he thought himself obliged in honour to sally forth and submit to voluntary hardships, in quest of adventures which he was not likely to meet with, and to redress grievances which no longer existed ; or in which, under a regular government, he had no right to interfere.

Thus he not only mistook windmills for giants,

and a harmless flock of sheep for an army of Pagans; but challenged an honest farmer to mortal combat for correcting his own servant, and set at liberty some prisoners, who by legal authority had been condemned to the galleys.

The like absurd imagination had possessed our Spiritual Quixote. There was a time when Providence, for wise reasons, thought fit to delegate men invested with extraordinary powers, to publish some important truths to mankind; to warn them of approaching calamities; to combat the superstitious opinions, or to reform the immoral practices which had prevailed in the world to an enormous degree.

In this sense, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and evangelists, and even St. Paul himself, might be styled Spiritual Knights-errant; though they had divine commissions to take the profession upon them, for the most important ends.

And even our primitive reformers had both reason and scripture so evidently on their side, and the errors of popery were become so flagrant and intolerable, that they seemed justified in breaking through the restraints of human establishments, by the palpable necessity of the occasion.

But our modern itinerant reformers, by the mere force of imagination, have conjured up the powers of darkness in an enlightened age. They are acting in defiance of human laws, without any apparent necessity, or any divine commission. They are planting the gospel in a Christian country; they are combating the shadow of popery, where the protestant religion is established; and declaiming against good works, in an age which they usually represent as abounding in every evil work.

But there is another species, or rather a slighter

degree of Quixotism, which proceeds merely from the mimetic disposition of mankind, and is, perhaps, more common in the world than is generally imagined; what I mean is, a desire of imitating any great personage whom we read of in history, in their dress, their manner of life, their most indifferent actions, or their most trifling peculiarities; especially of those who, by living in some distant age of the world, have acquired a kind of venerable heroism to their character, and there are few people, I believe, so severely rational, as not to have some slight tincture of this harmless frailty, or, as the wise men of the world would call it, this ridiculous affectation.

Indeed, life itself would be insipid; nor could human nature support itself upon merely rational pleasures, did not fancy enlarge our sphere of enjoyment, not only by giving an additional gloss to the most substantial objects, but also by stamping an imaginary value upon the most trifling: which, by that means, whilst the novelty lasts, frequently become the source of the most exquisite delight.

I remember a gentleman of the house of commons, a man of great learning and fine taste, who, having been particularly conversant in the English history and antiquities, and whose fondness for the paintings of Vandyke had given him a relish for the dress of our ancient nobility, indulged himself, when at his country-seat, in the humour of wearing shoe-strings, instead of shoe-buckles, and a collar band, instead of a neck-cloth; and in several other antiquated customs, which he would gravely defend by arguments of convenience and propriety.

I also knew a man in the university, who, having read at how great a price the earthen lamp of Epic-

tetus was sold after his death, and flattering himself that the implements of his lucubrations might be valued as curiosities by posterity, determined to renounce the use of candles as a modern invention, and, like that philosopher, to study by a lamp; which, to his utter confusion, he happened to overturn, and spilled a considerable quantity of oil upon a handsome folio, which he had borrowed of his tutor.

Nay, a whimsical gentleman within my memory, took it into his head, that instead of a night-cap, he would sleep, like the ancient heroes, in an iron helmet, which adorned his hall; till one night it unfortunately fell off his head, and demolished his chamber-pot.

Thus Mr. Wildgoose, in imitation of our primitive reformers, and those other worthies in the frontispieces of those books of the last century with which he had been lately conversant, who wore their own hair according to the fashion of the times; that he might resemble those venerable men, even in his external appearance, Mr. Wildgoose, I say, since his retreat from the world had suffered his own hair to grow for some months. Though, perhaps, there might also be something of convenience in this at first, to avoid the impertinence of his officious barber, who, whilst he was working the lather into his stubbed hair, would take upon him to insinuate some sociable advice into his patient, which was more irksome to Mr. Wildgoose in his present gloomy situation, even than the rough instruments and heavy hand of this rustical operator. This alone, therefore, would have been a sufficient reason for his omitting to be shaved, and nourishing his own hair, which, though it was now thick enough to keep him warm, yet as it did not extend below his ears, he made but an uncouth appearance to those

who had been used to see him in a decent periwig.
But to proceed in our story.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Wildgoose and his friend Tugwell sally forth in quest of spiritual adventures.

EARLY on Thursday morning then, in the Whitsun-week, Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose forsook his downy bed; and rejecting that artificial covering of his head, called a peruke, just smoothed his locks with his fingers, put on a plain blue coat, with a black plush waistcoat and breeches, and with a few guineas in his pocket, issued forth in quest of spiritual adventures.

The harmless red-breast, with his solitary note, began to break in upon the stillness of the dawn, and, from the sweet-briar that grew round the lattice, to interrupt the gentle slumbers of Jeremiah Tugwell, when Mr. Wildgoose arrived under his window, and, by the signal agreed upon, summoned him to the place of rendezvous. Jerry soon appeared at the cottage gate, in his short jerkin (being somewhat between a coat and a waistcoat), his jelly-bag linen cap upon his head, with his oaken staff under his arm, and his wallet on his shoulder.

Wildgoose delivered to him a couple of shirts, a small Bible, and two or three pious manuals, which were to be the companions of his pilgrimage. Tugwell, however, who was a happy composition of flesh and spirit, having some regard to the body as well as the soul, had the precaution which Wildgoose wanted, to thrust privately into his wallet a good luncheon of brown bread, and some Gloucester

tershire cheese; which clandestine conduct it is not recorded that Wildgoose ever thought proper to resent.

The sun had hardly appeared above the horizon, when the two pilgrims turned their backs upon their native village, making what speed they could towards the Cotswold-hills, to avoid meeting any of their neighbours, whose curiosity might retard them in their progress.

In about two hours they reached the brow of the hill, when Mr. Wildgoose making a halt to take breath, looked round upon the country below them. The sun had now begun to exhale the dews of the morning, which, being thinly dispersed through the air, gave a charming freshness to every object that rose to their view. There was an extensive prospect of the rich vale of Evesham, bounded at a distance by the Malvern hills. The towers and spires, which rose amongst the tufted trees, were strongly illuminated by the sloping rays of the sun; and the whole scene was enlivened by the music of the birds, the responsive notes of the thrushes from the neighbouring hawthorns, and the thrilling strains of the skylark, who, as she soared towards the heavens, seemed to be chanting forth her matins to the great Creator of the universe.

Wildgoose was touched with a kind of sympathy; and a ray of true devotion darting into his soul, he broke out in the words of Milton, with whom he had been much conversant—

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then?
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

After a little pause, Jerry, says he (addressing himself to Tugwell,) I am always charmed with this fine prospect, though I have viewed it so many hundred times.—Yes, says Jerry, who was slipped behind his master, one may see—a number of miles here—that's *sartain*.—I don't think the beauty of a prospect depends upon the number of miles one may see, says Wildgoose, but upon the number and distinctness of the objects, and the richness of the country.—Why, yes, says Tugwell, to be sure—the vale—is rich land—and most of it—worth forty shilling an acre—but then—it's plaguy dirty—in the winter—

As Tugwell was going on, Mr. Wildgoose turned about, and found that the breaks in his speech were owing to the regular whiffs which he took at his pipe: for whilst Wildgoose was engaged in contemplation and soliloquy, Jerry had been employed in striking fire to some touch-wood, which he always carried in his tobacco-box for that purpose; and had just lighted, and was puffing, with violent efforts, his short pipe. Ah! Jerry, says Wildgoose, I find thou art not yet weaned from the vanities of this world—Thou art not content with the heavenly manna of meditation, but still lusteth after the garlic and flesh-pots of Egypt.—Why, then, master Wildgoose, is it any sin to take a harmless pipe of tobacco? I don't think smoking now and then is contrary either to the law or the gospel.—Jerry, says Wildgoose, I don't think smoking tobacco absolutely sinful; for to the good all things are good, if it be received with thanksgiving.—Then belike one ought to say grace over a pipe of tobacco? says Jerry.—I don't say that, replies Wildgoose, but I'll venture to say, that one ought not to take any sort of pleasure, for which one cannot return God thanks. In short, Jerry, I am afraid thou hast got

such a habit of tickling thy palate with something strong, that thou canst not easily do without it; for which reason thou oughtest to break it off at once. —Jerry, who was a little nettled at being interrupted in what he thought so innocent an enjoyment, cried out, Well, well, I *loves* a pipe; and, thank God, can afford to buy an halfpennyworth of tobacco; and I would not leave it off if the bishop himself, or even Mr. Whitfield, were to preach against it. In short, master, if smoking a dry pipe be a sin, God send us some good liquor! which is all that I'll say about the matter.

Wildgoose shook his head, and began to fear that Tugwell was only half a convert; but thought it was best not to exasperate his fellow-traveller, or discourage him by too much severity at their first setting out; he, therefore, dropped the dispute, and trudged on at a round rate for some time.

CHAPTER VI.

Tugwell meets with a perilous adventure.

THE two friends now proceeded on their journey. Mr. Wildgoose occasionally inculcating some wholesome doctrine into his disciple, and Tugwell fuming the air with the incense of his tobacco.

They had travelled near two miles without any occurrence worth recording: when, on a sudden, they heard at a distance the cheerful cry of a pack of hounds, accompanied with the music of French-horns. As they trudged on, the sound approached still nearer and nearer, and at last they were surprised with the appearance, not of four or five fox-hunters, as might be expected, but of fourscore or

a hundred horsemen upon full speed. The case was, Lord B— of Nottinghamshire, had taken a seat upon the Cotswold-hills, for buck-hunting; and had that morning turned out a fine stag, which the hounds had pursued with great eagerness, and probably over-run the scent; for, coming to a wall, they were now at a stand, and gave the whole company an opportunity of coming to a rendezvous.

I have observed there is hardly a man amongst the vulgar people but affects to be a sportsman, and that would not think it as great a disgrace to be thought a coward, or deficient in courage, as void of taste, or ignorant of the terms peculiar to the manly exercise of hunting.

Accordingly Tugwell, though his sedentary occupation had permitted him to be but little conversant with field sports, or the pleasures of the chase, yet was ambitious of being thought a sportsman; and seeing the dogs at a stand, lagged behind Mr. Wildgoose (who walked on, wrapped in meditation) to wait the event. At last, in the midst of a furze-brake, Tugwell spied the head of some animal; which his imagination immediately represented as the branching horns of the stag: and now, fired with ambition, and making sure of the applauses of the whole field, Jerry waved his hat over his head, and with the utmost vociferation, in the fox-hunters' language, cries out, Tallio! Tallio! Tallio!* The huntsman understood him, and immediately drew off the dogs towards his bawling monitor, when, to his great vexation and Tugwell's utter confusion, up starts a swinging jack-ass, whose long ears Jerry mistook for the horns of the stag. The jack-ass, with his hideous braying, put to flight the huntsman's courser; who, however, was wheeling round

* *Quasi, Tail-oho!*

to reward Tugwell for his intelligence, with the discipline of a horse-whip: and many of the gentlemen being now come up, and disappointed of their sport, and suspecting that Jerry had done it out of fun, were surrounding him in great wrath, and threatened to be the death of him. Poor Tugwell threw himself upon his knees, and with one hand flourishing his staff to guard his head, he extended the other to sue for mercy; but expected every moment to fall a sacrifice to the rage of the vociferous stag-hunters. At last, one of the gentlemen, who saw these affairs in a less important light, turned it off with a joke, and dismissed him in the polite phrase (being a mixture of real compassion and affected profaneness—) D-mn the fellow; let the poor devil go about his business.

Tugwell took them at their word, and gathering up his steps with great agility, and without looking behind him, soon joined his friend Wildgoose; who, wrapped in contemplation, was advanced a considerable way before him, having not given the least attention to what was going on; but upon Jerry's relating to him his danger, and his escape from it, Wildgoose immediately started from his reverie, and in the first transports of his zeal for his friend, was determined to attack these sons of Nimrod with the thunder of his eloquence. But, luckily for them, they were by this time gone off many furlongs, in pursuit of their game, and out of the reach of Wildgoose's rebukes.

He, therefore, contented himself with sending a pious ejaculation after them, and with reprimanding Tugwell for his officious impertinence; recommending to him a more simple and uniform conduct for the future, and not to entangle himself again in the vain amusements of a carnal and wicked generation.

CHAPTER VII.

The natural effects of hunger and fatigue.

THE two pilgrims had now almost reached the plain called Dover's-hill, where the revel was to be held ; but as the sport did not begin till the afternoon and the sun now began to wax troublesome, Jerry proposed resting under an oak, that cast an inviting shade near the side of a wall ; and opening his wallet, he produced a large fragment of a brown loaf, and cheese in proportion, the reviving odour of which put Wildgoose in mind of his breakfast ; for hitherto he had not bestowed a thought upon that article, nor on the means of procuring it.

Now, master, quoth Tugwell, if we had trusted to Providence, and I had not brought some bread and cheese in my wallet, what would your worship have done for a breakfast?—Hold thy profane tongue ! replies Wildgoose ; this is not a difficulty which requires the interposition of Providence. But whenever that is the case, I am certain of his assistance : and God often makes those his instruments to bring about his gracious designs, who intend nothing but their own pleasure, as I suppose thou didst, Jerry, in bringing thy bread and cheese in thy wallet.

After making a hearty, though dry breakfast (for his precaution did not extend so far as to provide drink as well as food,) Jerry's spirits having been exhausted by his early rising, long walk, and the consternation he had been in from the huntsman's whip, he threw himself at length upon the turf, and was soon got into a world of his own, snoring most profoundly.

Mr. Wildgoose at first pulled out one of his little

manuals, and began to read; but he being likewise a little fatigued, soon yielded to the demands of nature, and followed his fellow-traveller's example: where we shall leave them to their repose a little, whilst we inquire what effect their departure had upon Mrs. Wildgoose and Dame Tugwell, whom they left at home.

CHAPTER VIII.

Character of Mrs. Tugwell. And the perplexity occasioned by Mr. Wildgoose's and Tugwell's elopement.

Mrs. Wildgoose was a woman that wore a white hood—and breakfasted upon sage-tea—which particularities, and the principles that gave rise to them, were the distinguishing strokes of her character: for in every instance, Mrs. Wildgoose (like a sensible woman) preferred convenience to show, and always sacrificed any present pleasure to the future ease and happiness of her life. Accordingly, in contempt of modern fashions, and to guard against the tooth-ache, she continued in the venerable sarsenet hood, which was the mark of gentility in the days of her youth; and she drank sage-tea rather than indulge herself in the delicious flavour of hyson or congo, at the expense of her health; which she found affected by that more agreeable beverage.

Mrs. Wildgoose had a truly maternal fondness for her son, and was disappointed in not having him as a constant companion at her meals, and her hours of leisure from her domestic business. But as she was sensible that he was at present under a wrong influence, she forbore to exasperate his malady by oppo-

sition or teasing expostulations. She was no stranger (as we observed) to her son's frequenting Tugwell's house, to the company he kept there, nor to the manner in which he entertained them,—had heard of his attending the methodist's meeting at—, and had frequently consulted with Mr. Powell the vicar, on that subject. But though she was afraid this religious cast of mind was rather the effect of melancholy than of any rational conviction; yet she thought it was the most innocent turn his disorder could take, the dram-bottle or other vicious indulgences being too frequently the sad refuge of such unsociable mortals in their solitudes. And as his motions had of late been so very irregular—and he frequently walked out at the garden-gate very early into the fields with his grey-hound, and breakfasted at his own hours, she took no notice of his absence this particular morning.

But Dame Tugwell, though Jerry had been often as early as this at the labours of the strap, and was frequently whistling and singing, to the disturbance of his neighbours, before sun-rising—yet she regularly summoned him at eight o'clock, from his little stall near the house, to partake with her of a warm breakfast; but not finding him this morning at his station, if I may use that expression for want of a better, she had made diligent inquiry amongst her neighbours without success. At last, it came into her head, that Mr. Wildgoose and he had been more frequently together of late, than they ever used to be before. She, without much hesitation, therefore, repairs to Mrs. Wildgoose's, to inquire if he had been there this morning. Upon being answered in the negative, and also informed that Mr. Wildgoose had not been seen that day, though it was now much later than he had ever been absent before, both she and Mrs. Wildgoose began to be greatly alarmed—I

will be hanged now, says Dame Tugwell, if these two have not some *figary* in their brain; I have observed his worship and our Jerry always whispering and laying their heads together of late; and whenever I came near them, they were as mute as a fish forsooth. For my part, I never liked all this preaching and praying: there is no occasion for it—is there now, Madam Wildgoose? If a body does but *keep one's church*, and does one's best to live, and pays every one his own, I do not see what else is required of us. (This she said as knowing Mrs. Wildgoose's opinion of the matter). But what crotchet can be got into their heads now? continued Dorothy. Master Wildgoose has been so *malancolly* of late, to be sure he would not go to such a place as Dover's meeting; for, else, our Jerry has been talking of the *sport* there two or three times within this day or two—but what should Jerry do there now, unless he puts in for the silver spoon that is to be grinned for? However, I shall hear of him, if he is thereabout—and I will lock up his best waistcoat for the future—and make him know, he shall not run about spending his money at this rate without my leave.

Mrs. Wildgoose, as soon as the volubility of Dame Tugwell would permit, desired her to make herself easy about her husband; that, if he was gone with her son, she would pay him for his trouble, and be answerable for his coming to any harm.—No, God forbid! quoth Dorothy, for I am but a poor helpless woman, you know, madam, since my poor Joseph went for a soldier, and now if my husband leave me too, what will become of me? Times are so hard, and money so scarce—and I can earn but one poor eighteenpence a week—and that is but a small matter to keep a body, you know, madam.—Dorothy was running on, like the flier of a jack, when Mrs.

Wildgoose desired her to be pacified, ordered her some victuals, and left her.

When Mrs. Wildgoose was alone, however, she began to be very seriously alarmed for her son. She could not possibly guess what project he was engaged in. She was at first inclined to send her old servant to Dover's-hill, which Dame Tugwell had mentioned, that she might be satisfied whether he were gone thither or not, but immediately rejected that design, as she was convinced young Wildgoose, in his present state of mind, would not appear at a public meeting of that kind.

Whilst she was in this perplexity, Mr. Powell, the clergyman of the parish, came in, as he frequently did in the morning; who being informed of the affair, immediately said, he should not be at all surprised to hear that Mr. Geoffry was gone somewhere or other after these methodists; for he was well assured, he had been preaching up their puritanical notions amongst his neighbours for this half year, that he had lent two or three of their journals about the parish, and had frequently attended an itinerant preacher at —, though it had been kept a secret from Mrs. Wildgoose. I have often had a mind to talk to Mr. Geoffry on this subject, continued the vicar,—but you know, madam, he has of late avoided me, and, indeed, there is no reasoning with people—who refer you to their own inward feelings, which you can no more deny than they can prove; and who take for sacred the wild suggestions of their own fancy.

Mrs. Wildgoose knew what Mr. Powell said to be very true, and could not tell what to think of the matter—but as her son's conduct had for some time been so unaccountable, she thought it in vain to form any conjectures about it, so waited with patience for

his return, which she expected every hour. But in that poor Mrs. Wildgoose was greatly disappointed.

CHAPTER IX.

Proceed toward Dover's-hill revel.

THE two fellow-travellers were left, under a spreading oak, taking a comfortable nap together. Wildgoose's high spirits, however, would not suffer him to doze long : but having roused his companion, they were now moving on toward the scene of action, refreshed from the fatigue of the morning ; which refreshment proved by no means unseasonable in the sequel.

Mr. Wildgoose, being intent upon his adventurous undertaking, that of preaching for the first time to a mob of holiday clowns at a revel, moved on in profound silence. And though he did not think any premeditation necessary, as he depended upon some supernatural power to give him utterance—yet he could not forbear anticipating, in some measure, the incidents which he should probably meet with on this occasion—nor avoid recollecting how ingeniously Mr. Whitfield spiritualized every circumstance attending his ministration.

Thus when he was to preach from the starting-post at Northampton, for instance, He took occasion to speak home to their souls, concerning our spiritual race.* And from the windmill at Bedford—He exhorted them not to be carried about by every wind of doctrine ; and the like. So Wildgoose was de-

* Continuation of Whitfield's Journal, p. 106, &c.

vising with himself how to allegorize the different athletic exercises, which were usually practised on these occasions, and apply them to the best advantage.

To the wrestlers, he intended to preach up the necessity of *struggling* against flesh and blood, against the world and the devil, and also frequently to *wrestle* with God in prayer; as Mr. Whitfield so often did.

The cudgel-players, he thought, he might aptly enough exhort to *bruise* and *break the head* of that old red serpent the devil, as St. Austin calls him, and to *guard* themselves against every *attack* of their spiritual antagonists—and the like.

They proceeded, therefore, in silent meditation for some time, till at length Tugwell took the liberty to expostulate a little with his master upon the subject. Please your worship, says he, I have been thinking about this same preachment of ours, which we are now going about—since we are almost got to the place, methinks my heart begins to fail me a little. To be sure, it does one's heart good to hear your worship preach—and talk about justification—and *predestination* and *reperbation*, and—and—generation, and *sich* like—in our chimney corner—in an evening; for then, as one may say, we have nothing else to do, and nobody to contradict us. But here, when folks are got together—to make merry; that is, to break heads—and to kick shins, and *sich* as that, methinks, they will hardly have time to hear us preach; and mayhap, they may only laugh at us, for talking about religion at *sich* a time as this—or belike may pelt us with dirt or horse-dung—and *sich* as that.

Ah! Jerry, says Wildgoose, have not I told thee, how Mr. Whitfield has preached to twenty thousand people at a time, upon Kennington Common—

where, as he assures us himself,* he was frequently attended by fourscore coaches, and numbers of horses; and yet all was hushed, the moment he began to speak—their hearts were melted; they would have plucked out their eyes, and have given them to him; they crowded about him, hugged, and were even eager to salute him.† But be that as it may, Jerry, I am determined to discharge my duty, and should think myself happy to suffer in so glorious a cause.—The true saints have often most ardently thirsted after contumelies, derision, and other instances of persecution.—Well, well! master, God's will be done! says Tugwell; I did but speak—not that I am afraid of any one, for my part, nor would not turn my back to the best man in Glo'stershire. Well, do not be too confident, neither, Jerry; remember the violent professions of St. Peter; and yet he was found deficient in the time of danger.—We must trust in the Lord, and take the sword of the spirit; but if we confide to our own strength, and to carnal weapons, we may find ourselves deserted in the day of temptation.

CHAPTER X.

Wildgoose's first harangue.

THEY now approached the place of rendezvous, where the revel was held, which was a large plain on the Cotswold-hills. Their ears were saluted with a confused noise of drums, trumpets, and whistle-pipes; not those martial sounds, however, which are heard in the field of battle, but such as those

* Vide Journal.

† Journal.

harmless instruments emit, with which children amuse themselves in a country fair. There was a great number of swains in their holiday clothes, with their belts and silk handkerchiefs; and nymphs in straw hats and tawdry ribbands, flaunting, ogling, and coquetting, in their rustic way, with as much alacrity, as any of the gay flutterers in the Mall.

A ring was formed about the wrestlers and cudgel-players, by the substantial farmers on their long-tailed steeds, and two or three forlorn coaches sauntering about with their vapourish possessors; who crept from their neighbouring seats—to contemplate the humours of these awkward rustics, and waste an hour of their tedious month in the *country*, where, as a great* modern observes, *small matters serve for amusement.*

Wildgoose and his friend Jerry, making but a small figure in this humorous assembly, were at a loss how to draw the attention of the multitude. As they had made a dry breakfast, and had drunk nothing the whole day, Jerry asked his master, Whether it were any sin, to call for a pint of ale, at *such* a time as this? So with Wildgoose's consent, they went to one of the booths, and were refreshing themselves with the aforesaid potation, when the company began to divide; and proclamation was made, that a holland shift, which was adorned with ribbands, and displayed on a pole, was going to be run for, and six young women began to exhibit themselves before the whole assembly, in a dress hardly reconcileable to the rules of decency.

Nice people have been observed to have the grossest ideas; and, perhaps, such chaste men have the most unchaste conceptions of things. Be that

* Life of C. Cibber.

as it will, Wildgoose no sooner perceived that mysterious veil of modesty, the holland smock, thus rudely exposed to public view, and these young women prepared to engage in so loose a diversion, than he perceived his wonted zeal revive ; and mounting upon an inverted hamper, near the booth, he beckoned to the mob, crying out,

For Christ's sake, my Christian brethren, if you have any regard to the health of your souls, desist from these anti-christian, these more than paganish recreations, which are poison, and listen to my words !

The people, seeing a man of a tolerable appearance thus exalted above the crowd, and preparing to harangue, began to stare, and to inquire of each other what he would be at ! As they heard imperfectly the word *health*, and more words of a medicinal tendency, the prevailing opinion was, that a mountebank was going to dispense his medicines, for the benefit of mankind ; and Tugwell's wallet was supposed to contain the sovereign packet of the learned doctor. Mr. Wildgoose, however, soon undeceived them, by addressing the crowd in the apostolical style ; though he had not yet acquired the true *bon ton* or gospel lingo of Mr. Whitfield and his associates.

Men, brethren, and fellow-christians ! You are here assembled to keep holiday ! that is, to sacrifice to the devil ; to perform the most agreeable service, which you could possibly devise, to that enemy of mankind.

This festival is called Whitsuntide, and was appointed to commemorate the most solemn event recorded in the annals of our religion ; namely, the effusion of the Holy Spirit upon the primitive apostles. But instead of being filled with the Holy Spirit, as the apostles were, you are filling your-

selves with spirituous liquors and strong drink ; with the spirits of geneva, with English spirits, and foreign spirits, and what not !

Oh ! my brethren, consider what you are about ; is this renouncing the devil and all his works ? Is this despising the pomps and vanities of this wicked world ? and resisting the sinful lusts of the flesh ? The very purpose and intent of this ungodly meeting is directly opposite to your most solemn vow at your baptism. Instead of guarding yourselves against the attacks of your spiritual adversary, instead of bruising the head of that old serpent, the devil ; you are breaking one another's heads with cudgels and quarter-staffs ; instead of wrestling against flesh and blood, you are wrestling with and supplanting one another. So far from renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, you are running for holland smocks, and making provision for the lusts of the flesh.

Ah ! my dear country-women, you that are so solicitous for these terrestrial garments, these garments spotted by the flesh ! let me beseech you to labour after the celestial robes, the spiritual decorations and saint-like ornaments of piety, meekness, and chastity ; and not to set your hearts upon such profane trappings as pink ribbands and holland smocks.

Indeed, what use will you make of these tawdry shifts, should you gain the prize ! I blush to answer such a question. They may *make* a poor *shift*, like the fig-leaves of Eve, to cover the nakedness of your bodies, as our good works do the nakedness of our souls. But unless you are clothed with a better righteousness than your own, you will hereafter be stripped bare, and be exposed to the derision of men and angels—

From the secret connection which this subject had

with generation, Mr. Wildgoose was insensibly sliding into the nature of regeneration, and the new-birth; and was going to explain some of the most mysterious doctrines of Christianity to these unruly disciples, when a good orthodox publican, thinking his craft was in danger, cried out, Odzounterkins! lift up the smock! come, my maids! stand ready for the sport!

He was seconded by a shrewd young carter, with a silk handkerchief about his neck, who could not but laugh at the familiarity of Wildgoose's comparisons; and thinking also that this harangue would spoil the diversion, which they were now intent upon, he threw the rind of an orange at the orator's head. Another levelled a piece of horse-dung, with an unlucky dexterity, exactly into Tugwell's mouth as he stood listening with a conceited attention to his master's eloquence. Their example was followed by a great part of the company; who, as Jerry had foretold, began to bombard them so furiously with clods of dirt and horse-dung, that Mr. Wildgoose was soon forced to dismount from the top of his hamper: and one of them, tilting up the form on which Tugwell was exalted, laid him sprawling in the moisture occasioned by the staling of horses, or spilling of the liquor; where he lay wallowing for some time, being saluted with several bumps and jostles in contrary directions, which prevented his emerging from the slippery soil.

In short, Wildgoose thought it advisable to preserve himself for a more favourable opportunity; wherefore, lifting up and disengaging his fellow-labourer, they drew off from the field of battle, amidst the loud scoffs and exulting shouts of the unthinking multitude; Wildgoose only expressing his compassion for them, by a significant shake of the head, and crying out, Poor souls! they know not what

they do; and Jerry, when he was got pretty well out of their reach, bawled out, Ay, ay! *parsecute on—parsecute on—parsecute—parsecute!* You have the best of it in this world, but we shall be even with you in the next.

Thus unsuccessfully ended Wildgoose's first effort towards reforming the world; which, however, so far from discouraging him, only excited his zeal; and he thought himself extremely happy in being counted worthy even of so slight a persecution; and desired Jerry not to be disheartened, for that they should meet with better success, when God should think fit to incline the hearts of his people to listen to their admonitions.

Tugwell, who was a little disconcerted by the bad success of their first attempt, answered, that he did not doubt but God would bring every thing about in his own good time; but, says he, perhaps the time is not yet come. And having a great desire, though he did not care to speak out, to return to his own chimney-corner, he said, Suppose, master, we were to go and try first what we can do with the men in the vale: and now, I don't think there was any body at Dover's-hill that knew us; for I did not see one soul of our town, and I know they are all busy in hay-harvest; so that we might slip home again at night, and nobody be ever the wiser.

Why, Jerry, says Wildgoose, with some warmth, dost thou think me such an apostate? what! to turn back, as soon as I have put my hand to the plough? No, Jerry, you may do as you please; but I will this night make the best of my way towards Gloucester, where Mr. Whitfield was born, and first preached the word, and I make no doubt but I shall there find a little flock at least ready to receive me.

This gentle rebuke had its effect upon Jerry, and he found his spirit of travelling begin to revive. He

told his master, therefore, he scorned to forsake him, and said, when he had washed his face, which was a little sullied by his fall, he should not value what had happened of a rush. But, adds he, if it were to do again, I would have had one bout with the cowardly dog who tilted up the form.

Wildgoose exhorted his friend to christian patience, and to return good for evil; and so they trudged on for some miles, without any other adventure.

CHAPTER XL.

Armigerorum Laudes; or, a Panegyric on Esquires, both ancient and modern.

WHOSE house is that, said I, to some labourers on the London road, with a little cupola on the top, and an enormous length of Chinese rails before it?—'Squire Shapely's, the Londoner's, says one of the labourers.—Yes, says another, with an arch leer, he was a London taylor; but has got a little money, and has built a fine house; and is now a justice o'peace, and a 'squire.—Such is the style and title, taste and œconomy, of your London esquire.

A country 'squire is a gentleman in a remote province, who resides constantly at the mansion-house of his ancestors, which he keeps in tolerable repair—makes a new pair of gates, and builds a summer-house at the corner of his garden. Relying upon his silver spurs and a tight boot, he makes one attempt towards gaining a rich heiress; but not succeeding, he marries his maid, gets an heir to his estate, dies, and is forgotten.

He visits the metropolis once in his life-time ; and takes up his quarters at the Ram in Smithfield—goes to visit his old aunt, from whom he has great expectations ; who, for the credit of the family, makes him put on a sword, which gets between his legs, and almost oversets him. He, therefore, walks through Fleet-street in his boots ; a sharper jostles him into the kennel—another snatches his whip from under his arm, under pretence of revenging the affront, and makes clear off with it—gives five and six-pence for a pair of buck-skin gloves, double stitched ; returns into the country, with a terrible idea of the extravagance and tricks of the town—and, though a constant dupe to the knavish cunning of his tenants, and the exorbitant gains of a country shop-keeper, detests every thing that bears the name of London, except, the London Evening-post, and the London carrier, that brings him down a barrel of oysters at Christmas. Now this sort of man is your country esquire.*

From these instances, I infer, that esquires are of various kinds, and that an esquire, in the modern sense of the word, is a being, in his definition, his existence, and his œconomy, totally distinct from the 'squires of antiquity. The race of 'squires, whose utility to the world in general, and to us diminutive authors in particular, I wish to celebrate, were, in their original, *armigeri*, or *scutiferi* ; that is, armour-bearers to some ancient heroes ; and from thence transferred into modern tales and romances, in which every knight has his esquire. Such was Automedon to Achilles, the faithful Achates to Æneas, Sancho Panza to Don Quixote, and Ralpho to Hudibras—Now, as the 'squires of the heroic ages performed these inferior offices of life, which were beneath the

* A character now almost forgotten in England.

dignity of the hero himself; drove his chariot, bridled his horse, or ran on errands, and the like; so in mock heroics, or familiar romance, the 'squire is frequently the vehicle of low humour, or the subject of such practical jokes, as would too much degrade the solemnity of the knight-errant himself. Thus Sancha Panza is tossed in a blanket, whilst good epic rib-roastings, and heroic knocks on the pate, are reserved for the noble don, his master.

And as poetry and romance is, or ought to be, an imitation of real life, the like subordination of character is frequently to be met with in company, and the conversation of the world. An esquire, in this view, is a gentleman of an easy submissive temper, of moderate appetites, and patient of injuries; who acts an under-part in life, and serves as a kind of shield to protect, or a foil to set off, the principal character.

Every person of any distinction is accordingly surrounded by his proper satellites or attendants of this kind. My lord has his dangler, who secures him a proper deference amongst strangers, by setting the example himself. The bishop has his chaplain, who, at put or all-fours, lets his lordship name the trump. Nay, every 'squire, in the modern sense of the word has a 'squire in the ancient sense, who attends him on all occasions, in the shape of a hunting parson, a nominal captain, or a pacific lawyer; who shields him from the vehemence of his brother justice's wit, or acts the dwarf in understanding, whenever his worship is disposed to shine or to be witty himself, or explains his jokes, or defends his paradoxes, as the occasion happens to require.

I might proceed to show the same convenient subordination of character, in every rank of life; but this would be too great a digression from my

purpose, which was, only to show the utility of this race of men in works of this kind ; and to entreat the reader to consider the 'squire as a lawful representative of the knight, or rather as a *merry andrew* to our spiritual *quack* ; and that if Tugwell is not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men (as Falstaff says)—if he utters a facetious thing, or receives a kick on the breech, let it be placed to account, as so much wit and humour in the author, which he could with the same ease, though not with the same propriety, have transferred to Wildgoose himself, his principal character.

But to proceed in our history.

CHAPTER XII.

Wildgoose's hospitable reception at the house of an orthodox clergyman, and the event of a dispute between them.

THE two pilgrims had now proceeded near seven miles from the place of their luckless achievement ; Wildgoose rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for religion (as he thought it,) and Tugwell consoling himself with the hopes of better success for the future ; when they arrived at an obscure village on the side of the hills, a little before sun-set. They were directed to a neat public-house, by a small sign—whose device it required some skill in hieroglyphics to decipher. The painter had probably intended it for the Red Lion ; but some ambiguity, which arose from an injudicious mixture of the lights and shades, gave it rather the appearance of a shoulder of mutton.—When they entered the house, they found it pre-occupied by a very sober party ;

consisting of an exciseman, a grazier, the parson of the parish, and a mole-catcher.

Mr. Wildgoose inquired of the landlord, whether he could furnish them with a bed? Instead of answering his question, the landlord, according to custom, asked him, which way they were travelling? This not being to the present purpose, Wildgoose desired an answer to his first question. Mine host told him, theirs was but a bye-place, and no great thoroughfare, and that they had seldom any body lay there; but, however, when his dame came home (which she certainly would do before midnight; as she was only gone to a merry-making in the next parish,) he would see about it, and he did not doubt but they could contrive to lodge them; though, says he, we have but one room, where I and my wife lie, but then we have two beds in it.—Well, but what will you please to drink, sir, continued my landlord.

Our travellers being a little disconcerted at this account of my host's accommodations, Wildgoose inquired, How far it was to Gloucester?—To Gloucester, sir? Why you are out of your way to Gloucester; but, *howsoever*, we call it twelve miles, and I believe it is pretty good measure, do not you think it is, master Pottle? This was the name of the honest clergyman, to whom mine host appealed, by way of commencing a conversation between him and the travellers; as talking together is generally an introduction to drinking together, which it was his interest to promote: but Mr. Pottle being conscious of the impropriety of his present situation, and that he must appear in a low light to a stranger of a tolerable figure, as Wildgoose was, affected to have no connection with the company, but to be employed in some useful meditation. Instead of regarding my landlord's appeal, therefore, he as-

sumed all the dignity he was possessed of, inflated his cheeks, and puffed out whole volumes of smoke, which being reverberated by the low roof, he soon filled the house with the fumes of his tobacco.

As the doctor did not vouchsafe them an answer, Wildgoose had now given his attention to a common subject of dispute, which was carrying on between the grazier and the exciseman—the former of whom had asserted, That if a man happened to buy a horse which was *touched in the wind*, or had any other concealed defect, it was no harm to put him off again, without discovering his faults.—As this dispute bore some relation to the precepts of religion, and seemed to concern Wildgoose, who had taken upon him the office of reforming pernicious principles and corrupt practices, he could not forbear interposing; and having been formerly a smart logician (as was observed in the beginning of this history,) after expressing his concern, that such a practice should bear a dispute in a christian country; he said, that most controversies were perplexed for want of settling precisely the question in debate, and keeping strictly to the terms. He begged leave, therefore, to reduce the dispute to the following argument*, or syllogistical form, as it is called :

All cheating is sinful :

The putting off an unsound horse for a sound one is cheating; therefore,

The putting off an unsound horse for a sound one is certainly sinful.

Here the doctor, taking the pipe from his mouth, could not forbear putting in his verdict. Oh ! ho ! sir, says he, I find you have been bred at the university. *Negatur minor* : I deny your second pro-

* Though they despise human learning, those that have had a learned education are fond enough of displaying it.

position, That of putting off an unsound horse, *in a fair*, is properly cheating, in the *popular* sense of the word.—Look you there now, says Wildgoose, this is the common method of disputing; you beg the question, and have also changed the terms of the proposition upon us, and put words into the premises which have nothing to do with the conclusion. If we were to be governed by popular opinions and popular practices, we should soon have no more honesty amongst us than we have religion.—Religion! says Pottle; why, to be sure, it is a very profligate age that we live in, and the world is over-run with infidelity, heresy, and enthusiasm; and the church never was in so much danger from atheists and sectaries as at this day.

Sir, says Wildgoose, I apprehend the church's greatest danger is from the careless lives and degenerate principles of its own members.—Come, come, replies Pottle, we will not dispute about religion in this place; and, as I am afraid my landlord cannot very commodiously lodge you, rather than you should be distressed, you shall be welcome to such a bed as I can give you at my house.

Though Wildgoose recollected what had passed between him and the parson of his own parish, and was a little apprehensive of being involved in some controversy with a person whose professions would probably lead him to combat his present opinions, and discourage him from the undertaking in which he was now engaged, yet he could not refuse so kind an offer, especially as it was now too late for them to think of going farther that night. He, therefore, thanked the doctor for his great civility, and, attended by his trusty friend, accompanied him to the parsonage-house.

As they were going out of the house, my landlord's curiosity prompted him to whisper Tugwell,

and ask him, Whether he and his fellow-traveller did not deal in corks? Or, perhaps, says he, in a low voice, you have some *run* goods in your wallet to dispose of.—No, no, replied Tugwell, my master s no such person as you take him for; he is a gentleman that is heir to three or four hundred pounds a year, and scorns to sell any thing. But no matter for that, I shall not tell our private matters to every fool that asks me. No, no, I understand travelling better than that comes to.

CHAPTER XIII.

What happened at the parson's habitation.

MR. Pottle had now brought his two guests to his own house, and, sending Tugwell into the kitchen, took Wildgoose into a tolerably neat parlour. His elbow-chair stood ready for his reception, and his Tunbridge-ware tobacco-dish, with some scraps of paper folded up for the use of his pipe, were placed upon the table. There were several old newspapers lying in the window, and a single picture of Cardinal Fleury hung over the chimney-piece.

Mr. Pottle was a hale man, of about five and fifty; was a bachelor; and all his domestics were, an elderly housekeeper and a man-servant about his own age. His character will sufficiently appear from the evening's conversation.

Pottle had a cloth laid for himself and Mr. Wildgoose, who eat pretty heartily of a cold shoulder of mutton and cucumbers; and Tugwell was very happy in the kitchen, with a jug of good liquor, and the remains of what came out of the parlour.

After supper Pottle filled his pipe, and began to

beat about and investigate what scheme Mr. Wildgoose was engaged in; what was his business at Gloucester, and how he came to travel on foot. As Wildgoose despaired of converting a man of his years and profession, whose principles were probably settled for life, he was at first a little upon the reserve, and evaded the hints Pottle had thrown out in regard to the intention of his journey.

Pottle then began to make some apology for being seen in an ale-house, and, that his guest might not suspect it was his usual custom, he said, as the parsonage-house was so far from the church, he had gone thither to wait for the funeral of a poor man, that died three miles off, in a hamlet belonging to his parish. But, says he, they know my method; that if they do not come by six o'clock, I would sooner leave the corpse in the church-yard all night than bury it; and so, I suppose, they have deferred it till to-morrow.

Why, replies Wildgoose, I believe the poor country people are very troublesome upon these occasions; but their ignorance is rather to be pitied than blamed. They fancy it a mark of respect to their deceased friends, to keep them above ground as long as possible.—Yes, says Pottle, and don't care what inconvenience they put us to, for the sake of their ridiculous humour, which *can* be of no service to the dead.—Why, to be sure, says Wildgoose, it is of no great consequence what becomes of the *bodies* of the deceased: but yet, I think, one should condescend a little to the scruples, and even to the weaknesses of our brethren in indifferent things, especially if our doing otherwise may probably prejudice them against us, and prevent our being of service to them in their more important concerns. I own, if I were a clergyman, I should consider myself, in some measure, as the servant of the pub-

lic; and think myself obliged to bear with their humours, in some degree, rather than forfeit the good opinion of my parishioners.

Sir, replies Pottle, with some warmth, whatever opinion a parcel of ignorant country bumpkins may have of me, I'll never submit to their unreasonable prejudices and superstitions. A pack of rascals! the more you humour them, the more they will impose upon you. If they have any thing to complain of, let them complain to the bishop; but I'll do my duty as to the *cure of souls*, and let them go and be hang'd!

Pray, sir, says Wildgoose, (if I may take the freedom) what do you mean by the cure of souls?—By the cure of souls? Why, I mean, burying the dead—baptising children, and marrying—and—and—reading prayers, and preaching—and the like.—Why, as to burying and marrying, replies Wildgoose, those functions seem rather to belong to the care of the body than to the cure of souls: and as for preaching (though I don't doubt, sir, but your doctrine is an exception) yet, from what I have observed from the generality of preaching, whatever becomes of our souls, christianity cannot long subsist amongst us, unless it should please God to send some better labourers into his vineyard.

Upon this Pottle flew into a perilous passion; took the pipe from his mouth, started up from his chair, and advancing towards Wildgoose, Sir, says he, what! do you affront me in my own house? I am afraid you are a presbyterian, or what is worse, one of these methodists, that ramble about the country, unsettling people's minds, and prejudicing them against their proper pastors—a pack of rascals! who are a reproach to toleration. But s-s-s-sir, says he, —Though Pottle was eloquent enough in his pulpit, where nobody contradicted him, yet, having natu-

rally some impediment in his speech, it showed itself upon the least opposition. Being, therefore, in great wrath with Wildgoose, his choler almost choked him, and he could hardly utter his indignation intelligibly. But, cocking up his tobacco stopper on his little finger—I'd have you to know, sir, says he, the ch-ch-ch-church has po-po-power—I say, the ch-church has po-power to pu-pu-pu-punish such r-r-r-rascals—I say, the ch-ch-church has po-power—Just as he was uttering these words, and was retreating backwards from Wildgoose, who was got up to pacify him, he happened to tread in a smocking-box, filled with leaves, and fell flat upon his back—bawling out and reiterating, The church has power, so loud, and in so angry a tone, that Pottle's man (who, together with his housekeeper and Tugwell, came to listen) threw open the parlour door, and, seeing Wildgoose standing over his master (whose wig was tumbled off in the fall,) and endeavouring to assist him in getting up; the man mistook his intention, and imagined it was the posture of a triumphant combatant. He, therefore, runs up to him, and with great violence gave Wildgoose a blow under the left jaw. Tugwell, seeing his master thus rudely treated, attacks Pottle's man in his turn. The old housekeeper fell upon Tugwell, tooth and nail, crying out, in an exalted key, I thought they were a couple of *casuistical, tyrannical* rascals; and would not have had my master harbour such vagabonds. After filling his belly with the best in the house, to knock a gentleman down! a *dis-gratitude, villantry* fellow!

The housekeeper's voice, being a sort of unison to the barking of a dog, alarmed an old spaniel that lay sleeping in the chimney corner, who began yelping round the combatants with great fierceness, and completed the tumultuous uproar.

Pottle, however, had now raised himself, and with Wildgoose, was endeavouring to part Tugwell and his man Jonathan, who were the only parties that continued the fray. Pottle also explained the affair to the old housekeeper ; told her, the stranger was in no fault as to his fall ; but, says he, I am afraid we have taken a couple of wolves in sheeps' clothing into our house.

Wildgoose, likewise, perceiving he had forfeited the good opinion of his host, could not bear the thoughts of remaining all night under his roof. He, therefore, bade Tugwell follow him, and making the best apology the circumstances would bear, to Mr. Pottle, for the trouble he had occasioned in his family, and, thanking him for his kind entertainment, marched out of the house, without any interruption from his reverend host.



CHAPTER XIV.

Night-thoughts : of ghosts and goblins. They meet with an uncommon adventure.

THE character and conduct of this very orthodox divine contributed not a little to convince Mr. Wildgoose of the necessity of some reformation in the church, and confirmed him in his resolution of prosecuting with all diligence his romantic undertaking.

The moon shining very bright, and there being but little night at that time of the year, the two pilgrims pursued their journey, taking the first road they could find which pointed towards Gloucester. They had travelled near a mile, and were now got into a very dark lane, by the side of a wood, that led down

the hill on which the village stood. The gloominess of the scene, and the stillness of the night, in a strange place, raised in Tugwell some ideas of terror, which (notwithstanding his personal valour in rencounters and at fist-i-cuffs) he had in his youth being greatly subject to : and though he pretended now to be above these childish fears, yet he stuck very close to his master, and, with an affected bravery, began to fish out Wildgoose's opinion about ghosts and apparitions.

Some folks now, quoth Jerry, would be almost afraid to walk by themselves in such a dark lane, at this time of night : but I don't suppose there is any *sich* thing as spirits now-a-days—do you think there are, Master Wildgoose?—Any such thing as spirits, Jerry? Why, I believe there are no more walk by night than there are by day ; and I am *partly* of the same opinion with a great man,* who says, That goblins and spirits have really no more to do with darkness than with light ; and accounts for our terror on these occasions from what he calls “ the association of ideas.”—Yes, yes, says Tugwell, I remember the *sociation* in the time of the rebellion : our squire would not *sociate*.—No, no, Jerry, what I mean is the joining things together in our fancy ; so that when a child is told by his nurse, of ghosts appearing by night, he shall never be able to separate the notion of spirits from that of darkness, as long as he lives.

But though this may account for that particular kind of terror, yet certainly the sense of our being off our guard, when alone in the dark, and ignorant what enemies we may be exposed to, must necessarily make us apprehensive of danger upon those occasions. So that, let a man have never so clear a

* Mr. Locke.

head to separate ideas, yet I think it almost impossible to be equally calm and easy in darkness and solitude, as we are in the open day-light.

Tugwell was as still as a mouse during this discourse of Wildgoose, though he did not understand a word that was said.

As for there being any such thing as spirits in one sense, continued Wildgoose, no one that is not an atheist can deny this; but though, perhaps, before the times of christianity, Providence might think it necessary more frequently to interpose, by permitting the visible appearance of superior beings upon *important occasions*; and though I am convinced the devil has still as real an influence over the souls of men as he had then, yet you may take it for granted, Jerry, that every story which you ever heard of their visible appearance, is an imposture, and, if more nearly inquired into, may be accounted for from natural means; taking its rise either from the interested designs or terrified imaginations of wicked or weak people.—I myself remember, when I first went to the university, I lived in a large chamber, hung with green baize; the bed was placed in a sort of recess, separated from the dining-room by two large folding doors, which were thrown open when I went to bed, to make it more airy. I happened once to wake about midnight, and it being star-light, saw, on the farther side of the room, a tall figure in white, near six feet high. It seemed to have a square cap upon its shoulders, but was without a head.—Lord have mercy upon us! says Tugwell, laying hold of Wildgoose's skirt; yes, without a head! So my grandmother used to say, that ghosts commonly do appear without a head.—Well, continues Wildgoose, though I used to laugh at things of this kind, I could not account for this dreadful phenomenon. The more I stared at it, the more

I was convinced it was something real. After laying some time, and mustering up my courage, I leaped out of bed, determined to unravel the mystery—when lo! I embraced in my arms a white surplice, which a scholar of the house, having left in my room after evening prayers, had hung upon a brass peg, over which I had suspended my square cap, such as they wear in the university.—Yes, yes, your *trenchard* caps, I have heard of them, says Tugwell.

Thus I am convinced would every story of apparitions have ended, says Wildgoose, if the scared spectator had had resolution enough to examine it to the bottom.—

Why, to be sure, says Tugwell, apparitions are not so common now-a-days as they were in former times; but I remember when I was a boy, father had been to fetch the midwife upon your grandfather's mare, old Whitefoot. She was as good a servant as ever went upon four legs. Your grandfather bought her of old Simon Perkins.—Well, says Wildgoose, proceed with your tale.—It was a very dark night, continues Jerry, and father was riding by a lone uninhabited house, at the end of a close lane, as this may be, when he saw *strange* lights in every window; and when he came into the middle of the lane, vast balls of fire rolled along under his horse's feet: and then the squire's lady, who died in child-bed, drove along in her coach and six, with her child in her arms; and—and—the coachman (it is *sartain* true) the coachman was without a head—and—As Jerry was going on with his terrible story, bounce came his foot against something, and down he tumbled a—se over head, bawling out, Lord have mercy upon me! I have tumbled over a coffin!—Blockhead! cries Wildgoose, why, thou wilt talk so long about ghosts, till thou art frightened at thy

own shadow. Jerry, however, (strange as it was,) happened to be in the right; and the reader will easily guess at the cause of such a shocking indecency: it was the very corpse which Parson Pottle had been waiting for, of a poor man who died at the extremity of his parish, and his surviving friends, willing to take a decent leave of the deceased, had continued drinking till after six o'clock, when, bringing him to the bottom of this hill, and recollecting that Mr. Pottle would certainly not perform the last office that night, they had left the coffin there, to the terror of poor Tugwell, and the astonishment of his friend.*

They were now come into the open plain again, and travelled a good pace till towards break of day, and Tugwell pretended to know by the course of the stars, that it was near three o'clock; and, as his zeal was not quite so active as his master's, he began to complain of fatigue and want of sleep. They, therefore, made towards a barn, a little out of the road, which being locked they were forced to repose themselves upon some straw under a shed, where, however, they slept soundly for some hours; and, rising greatly refreshed about eight o'clock, proceeded on their journey; Jerry, according to custom, reminding his master to lay in a good breakfast at the first public-house upon the road.

* N. B. A real fact.

CHAPTER XV.

The event of Wildgoose's second harangue.

IN the afternoon, when they were got within a few miles of Gloucester, at a genteel house near the end of a village, they saw almost the whole parish assembled in the court, to see a set of morris-dancers, who, this holiday-time, dressed up in bells and ribbands, were performing for the entertainment of the family, and some company that had dined there. Wildgoose thought this a proper opportunity of displaying his eloquence, and communicated his intention to his fellow-traveller: but he, having not so soon forgot the ill success of their yesterday's adventure, would have dissuaded Wildgoose from making a second attempt at so unseasonable a juncture; and said, moreover, that for his part he loved to see people merry at *such* a time as this; but Wildgoose soon silenced his scruples, and he being by this time sufficiently convinced of his master's obstinacy, immediately got amongst the morris-dancers, and acquainted them of his intention. As they were no strangers to itinerant orators in that country, they suspended their diversion for a while, and got round the preacher, who by this time was mounted upon some steps, and began to hold forth with great vehemence, against all festival amusements, as contrary to the serious spirit of the gospel; and particularly against those irregularities which were practised at revels and Whitsun-ales. This doctrine, being rather ill-timed, was not much relished by a great part of the audience, who soon began to be impatient of the interruption which was given to their entertainment.

Those who are acquainted with this sort of mor-

*ris-dance** (which is still practised in several parts of England) must know, that they are usually attended with one character called the tom fool, who, like the clown in the pantomime, seems to be a burlesque upon all the rest. His fool's cap has a fox's tail depending like a ramillie wig; and, instead of the small bells which the others wear on their legs, he has a great sheep-bell hung to his back-side.

Whilst the company, therefore, were all attentive to the preacher, this buffoon contrived to slip the fool's cap upon Tugwell's head, and to fix the sheep-bell to his rump: which Jerry no sooner perceived, than his choler arose, and spitting in his hands and clenching his fists, he gave the tom-fool a swinging blow in the face. The fool, having more wit than courage, endeavoured to escape amongst the crowd. Tugwell pursued him in great rage, with the sheep-bell at his tail, the ridiculous sound of which forming a sort of contrast to the wrath in Jerry's countenance, caused a great deal of loud mirth amongst the company.

Wildgoose, now finding it to no purpose to continue his harangue, assisted in extricating Tugwell from the throng, who had now formed a ring round him and the jack-pudding; and reprimanding him for his want of christian meekness, he bad him follow him, and shake off the dust from his feet, according to the language of our modern apostles, when they would decently extricate themselves from any uncommon difficulty. They now, therefore, pursued their journey without any farther molestation.

Wildgoose told Jerry, they had hitherto, indeed, met with but unchristian-like usage; but comforted him with the assurance of meeting with a more

* A corruption of Morisco dance, probably introduced from Spain, by John of Gaunt.

friendly reception when they should arrive at the Bell at Gloucester (where Mr. Whitfield was born ;) for, says he, where a true gospel-spirit prevails, the genuine fruits of it are, peace, joy, brotherly love, and christian charity. Jerry replied, that a cup of good ale would be the greatest *joy* to him at present, for that he was very dry. Wildgoose, however, would not take the hint, nor stop till they arrived (early in the evening) at the ancient city of Gloucester.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Wildgoose's reception at the Bell at Gloucester, the birth-place of Mr. Whitfield.

It had been the custom of Mr. Wildgoose, in any little excursions which he had formerly made, whenever he came into any city or considerable town, to inquire (like other travellers) into the trade and manufactures of the place, or what curiosities of art or nature were worthy of a stranger's notice. But, in the present situation of his mind, he had lost all relish for things of that kind: instead, therefore, of making any observation upon the situation, buildings, or antiquities of Gloucester, or being in the least struck with the beauty of its cathedral, and the remarkable lightness of its gothic tower, Mr. Wildgoose considered it in no other light than as the birth-place of Mr. Whitfield; and immediately inquired for the Bell Inn.

When they arrived under the gate-way, the travellers addressed themselves to a waiter (who was carrying a dish of Scotch-collops into a parlour across the court,) and asked, whether they could have any lodgings there. He, surveying them with a contemptuous air, did not vouchsafe them an answer.

They then applied to a sort of scullion, who was

doing some drudgery near the kitchen. She, seeing two people about her own level, as she thought, spoke to the cook, who, after some muttering expostulations, went to her mistress behind the bar, and asked her, whether she would lodge two foot-passengers. Mrs. Whitfield, being engaged with company, rose up with some reluctance, and came to the window of the bar, where spying two such dusty figures, her usual politeness to strangers forsook her—Hey-day, quoth she, lodgings, indeed! yes, to be sure; because 'Squire Fielding, forsooth, in that romancing book of his, pretends that Tom Jones was harboured here, we shall be pestered with all the trampers that pass the road!

Wildgoose was thunderstruck at this unchristian-like reception; but Tugwell, who, on the first appearance of so fine a lady, had stood with his hat off, now re-placed it on his head, and, repeating her words, *trampers*, indeed!—I would have you to know, says he, his worship could have rode upon as good a gelding as any one in the county, and could have mounted me too, for that matter, if it were not more like good christians to travel on foot: but I thought folks that keep an ale-house were obliged to take in all comers.—Keep an ale-house! you saucy jackanapes! says Mrs. Whitfield, who had not much christian meekness—you have mistaken the house; you should have gone to the Bird in Hand, in Tripe-lane. There, perhaps, you would find rest for travellers, such as you.—Well, well, dame, says Tugwell, there's no harm done; if you won't lodge us, I suppose there are others that will, and be glad of our custom. Trampers, indeed! I think Mr. Whitfield might have preached you into better manners.

CHAPTER II.

Procure a lodging.

THE two pilgrims were a little disconcerted at this mortifying reception, and at a loss how to proceed; and though Wildgoose had of late affected to despise all worldly distinctions, and to make light of external respect, the consequence of them; yet he was a little shocked at this unforeseen effect of his voluntary humiliation, and almost began to wish that he had travelled in a manner more suitable to his station in life.

As they were deliberating what course to take, Wildgoose espied a barber's pole; and reflecting, that perhaps Mrs. Whitfield, being ignorant of his enlightened heart, might be scandalized at the frouzy appearance of the outward man, resolved to get rid of his beard, have his hair refreshed, and his cravat a little decently adjusted. He, therefore, entered the shop, where the case was quite reversed. The honest barber, whose less affluent circumstances inspired more gentle manners, and made him civil to the meanest customer, received them with great affability, and apparent benevolence; and, with a voluble tongue, as he was preparing his razor, ran over the heat of the weather, dustiness of the roads, and other general topics, which those artists have ready at hand, for the entertainment of their customers, and to divert their attention from the pain which often attends the operation under the most skilful performer.

Whilst Wildgoose was doing penance under the instrument of this ingenious tonsor, he took the opportunity of consulting him about a lodging for himself and fellow-traveller; and informed him what

treatment he had met with at the Bell. This Tugwell confirmed, with some expressions of resentment, assuring the barber, that his master could afford to pay for whatever he called for, and did not want to sponge upon any one. We know the custom at such houses, continues he: *'tis touch pot, touch penny*—we only want money's worth for our money.

The barber, encouraged by these overtures of familiarity, took the liberty in his turn to inquire which way they came, whither they were travelling, what stay they should make at Gloucester, and, if he might be so bold, what branch of business Mr. Wildgoose was engaged in. Wildgoose, from the fulness of his heart, soon let the barber into the nature of his calling, and that he intended to employ the talent of preaching, which had been intrusted to him, for the good of the poor inhabitants of that city. The barber replied, that Mr. Whitfield, to be sure, had preached there frequently with good success, and had left a few scattered disciples amongst them; but, says he, the shoemaker's wife often goes in ragged shoes.—That is an old saying, and a true one, to my knowledge, cries Tugwell.—Well, says the barber, I was going to observe, that although there had been a society begun here by Mr. Whitfield, yet since he went to Georgia, and has been in so great request in London, Bristol, and other parts of England, the people of Gloucester are not much the better for having had so great a prophet born amongst them.

As for lodgings, continued the barber, our house is large enough for that matter, though it is a little out of repair—and, as I have a wife and a family of children, we are a little straightened for beds: however, perhaps my wife will endeavour to accommodate you.—Wildgoose replied, that he was

very easily accommodated in that respect, for he had determined not to pamper the flesh, and would submit to any hardships for the good of his brethren. But, says he, what must we do for a room to assemble in?—Why, as for that, returned the barber, we have a sort of old dining-room, which will exactly suit your purpose, though there is no furniture in it, but a few broken chairs and an old cider-cask or two, which will not be much in the way. In short, the barber informed his wife of the affair, who having peeped at them through the kitchen door, and formed an opinion of them no ways injurious to their honesty, they soon came to an agreement; and the two pilgrims took up their residence at this friendly barber's.

CHAPTER III.

At Gloucester.

THE barber's shop in a country town has been, time out of mind, the grand office of intelligence; partly from the leisure and loquacity of that race of men, and partly (as was hinted before) from the peculiar nature of the connection which is formed between the *agent* and the *patient*, during the act of shaving, in which nothing but news or other general topics can prudently be the subject of their conversation. The arrival of a stranger, therefore, of so extraordinary a character as that of Mr. Wildgoose, could not long be a secret amongst the lower class of plebeians, especially as the barber, in order to bring more custom to his shop, took care to let every one know, that a stranger of good fortune was to hold forth there that very evening, for so Wild-

goose had determined, if he could raise any thing of an audience, being impatient to impart some spiritual advice to his poor countrymen ; whom, notwithstanding the residence of their good bishop, dean, and a whole college of learned prebends amongst them, he considered as sheep not having a shepherd.

He was attended the first night only by a few mean persons, who either came accidentally to the shop, or who had been invited by the barber's wife from amongst her nearest neighbours. But the fame of this extraordinary preacher being spread abroad, by each of these, in their several circles of acquaintance, before the next evening it had reached the remotest parts of the city, and had brought together not only the straggling disciples of Mr. Whitfield, but also the idle and the curious of every denomination, most of whom bestowed no small encomiums upon the youthful orator. This success encouraged Wildgoose to make a longer stay in Gloucester, than he had at first intended ; so that in a week's time it became a sort of fashion to hear him ; and he was attended by people of all ranks and degrees—from the sauntering old batchelor and antiquated virgin, who lived upon their annuities and their card-money, to the penniless porter who ran on errands, and the second-hand sempstress, who got her bread by reconciling old tags and making pin-cushions.

Let a man preach like an angel in his own church, as Mr. Wesley justly observes, no one regards him ; but as soon as one comes unto them, and says, Lo ! yonder is a man preaching upon a mountain ! the multitude flocks out to hear him. It is the uncommonness of the thing, says he, that especially recommends field-preaching.

The same may be said with regard to Mr. Wildgoose's success in his conventicle at Gloucester. If the sexton had given out on a Saturday night, that a stranger was to preach the next day at the cathedral, it might perhaps have brought those to church who happened not to have upon their hands any more agreeable Sunday's amusements ; but when it was proclaimed, that a traveller was to preach at the barber's, upon a cider-cask, leaning over the top of an old cheese-press (which was all the pulpit which the barber's lumber-room could supply), immediately the house was crowded with attendants from every quarter of the city.

But it must be remembered, likewise, that Mr. Wildgoose, notwithstanding the present uncouth appearance of his short hair, had something naturally agreeable in his countenance, and also a very musical tone of voice ; and though, in the vehemence of his harangues, he had a wildness in his looks, proceeding from the enthusiastic zeal which possessed his imagination, yet that very circumstance gave a more pathetic force to his eloquence : and he himself appearing so much in earnest and affected with the subject, it had a proportionable effect upon his audience.

He usually began his discourse with lamenting the universal corruption of mankind, and with a lively representation of the dreadful consequences to be apprehended from the justice of God ; and instead of speaking of hell and damnation in the refined terms and elegant circumlocutions of modern divines (as a place not proper to be mentioned to a polite audience), he ran, perhaps, into the contrary extreme, by too gross and minute a detail of particulars : which, however, though it might render his descriptions more ridiculous than terrible to sen-

sible people, yet it had its effect upon the bulk of his audience, and engaged their most earnest attention.

When he had sufficiently terrified them by the denunciation of eternal torments, he shifted the scene, and melted them into tears by the tenderest descriptions of the mercy and compassion of God, and the fondest expressions of love from the great Shepherd of their souls.

And having been so deeply read in the puritanical writings of the last century, and their lineal descendants, the methodists of these times, he had thoroughly imbibed their manner and style of eloquence, which consists chiefly in a figurative application of the most luscious expressions and sensual ideas of spiritual subjects, and which have been observed frequently to captivate the hearts of the most profligate, and lull them into a strong persuasion, at least, that they have received lively foretastes of the joys of heaven, when they have really been soothing their fancies with the luxurious recollection of their former sensual indulgences.

Thus did Mr. Wildgoose adapt his metaphors to the various characters and failings of his different hearers. For the lewd and lascivious, he abounded with amorous expressions, and talked much in the nuptial style.—Their souls were espoused to Christ: he shall carry the dear lambs in his bosom, and entertain them with sweet kisses from his *lily lips*—more sweet than the sweet-smelling myrrh: * he shall embrace them, and fill them with ravishing delights. This sort of language particularly charmed the female devotees.

For the thirsty soul and luxurious epicure, he had streams of joy, and rivers of pleasure; feasts of

fat things—milk, honey, marrow, and fatness ; and all the most savoury ideas, to express the comforts of a spiritual life.

To the covetous and ambitious, he talked of nothing but of hidden treasures ; gold, silver, jewels, and precious stones ; kingdoms, crowns, and sceptres ; and every thing that could captivate a worldly imagination.*

In short, by this soothing eloquence, and the earnestness of his manner, Wildgoose softened those hearts, which for some years had resisted the admonitions of friends, and the suggestions of conscience ; and made many converts to religion ; at least he made them so as long as the brightness of those similes continued to glow in their imaginations. But, their affections only being moved, and their understandings not enlightened, nor their reason convinced, too many of them soon relapsed into their former dissolute courses.

There was a buxom widow, however, amongst his disciples, who, enjoying a handsome house only for her widowhood, and being, therefore, cut off from *iteration of nuptials*, had allowed herself some variety in her amours ; but she was now touched to the quick, and determined for the future to keep constant to a half-pay officer, who lodged in her first floor.

And a drunken pettifogger, who had been engaged in several dirty litigations, resolved hereafter to be more sober in his conduct ; and also, never to undertake any litigious suit, unless he were sure of being well paid for his trouble.

* Though these kinds of expression are used in scripture, in compliance with the carnal notions of the Jews, and have affected their common language—yet on moral subjects, I think, they have but an uncouth effect.

Nay, an inveterate miser felt such a lively compulsion, that he formed, upon the spot, a solemn resolution to distribute amongst the poor all his old clothes, which had been hoarded in his wardrobe from the very days of his courtship; and so far persevered in his charitable design, as to give away, the very next morning, an old waistcoat, that was too little for him, and two pair of shoes, that pinched his corns; and even added a codicil to his will, by which he ordered a suspicious moidore, which had been refused by his banker, to be given in charity on the day of his funeral.

CHAPTER IV.

His popularity increases.

THE fame of Mr. Wildgoose's eloquence being thus spread through the city, Mrs. Whitfield was amongst the first whose curiosity led them to make part of his audience. She soon discovered him and his fellow-labourer to be the individual *trampers* whom she had treated with so little ceremony at the Bell; and finding they were bound on a pilgrimage to her brother-in-law and the society at Bristol, she took an opportunity of making some apology for her incivility, and told Wildgoose, that as he could have but indifferent accommodations at his present lodgings, he was very welcome to a bed at the Bell, whilst he stayed in Gloucester. But though Mr. Wildgoose was ready enough to overlook the personal slight which had been put upon him, he thought there was something meritorious in his present state of humiliation. He, therefore, thanked

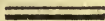
Mrs. Whitfield for her kindness, but chose to continue where he was.

One evening, when Wildgoose was deeply engaged in haranguing to a full house, an ordinary fellow, in a silver-laced hat, came into the room; and, squeezing through the crowd, gave a letter to one of the company, who handed it to Tugwell, who was sitting on the head of a cask under his master, and officiated as a sort of clerk. He watched his opportunity till Wildgoose made a pause, and then presented the letter. As soon as he began to look on the direction, the man who brought it (who was no other than the Gloucester Journal-man) calls out, Read it, master, read it; it brings you some news of your poor mother. Wildgoose, renouncing all family connections, and disregarding whatever concerned himself, stretched out his hand, and cried out, Behold my mother, my sister, and my brother! And immediately went on with his discourse.

The case was, that, although there were none of their towns-men at his first preachment on Dover's-hill; yet there were many that knew him by sight, notwithstanding he was disguised in his own hair, and the story had soon spread to Mrs. Wildgoose's ears. The odd turn which her son's melancholy had taken, we may be sure, must greatly affect a fond parent; and it had really thrown Mrs. Wildgoose into a fit of sickness. Mr. Powel, therefore, the vicar of the parish, having been informed by the Journal-man, that an itinerant preacher of some fortune, as was given out, had been showing off at Gloucester, soon guessed, from the description of him and his attendant, that it was his good neighbour Mr. Wildgoose; and so dispatched a letter by him, on his return, to acquaint Wildgoose with the

effect his extravagant whim had had upon his worthy mother : but enthusiasm is deaf to the calls of nature ; nay, esteems it meritorious to trample upon all the relative duties of life. Men of this cast think nothing of any importance, but what corresponds with the chimerical notions which have possessed their fancies.

Wildgoose, therefore, paid no other regard to the doctor's intelligence, than writing a short letter to his mother, in which he expressed his concern for her illness ; but said, he was not at his own disposal, and could not in conscience live in carnal ease and security, when the spiritual harvest was so great, and the true labourers so few. In short, says he, in conclusion, woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel.



CHAPTER V.

Wildgoose's success with the ladies.

“ If chance some blooming nymph, with locks of gold,
The brilliant lustre sparkling in her eye,
Shading her lovely cheeks with hat of straw,
Or silken bonnet green of glossy hue,
Enters the shop of learned bibliopole,
That vends his ware at Tunbridge or at Bath,
Retailing modern trash to saint'ring beaux—”

SHOULD any of my amiable country-women, I say, smit with the love of novelty, carry home this trifling volume from some circulating library, and throwing herself negligently upon her settee or sofa, or even on the feet of her truckle bed—have patience to attend two such odd fellows thus far, she will probably be disgusted that she has not been

entertained with a single love-tale, which are generally looked upon as essential to works of this kind, and not only make a principal part of every episode, but are usually interwoven with the body of the fable. But I would have them consider the peculiar character of our hero, which is not, at first sight, at all friendly to the softer passions. If they can prevail on themselves, however, to attend him a few pages farther, they may, perhaps, discover some slight symptoms of an affection, not entirely of the seraphic or platonic kind.

There was amongst Mr. Wildgoose's female votaries, one Mrs. Sarsenet, a milliner, who, notwithstanding she supported an infirm mother and a lame sister by her industry, yet from the severity of Mr. Wildgoose's doctrine, had conceived some scruples about the innocence, or even the lawfulness, of her profession. She, therefore, desired Mr. Wildgoose to drink a dish of tea with her, and took that opportunity of consulting him as a casuit upon the subject. Upon considering the affair with some deliberation, Wildgoose told her, that although some branches of the trade, as it was often practised, might *accidentally* promote vice, yet as some part of the female dress was not only *decent*, but even necessary in this cold climate; and as the trade had not *directly* any bad tendency, he could not look upon it as absolutely sinful. However, says he, it greatly concerns you not to countenance the ladies that deal with you in any vain ornaments or wanton attire; but to discourage any thing of that kind, even against your own interest, as much as you decently can. The reader will find in the sequel, that Mrs. Sarsenet carried this doctrine rather to an extreme, and to the prejudice of her temporal interest and that of her family.

We must not imagine, however, that this grave

matron was a proper object of desire to a religious enthusiast. There was with this milliner a young lady, who seemed not to be in the capacity of an apprentice, but rather as some friend upon a visit to Mrs. Sarsenet, and who had something in her manner and appearance above her present situation. A nice critic might, perhaps, dispute her title to the character of a perfect beauty; but she had a sprightliness in her air, and a piercing brilliancy in her eyes, which, joined to the gloss of youth, could not fail to attract the particular regard of Mr. Wildgoose, and made him very assiduous in directing his pious precepts to so fair a disciple. Whenever he said any thing to which he expected a particular attention, he applied himself to Miss Townsend, by a kind of instinct, for her approbation. But though this young nymph seemed well enough pleased when Mr. Wildgoose talked to her upon indifferent subjects, she was inclined rather to disapprove of, and even to rally, the severity of many of his opinions. Nay, in one of his visits, which he repeated pretty often, she took upon her to ask Wildgoose, how he could be so cruel, as not to visit his poor mother, who, she found, was ill and desired to see him: for, says she, with a sigh and down-cast look, Heaven will never prosper disrespect to a parent! Miss Townsend's earnestness upon this subject excited Wildgoose's curiosity; and, with a more gallant air than usual, he desired to know why she looked so very dismal upon the occasion. After a little pause and a few blushes, she replied, that the greatest misfortune of her life, and her present unhappy situation, was owing to her disrespect to a worthy, and, in general, a very kind father.—Pray, what misfortunes can so young a lady as you are have experienced? says Wildgoose, for you don't seem yet to be above sixteen!—Miss Townsend seemed in

confusion at having discovered so much of her own affairs; but Mrs. Sarsenet told her, she need not be afraid of talking freely to so *good* a man as Mr. Wildgoose, who would never make any wrong use of her confidence, and might probably give her some spiritual consolation, which would make her more easy under this little calamity, which her own indiscretion, or rather *my folly*, says she, has brought upon you.

Mr. Wildgoose wishing it might be in his power to give her any assistance, and entreating her to gratify his impatience to be acquainted with her story, Miss Townsend dropped a tear, then, pulling up her spirits, gave the following account of herself.

CHAPTER VI.

The history of Miss Townsend.

MY father (as Mrs. Sarsenet knows) has a *small* estate on the borders of ———shire, where he now lives.—No, says Mrs. Sarsenet, I know that Mr. Townsend has a very *considerable* estate, which has been in the family for many generations.—Well, says Miss Townsend, I don't know what it is, but ———shire is my native place. My poor mother has been dead about a twelvemonth, to my inexpressible misfortune, and that of the whole family. She left behind her me and two sisters, one a few years older, the other considerably younger than myself. Whilst my mother lived we saw a great deal of genteel company; and she took care to have us instructed at home in all the usual accomplishments of our sex. But soon after her death

my father sent us all three (though two of us were almost grown up, and my eldest sister capable of managing his house), to a country boarding-school, to the astonishment of the whole neighbourhood. We soon found, however, that my father's intention was, to make way for another housekeeper, to whom he had taken an unaccountable fancy. This was an Irish-woman, whom I shall call the *widow* Townsend; as she came into the neighbourhood about half a year before my mother's death, in the character of an officer's wife, one Captain Townsend, who had made a small fortune in America, and called himself a relation of ours; but he dying soon after, this woman took lodgings in a small market-town, at a little distance from my father's; and, as she did not appear to be left in very affluent circumstances, she made no scruple, I believe, of undertaking the management of my father's family, in the capacity of a housekeeper.

The widow Townsend, as I said, is an Irish-woman, and about forty; not handsome, but has something in her manner which attracts the regard of the gentlemen, as much as it disgusts the generality of our sex. My poor mother (as Mrs. Sarsenet well knows) could never bear her. She is a woman of no sort of conversation, and yet my father now makes a constant companion of her; and we have no reason to doubt, that, after a decent time, he will make her our step-mother; in which case, though I should think it my duty to show her all the respect which is due to my father's wife, yet at present I own I could not bring my stubborn heart to submit with tolerable decency to the many mortifications I daily met with from a woman in her situation.

For you must know, at Christmas last, my father thought it proper to permit my eldest sister and me

to leave school, and return home again ; as it must appear to every one, that we were banished for no other reason than to make way for a woman in her ambiguous situation. Though I believe she had another view in having my sister at home, which I will explain to you hereafter.

The widow Townsend affected at first to treat us with great civility, and even apparent affection ; and used great art to make us rest satisfied under the authority which she had acquired. She indulged us in several little instances and articles of finery, in which I believe my own mother would have thought it improper to have gratified us. These things won my sister's heart, and it would be affectation in me to say that I was not pleased with my gold watch and other trinkets, which she had persuaded my father to procure us. But still I could not bear to be obliged to a woman whom I considered as having an improper influence over my father, for what I imagined I might reasonably have expected, from the great affection he had formerly shown me in particular ; in whose favour I flattered myself he had always discovered some little partiality.

For my father, you must know, was always a very bookish ; and is, I believe, a very learned man ; and is reckoned a great antiquary and virtuoso. I flattered myself, therefore, that he was particularly pleased with the taste I discovered for reading, preferably to every other amusement ; to humour which taste he himself had contributed, by turning me loose into one corner of his library, which contained a collection of books made by an old maiden aunt of ours, and consisted of Dryden's Plays, and all the dramatical works of the last age ; novels, and romances of every kind.

I am afraid, then, says Wildgoose, you had not

many religious books put into your hands by your good father?

No, says Miss Townsend, but I had a few by my good mother, which I made a point of reading every Sunday; such as Tillotson's Sermons, the Whole Duty of Man, and the like.

Why, replies Wildgoose, you might as well have read the Seven Champions, or Jack the Giant-killer, as either the Whole Duty of Man, or Tillotson, who knew no more of Christianity than Mahomet*.

Well, says Miss Townsend, I am not a judge of those things, but will go on with my story.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Townsend's story continued.

MY taste for reading, continued Miss Townsend, not only rendered me the object of my sister's jealousy (who never looked in a book), but made me less agreeable to the widow Townsend; and has been, I am afraid, the principal cause of my present unhappy situation.

For this woman, you must know, though she affects to be a great œconomist, yet, like most of the Irish ladies, is never completely happy, but at the card-table; and as I was unpolite, or rather impolitic enough constantly to declare my aversion to cards, this gave her frequent occasions to represent me to my father, as one that regarded nothing but my own gratification, which, she said, was a very bad symptom in a young person: and what is surprising, she had brought my father, who was formerly

* Whitfield's Journals.

never easy out of his study, to make one at quadrille or piquet, every evening; and my sister, who had rather do any thing than read, or work at her needle, was always happy in being of the party.

The widow Townsend having so far succeeded, as to make my father less pleased with my favourite amusements, as it was her interest to have no rival in his affection, she began, by degrees, farther to insinuate, that it would be much more to my credit, if I would apply more carefully to my needle, in which article she represented me very defective, and even hinted, that another year's schooling would be greatly to my advantage; though Mrs. Sarsenet, I believe, is far from making any complaint of that kind. In short, my father began by degrees not only to reprimand me, whenever he found me with a book in my hand, but daily discovered, on every occasion, less fondness for me than he had formerly shown. This encouraged Mrs. Townsend to treat me with less ceremony; and as for my sister, she not only became reserved to me, in order to recommend herself more effectually to our *gouvernante*, but began to consider me as a troublesome rival in another affair, which I will now explain to you.

My sister, you must know, had a very considerable fortune (near seven thousand pounds) left her by a great-aunt, independently of my father; and this she will have in her own power the day she is eighteen; which will be within these six weeks. This, I am inclined to think, was Mrs. Townsend's chief motive for bringing her brother (one Captain Mahony, as she calls him) into the neighbourhood, and introducing him into our family, where he comes almost every day, and frequently stays there for a week together: he is a lieutenant, I believe,

in a marching regiment, though upon half-pay. He is about thirty, a tolerably good person, and dresses very genteelly, but conceited and ignorant. Yet, as we had seldom any other gentleman come to the house (nor indeed much company of any kind since this woman has been there), this coxcomb contrived to make some impression, I believe, upon my sister's heart : and because he would sometimes condescend to direct his nonsense to me (either to conceal his design upon my sister, or to raise her jealousy), she by degrees began to consider me as her rival, and of course as an obstacle to her wishes, and to treat me accordingly.

In short, this behaviour of my sister, the insults I daily met with from the widow Townsend, and the coldness with which my dear father began to treat me, made my situation at home extremely disagreeable.

But completely to ruin me in the widow Townsend's good opinion, and of course in my father's favour, was a friendly letter which I happened to receive from my good Mrs. Sarsenet here, who, having a particular regard for my late mother (they having been schoolfellows at Chelsea), and hearing that this woman, to whom she knew my poor mother had a particular dislike, was come to keep my father's house, she had written to me upon the subject, and, with more honesty than prudence, perhaps, had declared her real sentiments of the matter ; which letter the widow Townsend, I believe, by my sister's means, unluckily got a sight of, and from that time grew so inveterate against me, that, presuming upon the influence she had over my father, she insisted upon my being sent to school again with my little sister Quintilla, or somewhere out of the house, otherwise she herself was determined to leave him.

CHAPTER VIII.

The story continued.

BEING now continually exposed to the widow Townsend's forbidding looks and reproaches, as also to the neglect of my dear father, and the ill-natured treatment of my sister, who would not suffer me quietly to enjoy the only relief which I sought, that of reading alone in my closet; but above all, the expectation of being sent to school again, at my age—all these things put together provoked me beyond all patience.

My romances furnished me with innumerable instances of this kind of domestic persecution, which generally terminated in the elopement of the innocent sufferer, her unexpected success in life, and her triumphant return.

In short, I had a high idea of the grandeur and politeness of London, and saw several instances even of the lower sort of people, who, having been sent for by rich relations or taken into good services, came down more polite and entirely different sort of creatures from those which I generally conversed with.

I last month, therefore, formed a most romantic scheme, for seeing the world, and going to London by myself. In order to this, I determined to get to Oxford, and out from thence in the stage-coach, and endeavour to find out a particular friend and distant relation of my mamma's, who I knew lodged somewhere in Westminster; and who had spent a good part of the last summer before my mother's death with us in the country, and used frequently to invite me to London; or if I should not find her out, having twenty guineas given me at different times

by a god-mother, in my own possession, I thought with œconomy, I could subsist for some time, and had some vague ideas of introducing myself into good company, or, perhaps, even of making my fortune, as other distressed or persecuted damsels had done.

As I had no confidante in my own family, I communicated my intentions to a woman in the neighbourhood, who had been my mother's maid, and was now married to a man, who in my mother's time, had been our coachman: both of them were favourites of my mother's, and of course not so to the widow Townsend. The poor woman at first dissuaded me from pursuing so strange a resolution, but when she found me bent upon it, and knew how disagreeably I lived at home, the man consented to carry me behind him (on a horse which he kept to let) the next night to Oxford, as I had desired, without considering the probable consequences of so imprudent a step.

As my sister was engaged almost every evening at cards with my father and the widow Townsend, I took those opportunities at least of sitting up in my closet to read, and my sister frequently went to bed without making any inquiries after me; so that I easily eluded any immediate search, and escaped to the house appointed.

Not to trouble you with too many particulars; having packed up a handsome brocaded suit of clothes, two silk night-gowns, with some pretty good linen and my money, I got safe with my luggage to Oxford, and met with a place in the coach, which set out the next morning for London.

CHAPTER IX.

The story continued.

THERE was amongst the passengers, a well-looking elderly gentleman, of good fortune (as I had reason to think), by his generous behaviour to me, and by a genteel footman behind the coach. He was a little surprised, I believe, at the first sight of so young a person, tolerably well dressed, and of going a journey quite alone. He, by degrees, began to sift out my situation in life, and what expedition I was now engaged in. His humanity, and a desire to serve me, rather than mere curiosity, seemed to be the motives for his inquiries. When we came to dinner, and I happened to be left alone with him, I soon communicated my whimsical project to this gentleman. He was vastly surprised, and expressed great concern both for me and for my father, whom he found to be almost the only person that I was sorry to have left behind me.

He asked me, how I could think of supporting myself for a time in so expensive a place as London was. I told him the state of my finances, and that, if I could not find out my mother's friend in Westminster, I proposed lodging in some cheap part of the suburbs. He smiled at my simplicity, and began to describe to me the extreme danger such a young person, as I was, exposed myself to in so romantic an enterprise; the wickedness of the world in general, and of the town in particular; and, in short, ventured to foretel my inevitable ruin; which he painted in such strong colours, that I burst into tears, and begged him to advise what method to pursue. What, says he, 'madam? why, as soon as we arrive in town, give me leave to take another

place for you, the next day, in this same coach, and return to your friends in the country.

I was a little staggered at this proposal, and could not bear the thoughts of exposing myself to the resentment of my father, the insults of Mrs. Townsend, and the ridicule of my sister.—But when we came to London, and saw the vast hurry and extent of that metropolis, my heart began to fail me, and, in the evening especially, when we reached the inn in Holborn, and the gentleman had bid them send the chamber-maid to show me to my bed-chamber, in came a bold ill-looking fellow, who called himself the chamberlain. There, madam, says the old gentleman, you see who is to wait on you to bed to-night, and to lace your stays in the morning: this is the attendance which a young lady must generally expect at the inns in London.

I was now struck with all the horrors of my situation, and, therefore, told the gentleman, I should gladly accept of his kind offer, and would beg him to take a place for me against the next morning; which he very politely did, and insisted upon treating me with the earnest which he had paid for the coach. I was ashamed to accept of such a favour from a stranger, but he desired me to say no more about it. I took my leave of him that evening, without being able to discover his name; though I found, by several circumstances, that he lived in Herefordshire.

CHAPTER X.

The story continued.

BEING thoroughly fatigued with my journey, I slept soundly till the morning, when I was called, I suppose, by the chamberlain; but was so drowsy, that I knew not what answer I gave him, when he told me the passengers were all in the coach, and just setting out. However, he insisted upon it afterwards, that I said, I could not get up, if they went without me. In short, about nine o'clock I was awaked by the mistress of the house, who having heard I was a very young woman, without any attendants, came to satisfy her curiosity, and to inquire into my intentions. The woman was civil enough; and when I expressed my surprise at the coach's being gone without me, and my distress what course to take, she said, as I was come to London merely out of curiosity, and was now obliged to stay till the next coaches went out, she would show me something of the town, if I would give her leave.

I told her I had a relation in Westminster whom I would now try to find out. She asked me what street her house was in?—She has no house, says I; but I know she lodges somewhere in Westminster; and, as she is a lady of a large acquaintance, though small fortune, I dare say I shall easily find her out. The woman laughed at my ignorance of the town, and said I might as well look for a needle in a bundle of hay.

She then took me down to breakfast with her behind the bar, where I spent most part of that day, she not being at leisure to attend me abroad. In the afternoon a neighbour of hers, who had a small

house in one of the adjacent courts, came to drink tea with her. The woman of the house being frequently called away into the bar, I was left alone with Mrs. Skelton (which was the name of the other woman). After inquiring into my motives for coming to London, and finding I had no friends or acquaintance there, she offered to take me to her house, as a boarder, and to bring me acquainted with every thing that was worth seeing in London. To reconcile me to her proposal, she soon discovered, that she was my country-woman, and said she had relations in that part of England. In short, I was so well pleased with the apparent friendship of this woman; and, for the reasons abovementioned, found so little inclination to return to my friends in the country, that I began to be very well pleased with the coach's going without me, and leaving me in London.

I then acquainted the woman at the inn with Mrs. Skelton's offer. She said I could not lodge with a better sort of woman; that she had known her for some years, and she was a clever, sensible person, and kept the *best of company*, ranking herself, I suppose, in that number. I, therefore, paid my bill at the inn, took my leave of the mistress of the house, and accompanied Mrs. Skelton to her house.

I am now astonished at my simplicity, but was quite ignorant of the world; and, indeed, after my first imprudent step, what other scheme could I pursue? I soon found, however, that the world in reality was very different from what it appeared in poetry and romance.

CHAPTER XI.

The story continued.

Mrs. Skelton affected to have taken a great liking to me, and the next morning performed her promise of showing me the town. That she might do this in the most compendious manner, the first place she took me to was the top of St. Paul's, where, indeed, I was struck with astonishment at the appearance of that vast metropolis.

After dragging me on to the Tower, she made me take a coach to bring us back to Holborn. By the way, however, she stopped at a milliner's near St. Paul's, and equipped me with what she thought a more fashionable cap, and other things which she thought necessary, but without putting me to any great expence. When we came home she helped me to adjust my dress according to her own taste, and told me, the gentleman who lodged in her first floor would dine with us. He is a gentleman of very large fortune, I assure you, says she, and perhaps may fall in love with you. He is rather too old for you, continued she, but I know several young ladies who would be very happy in such an opportunity of setting their caps at him, I can tell you.

Well, at dinner this fine gentleman appeared, dressed in blue and gold. He seemed to be about fifty, and was agreeable enough in his person; but what gave me a sort of liking to him was, that he put me much in mind of my own father. Nay, finding how entirely unacquainted I was with the town, he very kindly cautioned me against the artifices of the people I should probably meet with; and told me if I made any stay in London he would

introduce me to some of the female part of his own family.

The next morning Mr. Blackman (which was the gentleman's name) breakfasted with us, and though he was engaged to dine with some gentlemen of Lincoln's-inn, he said, he hoped to be at home again with us in the evening. At the same time he told Mrs. Skelton, that there was a very good play to be acted that night, and asked her if she did not intend to go? She pretended to make a scruple of leaving me alone; on purpose, I suppose, to give him an opportunity of offering each of us tickets for the play, which he immediately did.

Accordingly to the play we went, and sat in one of the side galleries. There happened to sit next to us, a young lady most splendidly dressed, who, I found, was an acquaintance of Mrs. Skelton's. She talked a great deal, and even in the most interesting parts of the play, and seemed to ridicule every thing that was grave or decent. She was particularly merry upon a country gentleman and his wife, as we judged them to be, who sat together in one of the side boxes, and said, it was astonishing to her how any woman could think of burying herself with a husband in the country, to sit nodding at each other whole winter evenings, on each side the parlour fire, with nothing to amuse them but a formal visit once a week from some unfashionable creatures like themselves. In short, says she, I'd rather be a mistress to a tradesman in town, than the wife of any country squire in England. I was greatly shocked, instead of being diverted, with this lady's conversation, and began to wish myself in some other place; but I was highly offended at hearing Mrs. Skelton ask her, when she should have the honour of seeing her in Holborn? To which

she answered, she would do herself that honour very soon.

When we returned from the play, we found an elegant supper ordered from the tavern, by the old gentleman, who was waiting for us with great patience in the parlour. After supper Mr. Blackman and Mrs. Skelton drank several glasses together, and the latter would have forced me to pledge them; but Mr. Blackman desired I would drink no more than was quite agreeable to me, as probably I had never been used to any thing strong. In short, as there was something of a paternal fondness in the behaviour of Mr. Blackman, so it inspired me with sentiments of quite a filial love and respect: and I lived near a fortnight in the house quite agreeably; Mr. Blackman and Mrs. Skelton treating me like a daughter for whom they had a great affection, always contriving something to amuse and entertain me.

CHAPTER XII.

The story continued.

ONE morning Mrs. Skelton asked me whether I should like to take a voyage by water; for, said she, I want to make a visit to an acquaintance as far as Chelsea. We shall have another lady and gentleman of our party, which will be more agreeable, and lessen the expence of our voyage. I told her I should be very glad of such a jaunt, as I had never been upon the river, and was very fond of water. She wished Mr. Blackman could go with us; but, said she, he has so many grand acquaint-

ance it is hardly probable that he will be disengaged. Upon her mentioning it to him at breakfast, however, he replied, that he would meet us, if possible, about twelve o'clock at the water side.

When we came to the place appointed, I was surprised to see not only Mr. Blackman, but the lady whom we had met at the play, attended by another gentleman. He was a genteel, or rather a showy man, of about forty. He addressed us with an air of familiarity, and affectation of gaiety, which to me was very disgusting; though he was what some people would reckon a cheerful companion and handsome man.

Mr. Blackman had provided a covered boat, and furnished it with biscuits, almonds and raisins, and a bottle of white wine; the former, I suppose, for mine, and the latter for Mrs. Skelton's entertainment. As the other lady and gentleman, whom I took to be husband and wife, were very fond of each other, Mr. Blackman was particular in his behaviour to me, and took a great deal of pains to gain my attention to every thing which he said. But nothing attracted my notice so much as the fine prospect on each side of the river, which he pointed out to me, and explained; from the grand dome of St. Paul's to the venerable Gothic piles of Westminster Abbey and the palace of Lambeth, with the rural objects which present themselves gradually till we reached the noble hospital of Chelsea, whither we were bound.

When we arrived at the end of our voyage, Mr. Blackman went immediately out of the boat, and said he would bespeak a room for us at a little sort of tavern close to the water: for I soon found that this visit of Mrs. Skelton's was only a pretence; and that we were to dine at this house, at these gentlemen's expence.

There was something in this which did not quite please me : but my inexperience, or rather my entire ignorance of the arts of mankind, prevented me from suspecting any ill design. After dinner Mrs. Skelton said, she would just step a door or two farther, to call upon her friend, with whom she had some particular business ; and charged Mr. Blackman to take care of her daughter, as she affected to call me.

Soon after Mrs. Skelton was gone, the other gentleman and lady said, they would take a walk in the garden, and return to us immediately. I stared a little ; but as they were strangers to me, and I had no inclination to cultivate an intimacy with the lady, I made no overtures to accompany her ; especially as I supposed them to be man and wife : and as I had never seen any thing in Mr. Blackman's behaviour at all exceptionable, I was not uneasy at being left alone with him.

After they had been gone a few minutes, I went up to the window, which had a fine prospect of the Thames ; and Mr. Blackman following me, opened a door near the window, and told me, I might have a better prospect in the next room——.

Here Miss Townsend blushed, and made a pause—then turned pale and seemed unwilling to proceed in her story. Mrs. Sarsenet, who had heard it more than once, made an excuse for her, but desired she would go on, otherwise Mr. Wildgoose might suspect she had been guilty of something which she had reason to be ashamed of.

That I have, says Miss Townsend, of the whole series of my folly ; though, I thank God, I have nothing to accuse myself of, but my unparalleled indiscretion. However, I have great reason to be thankful to Providence, for preserving me from the probable effects of it.

Why, says Wildgoose, Providence rarely deserts us, even in those misfortunes which are the consequences of our own inadvertency, if we humbly apply for assistance, and sincerely endeavour to retrieve any false step as soon as we become sensible of it, and do not presumptuously persist in a wrong course of action, against the suggestions of his Holy Spirit.

But come, madam, I must beg to hear the sequel of this adventure, since you have interested me in your escape from the critical situation in which you have described yourself at the window, where you were left alone with this fine gentleman.

CHAPTER XIII.

The story continued.

WELL, sir, Mr. Blackman came up to me, as I told you, and opened a door near the window, and told me, there was a better prospect from that room. Seeing it was a bed-chamber, I started back; but he laid hold on my arm, and pulled me in by force, and shut the door.

I had read in poetry of fawns and satyrs; in romances of discourteous knights and savages; but had no conception that a man of so respectable an appearance, in a brigadier wig and grave habit, that looked more like a justice of peace or high sheriff, than a debauched rake, could be guilty of any rudeness or indecent behaviour.

I cried out with all my force, and said, I would sooner die than remain with him alone. I struggled, and at last got to the sash, but found it was screwed down. I continued calling out with great violence,

and made all the noise I could, but to no purpose. This vile man continued his detestable importunity, and I despaired of any assistance—when I was providentially relieved by a pretty loud rapping at the outer door. Upon his opening it, the waiter introduced a very genteel modest-looking woman, and a pretty girl about ten years old. On seeing me and Mr. Blackman, who were both strangers to her, she drew back, and made an apology for her mistake. The waiter told us, the lady had inquired for one Mr. Andrews; and insisted upon it that he came with the company in our boat.

Mr. Blackman reprimanded him for his impertinent intrusion; but I begged of him to inform me where the other gentleman and ladies were; and upon my going out upon the staircase, I met Mrs. Skelton coming up. I complained of her leaving me alone with Mr. Blackman, and told her how brutishly he had behaved. She affected great surprise and indignation; and, upon coming into the room, Lord! says she, Mr. Blackman, I did not think you could be guilty of any thing so rude to this young lady! Why, sure your love for her, which you mentioned, has turned your head; but I will never suffer her to be injured whilst she is under my protection.

Thus this vile woman endeavoured to persuade me that she was unconcerned in his villany; but I began to have a very bad opinion of her, and to wish myself out of her hands.

Though the fright I had been in raised my courage, yet I now found my spirits flag to such a degree, that I was hardly kept from fainting; but a little water, which Mrs. Skelton gave me, soon brought me to myself again.

Mr. Blackman pretended he was only in jest, and was sorry he had frightened me; and hoped I

would forgive him an innocent frolic. But how monstrous is vice, especially in an elderly man ! This gentleman, whom I had before regarded with a filial love and esteem, I could not now behold without detestation. Age ought in general to be treated with so much reverence and respect, that I do not love to hear the two words *old villain* or *old fool* united ; yet I could not separate the ideas in my mind whenever I beheld this man for the future. But as I was determined to make my escape the first opportunity, I dissembled my resentment as well as I could, and returned with Mr. Blackman and Mrs. Skelton, leaving the rest of the company to themselves.

The gentleman and the lady that came with us never returned after they left the room. But, as we were going out of the house, we heard a great disturbance in a parlour below stairs ; and, by what I could collect, the lady who came so providentially to my relief, was the real wife of that other gentleman who had been of our party ; and having long suspected her husband's connection with the creature whom we had met at the play, had, by means of a faithful servant, traced out his intended jaunt for this particular day ; and with more passion, perhaps, than prudence, came to reproach him with his conduct : and, in order to make the greater impression upon him, had taken her eldest daughter to be witness to his imprudence ; who, I afterwards found, was squandering away upon this strumpet a good fortune, which his unhappy wife had brought him, and with which he had hitherto carried on a genteel trade in the city.

CHAPTER XIV.

The story continued.

IN the evening when I was going to bed, I asked the maid who assisted me to undress, what sort of a man that was who lodged in the first floor. She seemed at first a little reserved ; but upon my giving some hints of his rude behaviour, she smiled, and shook her head, as if she knew more than she dared to express.

When I told her, I was determined to quit my lodgings, if not the town of London, the next day, she asked me where my clothes were ? I replied, in the chest of drawers ; but upon looking there, I found they were removed into Mrs. Skelton's room ; and the maid whispered to me, that I should find some difficulty in getting at them.—Lord, said I, and there's the little leather trunk gone, in which is the chief part of my money ! The girl then told me, I had better say nothing about removing the next day ; but, says she, if you are determined to go, your things are in a dark press in my mistress's room, and I will watch my opportunity some time to-morrow to get your little trunk at least, if not your clothes ; and will myself accompany you the next night following ; for I live here little better than a slave. But my mistress owes me a quarter's wages, which, however, I don't regard ; for I am determined to go and live in the country again, where I was born.

But, for God's sake, madam, continues she, don't let my mistress know what I have said ; for she would contrive, right or wrong, to send me to Bridewell. I assured her of my secrecy ; which promise it was so much my interest to observe.

Having met with a sort of friend and confidante, I was a little easier in my mind, and resolved to behave with cheerfulness the next day, the better to conceal my intended escape.

In the afternoon the lady who sat next us at the play, and had been of our party to Chelsea, came to drink tea with us. On her affecting an astonishment at our returning without them, Mrs. Skelton, with unparalleled assurance, told her, that the poor young lady which she had taken under her protection (meaning me) was terribly frightened yesterday, by a gentleman that offered some rudeness to her. She began to rally me most unmercifully, and said, it was a sign that I came lately out of the country; for that those things must be expected to happen to such a fine girl as I was (so she chose to express herself,) if I went much into the polite world. But, child, says she, I would make the most of my charms, and get a good settlement, as I have done, and then you would never wish to see the country again.

As she ran on in this style, she took occasion to adjust a diamond *solitaire* which she wore, and displayed to the best advantage three or four handsome rings. But I was not so ignorant as to be dazzled by such splendid trifles, or not to despise the creature who, I had reason to believe, had purchased these by the sacrifice of her virtue and innocence.

CHAPTER XV.

The story continued.

WELL, continued Miss Townsend, as length night came, and the maid informed me, she had secured all my things, except one silk night gown, which her mistress had not hung up with the rest, and she did not care to search after, for fear of being discovered. I told her I should be glad to leave that, as some recompense for near a fortnight's board; for, however wicked Mrs. Skelton's intentions might be, I could not bear to be guilty of any act of injustice, that I was not obliged to for my own preservation.

We were forced to wait till near two o'clock, before the maid had seen her mistress, and Mr. Blackman safe to bed; for after he came home they sat up for near an hour, in close debate; and the maid assured me, they were laying some other plot for my destruction.

When we came down to the street door, the maid, shaking her head, Ah! says she, it is as I feared—the key is gone. I was thunder-struck at this news; but she said, she knew a trick worth two of that; and bidding me follow her, we came down into the kitchen, from which she opened a door into the area (as I think they call it;) and, bringing a pair of steps, which were made use of about the kitchen, we clambered up to the balustrades, and got into the court, narrowly escaping the watch who had just cried, past two o'clock. In short, after several frights and alarms, we got clear of the town; and, about sun-rising, found ourselves beyond Hammersmith, I think, upon the western road.

As my dress was rather too good for a foot-pas-

senger, the girl proposed to rest that day, in some house near the road, to prevent suspicion; and so take our chance of some carriage that might pass by.

I had hitherto been under much anxiety, for fear of being pursued, though I was not conscious of having injured any one, that I had no time to reflect, or to form any scheme, so complied with the girl's proposal. Accordingly we stopped at a little public-house where we reposed ourselves, and spent the remainder of that day, not without a mixture of joy and anxiety.

Whilst we were here the maid let me into the true character of Mrs. Skelton; who, I found, made a practice of seducing young people; and that the fine lady, whom we had met at the play, was an unhappy creature who had been drawn in to prostitute her youth and beauty to Mr. Blackman, for Mrs. Skelton's advantage; though she was now kept by that tradesman, who (as has been mentioned) had almost ruined himself to support her extravagance: that the gentleman who lodged with her was really a man of good family, and considerable fortune, but who spent it all in the gratification of his own humour and vicious appetites; dividing his whole life between his tavern companions and his mistresses, with a variety of whom this vile woman was well paid for supplying him. So that I found I had great reason to bless myself for this escape.

Wildgoose said, that Providence, for wise ends, permitted such monsters to fulfil the measure of their iniquities; but that they ought to be punished, he thought, by human laws: that a double tax, however, would be the least return such useless wretches could make to the public, for the protection they enjoyed.

CHAPTER XVI.

The story continued.

WELL, continues Miss Townsend, we lay the next night at the same house ; but the people, I suppose, entertaining no very favourable opinion of our characters, took care to lodge us over a little room distinct from the rest of the family.

As we had no sleep the preceding night, we went early to bed, and I never waked till seven o'clock the next morning, when, to my surprise, I missed my bed-fellow ; and also, upon looking round the room, I found she had eased me of a good part of my luggage, particularly my little trunk which contained my money, and the silk night-gown in which I had escaped.—My brocaded suit of clothes, however, and one silk and another cotton night-gown were left me ; and I luckily had four guineas and some silver, and my watch, in my pockets ; which, according to custom, I had laid under my pillow.

I had now seen enough of the world to satisfy my curiosity ; and had paid dear for about ten days' experience. The loss of my clothes and money was the least of my misfortune. I had certainly forfeited my father's favour ; should expose myself to the ridicule and reproaches of my sister and Mrs. Townsend, and probably to the censures of the whole neighbourhood, if I ventured thither. To go back to town, where I had not one friend or acquaintance that I knew where to find, was to run into inevitable destruction. I immediately determined, therefore, to find out my good friend Mrs. Sarsenet here ; whom having been an old school-fellow likewise of my mamma's (though by the misfortunes of her family in less affluent circumstances,)

and having been for a month at our house about two years since, and showed a particular fondness for me, I considered as the only friend I could apply to in my present distress; though I am now sensible it has given the widow Townsend a handle for irritating my father still more against me, on account of the letter, which I before mentioned she had seen, in which Mrs. Sarsenet expressed herself with some freedom in regard to Mrs. Townsend's character. In short, having inquired whether any carriage went that road to Gloucester, I was informed, that a Gloucester waggon would pass by the house that day, which it accordingly did; and, meeting with an elderly woman and her daughter, who were travelling into some part of Wales by the same conveyance, I took my place, and got safe to Mrs. Sarsenet, without any disagreeable event.

CHAPTER XVII.

The story concluded.

Mrs. Sarsenet, was kind enough to write to my father, and acquaint him with the whole progress of my rash adventure; and to assure him, that I was thoroughly sensible of my folly; and that I was desirous to throw myself at his feet, and ask his forgiveness.

I wrote at the same time to the poor woman who had assisted me in my flight, to know what effect my elopement had had on my poor father.—She wrote me word, that he was almost distracted at the first news of it; that it made a great disturbance in the family, as was naturally to be expected; but that the widow Townsend found means to pacify my

father, by some false suggestion or other ; and my sister had persuaded them that I was certainly gone to a relation of ours near Warwick (as I had really talked about them to my sister ;) and that my father's first journey in quest of me was thither : but not getting any intelligence of me there, somebody told him, that I had been seen two or three times of late at the coachman's house above-mentioned. Upon which he went, and threatened to send them both to gaol, unless they discovered where they had concealed me. Having extorted the secret from them, he went immediately to Oxford, (where I had taken coach,) and traced me to the inn in London ; but the woman there being afraid, I suppose, to discover into what hands she had recommended me, my father went to Mrs. Calvert's (the lady in Westminster whom I wished to find out,) and not hearing any thing of me, was returned into the country, where he was quite melancholy, till he received Mrs. Sarsenet's letter.—What effect that had upon him, we are yet to learn ; but as it is now above a fortnight since he must have received it, I am afraid the widow Townsend will not permit him to make any farther inquiries after me : so here I am, an exile from home, and an encumbrance to poor Mrs. Sarsenet ; and I do not know what return it will ever be in my power to make for the trouble I have given her. To this Mrs. Sarsenet made a complaisant reply, which the author cannot recollect.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The effects of Miss Townsend's narration.

It is a vulgar maxim, that 'a pretty woman should rather be seen than heard: and, indeed, when a fair lady seems to talk merely for the sake of talking, or with a direct intention to attract admirers, she seldom prepossesses a stranger in her favour; but as Miss Townsend's story had interested Wildgoose sufficiently to raise his compassion, there is an easy transition from pity to love; and it is far from certain that he did not begin to feel something of that mere human passion for this young lady. But being desirous of acting in character, he observed, that to be sure nothing but a prior obligation which we are under to obey our heavenly Father can justify our disobedience to an earthly parent: and although he by no means approved of Miss Townsend's leaving her father upon so slight a provocation, yet as Providence frequently produces good out of evil, and makes even our indiscretions concur with his gracious design of promoting our felicity, perhaps, madam, says he, you may be directed hither to receive instruction, in the way of salvation, even from the meanest of God's servants; and I may, perhaps, be made a happy instrument of your *conversion*.

Miss Townsend, though a well-disposed girl, did not much relish Wildgoose's enthusiastic notions, or nice distinctions in divinity: but, as his person was very agreeable, and they had learned from Tugwell that he was heir to a pretty good fortune, she had conceived no contemptible opinion of him; and listened with great attention whenever he talked upon common subjects.

I would not insinuate that Miss Townsend was of a mercenary temper, for she really was not: but though fortune alone, where the person is disagreeable has seldom any considerable influence over the affections of a young girl; yet, I believe, in conjunction with other circumstances, it operates insensibly upon their fancies, and contributes to make the person possessed of it more agreeable than he would otherwise appear; as the want of fortune frequently prevents their seeing those perfections in a man which he is really possessed of.

Miss Townsend, however, instead of answering Wildgoose in a serious way, turned the discourse, and began rallying him upon his external appearance. Lord! Mr. Wildgoose, says she, what makes you go about in that frightful hair of yours? I wonder you do not wear a wig, as other gentlemen do.—Madam, replies Wildgoose, I should be sorry if any part of my dress were to prejudice any one against me, much less would I willingly raise a disgust in so pretty a lady against my person. But pray, madam, why don't you like my hair?—Oh! frightful! says she, 'tis so *ungenteel*; so *unlike other people*!—Why, as for other people, replies Wildgoose, I should choose to be unlike a great part of the world, in their vain fashions and idle customs: but as to its being *ungenteel*, I am sorry any thing should be thought so that is natural, convenient, and, I think, becoming. If you do not think so, young lady, I am afraid it is owing to mere prejudice, and the force of custom.—*Custom!* says Miss Townsend, why, custom or fashion is every thing, in regard to dress.—I own it has too great a force, replies Wildgoose; and I dare say, for that reason only, you think this great hoop of yours very *genteel*, and very *becoming*; and yet, in the opinion of many people of the best taste, no-

thing can be more monstrous, or more unnatural, than hoop-petticoats are ; and I dare say we shall live to see these Gothic ornaments banished from the world.*—What! hoops go out of fashion? Lord! what a creature should I be without my hoop!

Well, madam, says Wildgoose, as I should be sorry to differ from you in the least trifle, and not endeavour to comply with every one in matters of indifference, I wish I could bring you, and all mankind, to my way of thinking, in this article of wearing one's own hair ; for you must know, the honest barber, where I lodge, had a great dispute with me last night upon that very subject ; and almost insisted upon making me a fine flowing white wig, as, he said, he had done for Mr. Whitfield ; who, he assured me, was of opinion, that nothing contributed more to the conversion of sinners, than a good periwig, as it gave a dignity to our appearance, and prepossessed people in favour of our preaching.

Why, says Mrs. Sarsenet, there may be some truth in that observation.

Well, continues Wildgoose, it was in vain for me to plead the examples of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and reformers. The poor barber, for the credit of his trade, said, if there were no wigs in those days, there were certainly barbers, by David's allusion to the chief instrument of their art : " With lies thou cuttest like a sharp razor."

Well, says Mrs. Sarsenet, who was apt to raise scruples upon the most trifling occasions, but do you really make a serious affair of this? I should be glad to be set right upon the lawfulness of using art about one's person, and especially as to false hair ; as many of my customers are as faulty in that

*This came to pass a few years after.

respect as the gentlemen ; and I believe I sell as many wigs, or *tetes*, as any barber in town.

Wildgoose then, accustomed of late to harangue upon all occasions, proceeded upon this important subject in the following manner.

CHAPTER XIX.

A dissertation on periwigs.

THE use of false hair, madam, by particular people, for particular reasons, is, I believe, very ancient in the world. Vain persons of both sexes, either to conceal some natural defect, or to improve (as they imagine) their natural charms, have, in all ages, had recourse to these artificial decorations. Xenophon, a Greek writer, mentions the use of them among the Medes ; and some commentators are of opinion, that the hair of her head, with which Mary Magdalene wiped our Saviour's feet, was really a *tete*, or a set of false curls, which she might employ in that manner, to express her detestation of the wanton and dissolute life which she had formerly led. It is certain, however, that these unnatural ornaments were esteemed infamous in those more early times, by all good and sensible people. Julius Cæsar, though he is said to have been particularly pleased with the laurels decreed him by the senate, because they concealed the baldness of his temples ; yet that great man, I believe, would have been highly offended, if his barber had proposed a set of false curls for that purpose.—Though it is confessed, that the emperor Otho, many years after, wore a periwig ; as he also is reproached with car-

rying a looking-glass amongst his baggage in his military expeditions.

The first mention which I remember to be made of periwigs, in our English history, is in the account of Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham's appearing in disguise at a ball at Paris, in their way to Madrid;* but that was evidently a masquerade dress, as they wore false beards for the same purpose; which also was done by the players in Shakespeare's time. Wigs were but little if at all used in England till the Restoration of Charles the Second, and then chiefly by persons of distinction. These, indeed, by degrees, were imitated by the beaux and fops of the age; yet it was some time before the fashion extended itself to the graver professions of law, physic, and divinity. But when once it had the sanction of those venerable bodies, it was not long, we may suppose, before it spread amongst all ranks and degrees of men in the nation.

At first, however, some resemblance of nature was observed in these contrivances of art, and a periwig was only a more complete head of hair, suited to the complexion, and fitted as exactly as possible to the forehead and temples of the person who wore it. But of late years any man that has a mind to look more considerable or more wise than his neighbours, goes to a barber's, and purchases fifty shillings-worth of false hair (white, black, or grey) and hangs it upon his head, without the least regard to his complexion, his age, his person, or his station in life: and certainly if an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope were to behold the stiff horse-hair buckles, or the tied wigs of our lawyers, physicians, tradesmen, or divines, they would appear as barbarous and extraordinary to them, as the sheep's tripes

* In King James the First's reign.

and chitterlins about the neck of a Hottentot do to us.

Miss Townsend and Mrs. Sarsenet forced a smile at Wildgoose's vehemence and far-fetched comparison. But he, correcting himself, went on.

I am ashamed, says he, to dwell so long upon the absurdity of our modern periwigs, in point of taste : but as Miss Townsend objected to the *gentility* of my own locks, and as the chief intent of hair, considered as ornamental, seems to be to give a softness to the features, by rising in an easy manner from the forehead, and falling loosely down upon the parts which it was designed to cover, I own I had rather see the worst head of natural hair, than the most accurate wig that ever adorned a barber's block : and as a good taste in other articles of dress seems to prevail in the world, I should not be surprised to see periwigs again banished from the genteel part of mankind, to our poor labourers and mechanics, to whom it may be sometimes convenient to be freed from the encumbrance of a long or bushy head of hair.

But, continued Wildgoose, I have a particular and more important objection to those supplemental locks, from the bad influence they certainly have upon the moral and religious conduct of too many in this age.

As how ? for goodness sake ! cries Miss Townsend.

Why, madam, says Wildgoose, perhaps there never was a period that furnished so many instances of unseasonable gaiety, or so great a number of old debauchees, as the age we live in. You yourself have met with one instance, in the short course of your ramble. Now, I have often conceived, how strange soever you may think it, that this was owing in a great measure to the use of periwigs ; that is, to

the great ease with which the gentlemen of this generation may conceal the effects of old age, and exchange their grey locks for those which are expressive of youth and vigour. It was certainly the kind intention of Providence, to remind us of the approach of age and infirmity, by the several symptoms of wrinkled foreheads, decaying teeth, and grey hairs. Now, when a man of a debauched and dissolute mind is almost worn out in the service of his lusts and sensual appetites, he puts on a fine flowing Adonis or white periwig (and, perhaps, a set of false teeth;) surveys himself in the glass, and immediately forgets his real age; commences beau again in the winter of his days, and, if he cannot prevail on any modest woman to accept of him as a husband, he has probably recourse to some mercenary wretch, who squanders away his money, ruins his health, and exposes him to the ridicule of his very servants and dependants; and, what is worse, to the eternal displeasure of his offended Creator.

Bless me! cries Miss Townsend, why you have given us quite a sermon upon periwigs. I really never apprehended there was so much sin, though there might be a great deal of folly, under the wig of a beau: but you will persuade one to believe that, in a literal sense, the hairs of our head are all *numbered*, and that it is unlawful either to increase or diminish them on any account.

Indeed, I myself was imposed upon by an old gentleman in a solemn wig; and, on the contrary, I heard lately of an old baronet, that fell in love with a young lady of small fortune, at some public place, for her beautiful *brown locks*. He married her on a sudden: but was greatly disappointed upon seeing her wig or *tete* the next morning thrown carelessly upon her toilette; and her ladyship appearing at breakfast in very bright *red hair*, which was a co-

lour the old gentleman happened to have a particular aversion to.

Well, madam, replied Wildgoose, then I hope I have almost made you a convert to my opinion, and reconciled you to the natural ornaments of the human face, though you were so lately disgusted at my appearance.—Why, really, says she, whatever may be naturally beautiful, yet custom, as I said before, makes one like or dislike things, as the fashion varies.

But, madam, if painting the face were as much the fashion in England as it is in France, could you think it lawful for a good Christian to comply with such a fashion, or to make use of such meretricious decorations? Lord! says Miss Townsend, you use so many hard words; you may call one names, for aught I know, and we not understand you. But, I think, we have had more than enough upon this foolish subject.

Wildgoose, therefore, made an apology for his impertinence, and took his leave for the present: and, having been now near a fortnight at Gloucester, the next night he made a farewell harangue to his usual audience; appointed Mrs. Sarsenet a sort of deaconess, and Mr. Keen, the barber, a ruler of the little synagogue, with instructions to assemble the brethren occasionally, and exhort them to perseverance; and left Gloucester the next day, after promising to visit them again in his return from Bristol.

CHAPTER XX.

The farewell-harangue is attended with a disastrous circumstance.

WHEN Wildgoose came to take his leave of Mrs. Sarsenet, she happened to be gone out, and he found nobody in the shop but Miss Townsend. After a short conversation with her on the subject of religion (on which head she never seemed to relish his doctrine,) Wildgoose said, he hoped to have the pleasure of hearing of her sometimes by the hands of Mrs. Sarsenet. Miss Townsend answered, she did not know how long she might stay at Gloucester; but, fetching an involuntary sigh, which was immediately succeeded by a blush, she owned she should be always glad to hear of Mr. Wildgoose, especially when he was returned to his disconsolate mother. Wildgoose replied, that he had written to his mother, and given her the reasons for his conduct; but must leave it to heaven to dispose of him as it should think fit. Then, taking Miss Townsend's hand, and pressing it to his lips, he took his leave, with a deep sigh, and a very expressive silence.

At Wildgoose's farewell-harangue, there was a piece of fun played off, which, as it was attended with serious consequences to the poor barber, ought not to be here omitted.

Under the same roof with the said artist, and in part of the same ruinous mansion, there dwelt an honest publican, to whose craft the pious conventicle at Mr. Keen's was by no means favourable. The publican, therefore, gladly connived at, or rather aided and assisted, an unlucky project of his son and some apprentices, to disturb at least, if not put

a stop to, this dangerous assembly. The ancient dining-room, in which they met, had a communication with each part of the house ; but the common door had been stopped up, by agreement, for some years. This, however, the lads contrived to open, and from thence, early in the morning, had carefully laid a train of gunpowder by the side of the wall, as far as the tub upon which Tugwell usually seated himself near his master, and at proper intervals had bestowed squibs and crackers, with balls of wild-fire ; and into the tub they had conveyed a considerable quantity of that infernal composition.

Having thus laid their plot, they waited with as much impatience for their time of meeting, as Guy Fawkes and his associates did for the meeting of the Parliament on the fifth of November. At length the evening came, and whilst Wildgoose was in the most pathetic part of his discourse, dealing about his judgment of wrath and indignation, fire and brimstone, with great zeal and vehement gesticulations, they set fire to their train, which, corresponding with the heated imaginations of the audience, had its proper effect, and threw them into the utmost consternation. The saints and sinners fled promiscuously, without waiting for the benediction. The tub, on which Tugwell was perched, burst into a thousand pieces, with so loud a report, and such violent force, that if Jerry's prudence had not prevailed over his fortitude, and prompted him to make his escape amongst the foremost of the company, he would probably have been sent to heaven, before his time, in a chariot of fire. A poor decrepit old woman, however, in her crowned hat, who, on account of her deafness, was seated near the preacher, was terribly battered and burnt by the bursting of the barrel ; which of itself was a sufficient reason for Mr. Keen's

getting a warrant, and carrying the publican before the mayor ; who, unless he had found sufficient bail, and given security to indemnify the old woman for her burns and bruises, would have committed him to the Castle. The publican, however, took an opportunity of revenging himself sufficiently upon his pious neighbour ; which will be related in its proper place.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

Sets out for Bath.

MR. Wildgoose, during his stay at Gloucester, having heard that there was a considerable society of godly people established at Bath, was resolved to visit that place in his way to Bristol: and being likewise informed, that there was, at this time, a race at Cirencester, he was inclined to make another effort at one of those public meetings, and attack the devil a second time, in one of his strong holds; and resolved, therefore, to take his route by that place and Tetbury, and so to Bath.

Accordingly they set out pretty early in the morning, and about eight o'clock reached Birdlip-hill.

Wildgoose, being a little thoughtful on parting with his Christian brethren; and a sort of melancholy likewise succeeding in his mind, to the innocent sprightliness of Miss Townsend, but little conversation passed between the two pilgrims. Tugwell, however, took the liberty to remind his master of his mother's illness, and said, it was a little hard-hearted in him, not to write her a letter, *howsoever*; that he himself should not mind the loss

of his son so much, if he could but hear from him now and then, that he might know whether he was alive or not: he hoped, therefore, that Mr. Wildgoose would write to madam, and let her know *as how* they should be at home again very speedily. Wildgoose replied, with some degree of peevishness, that he *had* written to his mother; but as to their returning home again, that was according as Mr. Whitfield should dispose of him, and according to the success of his labours in the gospel. In short, says he, hast thou forgot our great Master's declaration, "Whosoever loves father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me?"—Jerry stood corrected, and so trudged on without farther reply.

They now proceeded for several miles, without meeting with any adventure; and Wildgoose might as well have thought of preaching the gospel in the Deserts of Arabia, as on the Cotswold-hills. He would have been like the preacher, whose discourses generally produced such a solitude in his church, that he was facetiously called, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," or desert, *Vox clamantis in deserto*.

Indeed, the fame of Cirencester races operated so strongly, that it had drawn every man, woman, and child, for ten miles round, that could either borrow a horse, or walk on foot, into its vortex; so that they did not meet a living creature, unless a London waggon might be called so, upon the high road.

In the afternoon, however, they saw a pompous equipage, with a numerous attendance, come whirling along the road, amidst a cloud of dust. It was a landau, or open coach, with six horses, and four or five out-riders in most flaming liveries. They came upon them so suddenly, that Wildgoose had hardly time to get out of the road; and one of the

footmen gave Tugwell a hearty cut with his whip, to quicken his pace and clear the way.

The principal figure in this gay party was a young fellow, whom, on a sudden glance, Wildgoose immediately recollected to have been an intimate acquaintance in the university. He had unexpectedly arrived at an immense fortune; was just married, and was conducting his bride, with some other company, to his country-house in ———shire. He would hardly have reconnoitred Wildgoose, however, in his short hair, and present uncouth appearance, if he had vouchsafed a look upon two such dusty objects as he and his fellow-traveller now were. The whole company consisted of three ladies and two gentlemen, who were laughing and talking in all the gaiety and wanton levity of unthinking youth. Wildgoose, however, was so far from envying them, that he only lamented their unhappiness, that notwithstanding their splendid appearance and seeming felicity, they had not yet been blessed with the illumination of the Spirit, as he flattered himself he and his humble companion had happily been.

This scene was hardly shifted, when, as a contrast to the splendour of it, they espied a poor tinker and his trull, sitting calmly on a shady bank, under a hedge, a little out of the road. Tugwell inquired of the tinker, how far it was to Cirencester. Instead of giving a direct answer to his question, the tinker told him he would be too late for the sport, for that the horses were to start at three o'clock, and that this was the last day of the race. The first part of this intelligence damped Tugwell's spirits, as the latter made Wildgoose waver in his resolution of going that way. He then asked the tinker, whether there was not a nearer way to Tetbury than through Cirencester?—Yes, says he, by some miles. If you

keep the right-hand road at the next turning, it will bring you to a public-house, called Park-corner, where there is good ale and civil usage.

As the tinker and his doxy were regaling themselves with a bacon-bone, which they had got at a neighbouring farm-house, it put Tugwell in mind of what he had stored in his wallet; and Wildgoose considering it as an act of humiliation, and that he might probably make a meal and make a convert at the same time, complied with Jerry's request, to join this happy couple, and refresh themselves with what Mrs. Whitfield had furnished him at Gloucester, where, besides a substantial slice or two of a round of beef, he had laid in an old French flask, filled with some good ale or strong beer. They, therefore, with a proper apology, took their seat upon the bank; Wildgoose next the tinker, and Tugwell by his trull.

They were hardly seated when Wildgoose (in his way) asked the tinker, why he chose to lead such an idle, vagabond life, as those of his profession generally did?—Yes, says Tugwell, it is like a travelling cobbler, that goes about, and takes the meat out of the mouth of an honest workman, that is to live by his trade.—Hey! what the devil! says the tinker, the pot calls the kettle black a-se; why I suppose thou art a pedlar, as well as myself; sure all trades must live.—Yes, says Wildgoose, very true; but I wonder any one should choose to live in such an unsettled way, if it is in his power to avoid it.—Aye, says the tinker, but those that cannot live at home must seek their fortune abroad. It is better to pick a bone under a hedge, than to rot in a gaol, as, perhaps, I might have done, if I staid at home.—How, so? says Tugwell; What, I suppose you owed money, and had none to pay?—Yes, replied the tinker, I was ruined by a piece of good fortune, or rather

by trusting more to the smiles of fortune than to my own industry.—That is no uncommon case, says Wildgoose ; but how did that come to pass ? To which the tinker replied as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

The Tinker's tale.

I WAS settled in a very flourishing trade, as a brazier, in a large town in the west of England, in which I employed a great many hands ; and my wife and I lived happily together. A distant relation dying without children, left five thousand pounds betwixt me, my three brothers, and a sister ; which one would have thought might easily have been divided between us, without the assistance of a lawyer. But, as we were to pay an old aunt an annuity for her life, of twenty pounds half yearly, this part of the will being *ambitiously* expressed,—*Ambiguously*, I suppose you mean, says Wildgoose—I mean, says the tinker, what the lawyer told us, that it was impossible to know, as the will was worded, whether it meant twenty pounds or forty pounds a year ; though every one knew the intention of my kinsman was, to leave her only twenty pounds a year in the whole ; and the lawyer that made the will had probably expressed it so, on purpose to make work for the tinker, as the saying is. Well, we were advised to put the affair into Chancery, *in an amicable way*, as they call it ; which, as they told us, would be a trifling expence, and would soon be determined. But my sister and one of my brothers dying in the mean time, and leaving chil-

dren, we were forced to have bills of revivor, I think they call them, one after another ; so that by some means or other, we could never get a decree to settle this affair under seven years. When that was done, our lawyer told us, the business would now soon be ended ; for that there was nothing now to do, but to settle the account before a Master in Chancery, which, one would think, might have been easily done. But we soon found, that not a few years were required to settle an account which any schoolmaster, or indeed, any schoolboy, might have settled in a few hours.

But I should have told you before, that, after a decent mourning for the death of my kinsman, I had invited some of my friends to a tavern, to partake of my joy, for the legacy which he had left me. I also thought it unnecessary to make myself any longer a slave to my business ; and the respect with which I found myself treated by the waiters and tapsters at the public-houses which I frequented, made me fond of repeating my visits at those places of rendezvous.

My poor wife saw the absurdity of my conduct, and whenever I came home elated with liquor, would reproach me for my folly in no very gentle terms. In short, home began to be disagreeable to me, and I was never easy out of a public-house ; so that by neglecting my business, and spending considerable sums at the tavern, by the time our law-suit was ended, I found myself more in debt than the share of my legacy which the law had left me amounted to ; for instead of one thousand pounds apiece, it did not turn out above five hundred. Her vexation on this account was the death of my poor wife ; and though I held up my head a year or two longer, my landlord at last seized upon my stock for rent, and I was forced to abscond, and leave my three chil-

dren upon the parish, and to fly my country: and thus, by my own folly, and the iniquity of a court of equity, from a topping tradesman I am become a travelling tinker, at your service.

Though Tugwell had been cramming in his cold beef, during the tinker's narration, yet he shook his head at the conclusion of it, and said that the law was a bottomless pit, as the exciseman used to say.

Wildgoose observed, that those forms of law, which were sometimes so oppressive to individuals, were the greatest security in general, of justice and of property.—That is true, master, says Tugwell; but come, let us drink, and drive away care, quoth Jerry. He then put the flask to his mouth, and tossed off one half of it; then clapping his hand upon the young woman's knee, who was a handsome black girl (black I mean from the sooty contact of her paramour, for naturally she was as fair as the Venus of Corregio)—Tugwell, I say, squeezing her knees, with a waggish air, bid the lady pledge him. But the tinker's dog, who lay at his mistress's feet, not approving of Jerry's familiarity, starts up, and snaps at his fingers; in return for which he gave the dog a kick in the guts. This roused the tinker's choler, already provoked at Tugwell's amorous freedom with his doxy, and he gave him a click in the mazard. Tugwell had not been used tamely to receive a kick or a cuff; he, therefore, gave the tinker a rejoinder, which would have brought on a regular boxing-match, had not Wildgoose on one side, and Trulla on the other, interposed, and put a stop to farther hostilities. The tinker, however, sacked up his budget, and his companion her bundle, and went growling off, with hearty curses both upon Tugwell and his master, for intruding upon them and interrupting their

tranquillity. Such was the event of Wildgoose's benevolent intention of converting this itinerant copper-smith and his female companion, which Tugwell called, casting their pearls before swine; though his own indiscretion alone, and carnal wag-gery, had defeated his master's purpose, and deprived him of an opportunity of giving them any spiritual instruction.

Our two pilgrims finished their repast, took a short nap to refresh themselves, and then proceeded on their journey, leaving the Cirencester road, and bending their course towards Park-corner: but the shades of night overtook them before they reached their intended quarters.

CHAPTER III.

Their comfortable reception at Park-corner, near Lord Bathurst's woods.

BLESSED be the man that first invented warming-pans! said an old gentleman with whom I passed the Alps, upon coming to a comfortable inn on mount St. Bernard; and blessed be that good christian who first found out chimney-corners, said Tugwell to himself, upon spying the distant light of the inn to which they had been directed. Nothing is more comfortable, continued Jerry, than a pipe of tobacco in a chimney-corner, after wandering about in a dark night and in a strange country, as we have done: and if I can but meet with a bit of soft cheese and a raddish, to close the orifice of the stomach (as the exciseman used to say,) I shall be as happy as the Great Mogul.

Tugwell was consoling himself with these savoury

ideas, when, about nine o'clock, they approached Park-corner. But, lo! instead of this snug scene, which Jerry had formed in his imagination, they found the inn so crowded with company from Cirencester races, that they were forced to sit drinking out at the door (it being a warm evening;) and the stables also were so full, that there were near twenty horses standing round the sign-post.

It was in vain for foot passengers to expect any kind of lodgings upon such an occasion; and it was even with difficulty that they got any sort of refreshment. Tugwell began to complain of great fatigue, and to lament their distress; but Wildgoose, attentive to nothing so much as the conversion of sinners, cried out, in a strain of exultation, Now for it, Jerry! this is an unexpected opportunity! let us take possession of the devil's strong hold; we will make his kingdom shake, I'll warrant you.

Having said this, in the warmth of his zeal, without any more ceremony, he mounted the horse-block contiguous to the sign post, and began to harangue with such vehemence, that he soon drew together all the company about the house; and though some mocked, yet others were very attentive: for, as many of them came at no great distance from Gloucester, they had heard of Wildgoose's fame, and were glad of an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity at so easy a rate.

But, after a little time, some of them began to regret the leaving their pipes and their punch-bowls; others were provoked at being interrupted in the midst of their songs and catches, and could not forbear renewing their melody at every period of Wildgoose's discourse; which he perceiving, after some time, addressed them in the apostolical strain: "If any is merry, let him sing psalms;" and

ordered Tugwell to give out the hundredth psalm. But the people of the house, thinking their craft was in danger, and that preaching and singing of psalms interrupted more profitable business, were not much pleased with these proceedings. They connived, therefore, at a proposal of the hostler, who, climbing up the sign-post, which was not much illuminated, discharged a bucket of water upon the heads of the two pilgrims, which raised a great uproar, threw all into confusion, and effectually cooled their devotion.

They were now certainly in very evil plight, almost wet to the skin, and thoroughly tired, nor likely to get any bed, or any comfortable accommodations at Park-corner; and they were assured, there was no other house upon the road nearer than Tetbury, which was six or seven miles. In the midst of this distress, however, a gentleman's servant, in a green coat and black cap, with some dog-couples by his side, having observed that Wildgoose had a watch in his pocket, which he consulted about the hour of the night, and that he had otherwise the appearance of a gentleman, thought he might safely invite him and his companion to his habitation. This was part of an old Gothic building, about a mile within Lord Bathurst's fine woods, which extend for five or six miles to the west of Cirencester, and are cut into glades and avenues, most of which are terminated by towers or spires, or some other striking objects, agreeable to the magnificent taste of that worthy nobleman.

Upon the keeper's offering them such accommodations as his house would afford, the travellers, we may be sure, having no choice, were glad to accept of so unexpected an invitation. They accompanied their honest guide, therefore, who was then going to his castle, together with a groom of my

lord's, who had staid out beyond his time, and intended to lie at the house in the wood till the morning.

The gloomy darkness and solemn silence of the woods, through which they were conducted by mere strangers, filled Tugwell with terrible apprehensions, which were greatly aggravated upon their approach to the house, by the loud barkings of some wolf-dogs, pointers, and southern hounds, and the like; which, echoing from the ruinous walls, revived in Tugwell's imagination his danger from the adventure of the buck-hunters; but when they came still nearer, the canking of some Spanish geese, the gobling of turkeys, and the noise of other uncommon fowls which are kept there, threw poor Jerry into the utmost consternation. He was soon freed from this alarm, however, on being conducted into a cheerful kitchen, where the keeper's wife was expecting the return of her husband by a good fire. Being informed of the distress from which his benevolence had freed the travellers, she received them with tolerable civility; desired them to come to the fire and dry themselves, and entertained them with as much hospitality as their circumstances would allow of.

The keeper had but one spare bed, which Tugwell could not be prevailed upon to partake with his master, so took up his lodgings with the groom in the hay-loft; and Wildgoose, making it a point of conscience, not to indulge himself in the softness of a down-bed, when his fellow-labourer fared so coarsely, wrapt himself up in the coverlet, and lay down upon the floor. So, though they were both thoroughly tired, through the complaisance of the one, and the Quixotism of the other, a very good feather-bed remained useless and unoccupied.—Wildgoose, however, slept tolerably well on the floor,

and Tugwell would have slept better in the hay-loft, had not the groom, who chose to lie in his boots and spurs, given Jerry now and then an involuntary titillation.

CHAPTER IV.

Spiritual advice.

IN the morning as soon as the keeper arose, he prepared them a good breakfast of toast and ale ; and, as his wife was dressing a sucking child by the fire, she expressed some concern, that Mr. Wildgoose had so bad a lodging, and was forced to lie upon the floor all night, as she found he had done. Wildgoose, recollecting Mr. Whitfield's method of allegorizing upon such occasions, shook his head, and, turning towards Tugwell, in allusion to the child at the breast, Ah ! says he, I sweetly leaned on my Saviour's bosom, and *sucked out* of the *breasts* of his consolation ; and I can truly say, the banner of his love was spread over me the whole night.*

The poor woman, a stranger to this pious jargon, stared at him with astonishment, to hear a jolly man, as Wildgoose was, talk of sucking at the breast ; which Tugwell observing, and imagining he could explain his master's meaning, Yes, yes, says he, his worship only talks in the way of Christian discourse, look ye ! that is, as a body may say, his worship took a good swinging nap, and had a comfortable night's rest. Wildgoose did not reflect upon the improbability of his audience's not comprehending his allegorical meaning, but thought the least he

* Vide Journals.

could do, in return for their kindness, was to impart some spiritual advice to his host and family.

After a few observations, therefore, upon the laudable nature of hospitality, and putting them in mind, that in the primitive times, some had entertained angels, without suspecting any thing of the matter, he proceeded to assure them, that in such cases (as that of Rahab the harlot for instance) it was her *faith*, and not her kindness to the Jewish spies, that was so acceptable to God. In short, says he, though it is a very commendable thing to entertain strangers in distress, as you have done us, yet you must be very cautious not to place the least *merit* in this, or in any other good work which you can possibly perform ; for we must be saved by faith alone, without works.

Faith and troth, master, replies the keeper, (little used to religious speculations) I never thought about *merit*, or any such thing. I did as I would be done by. Our ale is but poor, indeed, but such as it is, you are welcome to it as a king ; and I don't desire a farthing for my trouble.

However, master, I don't know what you mean by being *saved* without *work* ; but I am sure all the *faith* in the world, without *work*, would not *save* me from starving. It is true, continues he, I live in my lord's house here, rent-free ; but never a man in the country *works* harder to support his family than I do : and if you choose to taken a turn here in the woods, I will show you some serpentine walks which *I advised* my lord to let me cut out this last week ; in which, indeed, the honest man probably took more pride than my lord himself did.

Wildgoose, therefore, having given his hostess half a crown for her trouble (which she did not at all expect from such guests,) took his leave, and accompanied the keeper into the woods.

CHAPTER V.

A stranger of a peculiar character arrives.

As the keeper and his guests were in the amphitheatre before the Gothic house, there arrived a tall elderly gentleman, with his servant, whose curiosity had brought him to see the place. Well, says he to a country fellow, who had been his guide, where are these *turpentine* walks which you told me of? Then, alighting from his horse, and surveying the structure, which represents the ruin of a castle overgrown with ivy; Aye, says he, a very ancient place! Probably one of the *castra æstiva*, or summer camps, of the Romans; some appendage to Cirencester, I suppose, which was one of the *castra hyberna*, or winter stations, of the Roman legions. The castle itself was probably built during the barons' wars, in the reign of Henry the third, or of King John.—Aha! look ye there now, says the keeper, smiling, so several gentlemen have thought: but, sir, I assure you, it was built by my present lord, but a few years ago; and his lordship used to say, he could have *built* it as *old* again if he had had a mind.—Built by my present lord! cries the gentleman, with a frown, and were there no ruins of a castle here before?—Not that I ever heard of replies the keeper.—Well, for my part, says the stranger, I don't at all approve of these deceptions, which must necessarily mislead future antiquaries, and introduce great confusion into the English history. I don't wonder, continues the stranger, turning towards Wildgoose, that any gentleman should wish to have his woods or gardens adorned with these venerable Gothic structures, as they strike the imagination with vast pleasure, both by the great-

ness of the object, and also by giving us a melancholy idea of their past grandeur and magnificence. But for a man to *build a ruin*, or to erect a modern house in the style of our Gothic ancestors, appears to me the same absurdity, and must be attended with the same inconvenience to posterity, as that which many people have of late run into, of having their pictures drawn in the habits of Vandyke, or Sir Peter Lely; or that of our modern mint-masters, of representing our English heroes in Roman armour, and the dresses of antiquity: for though I myself have a great veneration for the Roman customs, yet this foolish practice, I think, destroys one considerable use of pictures and medals, that of conveying to posterity the habits and customs of the age we live in.

I find, sir, says Wildgoose, you are a connoisseur in these things, and I suppose have a taste for antiquities.—Sir, replies the gentleman, I have some little taste that way, and took Cirencester in my road to Gloucester, not to see the races, I assure you, but to inquire after some of those Roman coins which are found there in great abundance.

As the antiquary was talking, he pulled out his *sudarium*, or pocket handkerchief, to wipe his face, when two or three silver and copper medals, which he had met with at Cirencester, dropped out of his pocket; which he picked up, and began explaining them to Wildgoose and the company; upon which Wildgoose observed, that the study of medals was a curious study; but he could never be convinced of the utility of it.—The *utility* of it, replies the virtuoso, with some vivacity, why as to that, I'll only refer you to Mr. Addison's Dialogues upon that subject, to which I think nothing can be added.

But people often run themselves into difficulties, continued he, and lay themselves open to their an-

tagonists, by resting their cause upon a wrong plea ; every thing must be proved *useful*, forsooth ! whereas I think it sufficient if some things are proved *agreeable* and entertaining. Why has not the imagination or fancy a right to be gratified, as well as the passions or appetites, in a subordinate degree, and under the directions of reason ?

If I were to dispute with a Methodist about luxury in food, and about the necessity of fasting and mortification, I should not think myself obliged to prove, that every thing we usually eat was absolutely *necessary* to support life.

Sir, says Wildgoose, interrupting him, I never heard that the Methodists laid any stress upon those legal observances of fasting or distinction of meats, but eat and drank just as other people do.—Probably they may, replies the virtuoso, notwithstanding their mortified pretensions. At least from what I know of their self-denial, they are the last people with whom I would trust a wife or a daughter.

But, however, suppose I were disputing, I say, with any superstitious person, upon the subject of luxury in eating and drinking, I should say, that bread and cheese, for instance, was a hearty, wholesome food ; and the staff of life, as the saying is. But I should think it a sufficient defence of the lawfulness of eating cheesecake or custard, by saying that it was *agreeable*. Thus we may say of several arts and sciences ; of law, physic, and divinity, that they are necessary for the subsistence of society ; but for poetry, painting, sculpture, and the like, I think it enough if they are allowed to be ornamental, and to contribute to the recreation of mankind.

In short, sir, if history, chronology, and several other branches of polite literature, are allowed to be of any use to the world, the knowledge of me-

dals must also be allowed to have its share of merit, as instrumental in illustrating and confirming several particulars in those sciences.

Why, sir, replies Wildgoose, I must confess myself to be one of those who think only one branch of knowledge at all necessary or worth our pursuit; and that is, the knowledge of our fallen state, and of our redemption, as revealed in the Bible.

The antiquary stared at first with some astonishment at Wildgoose's declaration. But, soon guessing at his religious turn. Well, says he, to carry the matter still farther then, we could not understand the Bible, at least several expressions in it, without the assistance of this study.

The history of the Jews, from the time of the Maccabees to the birth of Christ, was all obscurity and confusion, till Monsieur Vaillant, from a collection of Greek medals, had given the world a complete series of the Syro-Macedonian kings.

And the title of EUERGETES, or benefactor, which is found on the coins of the Antiochus's and the Ptolemy's, very well explains what is meant by the Gentile kings being called *benefactors*; which the commentators, I think, made but bungling work of before.

The tribute-money, with Cæsar's image and superscription, was a Roman *penny* or denarius; and the two-pence, which the good Samaritan is supposed to have given the landlord for his care of the wounded traveller, were two of those denarii, or about *fifteen* pence of our money. These things, perhaps, might have been known, from a slight acquaintance with the collateral histories of those times; but still it is a satisfaction to see the very coins which were then current, and which are preserved in the cabinets of the curious.

Ah! says Wildgoose, I want no commentaries,

nor any assistance, to understand the Scriptures. When God has once revealed himself to a man, every expression speaks comfort to his soul; and he can *feel* the truth of it, without any teaching or instruction. Neither do I doubt, that although all other helps should be lost, Providence would preserve the knowledge of the Scriptures in his *church* to the world's end, I don't mean the established or *visible* church, which I am afraid has departed from its own doctrines: but the *invisible* church or society of true Christians, by whatever denomination they are distinguished.

As Wildgoose was launching beyond the comprehension of the virtuoso, and they were now come into a beautiful avenue, which terminated upon a *visible* church, the gentleman turned the discourse to the beauty of the prospect; and they being now come near the Tetbury road, Wildgoose took his leave, and, together with his trusty companion, proceeded on his journey to Bath.

CHAPTER VI.

Some account of the virtuoso.

As soon as they were got out of sight of the antiquary, Tugwell began to open. Od'slife, quoth he, this is a desperate man for the *Romans*—I suppose he's one of your *Papishes*. I never heard of such a whimsical gentleman since I was born. His *sarvant* says, he almost starved one or two of his children, by breeding them up in the Roman way; for he would never let them eat till sunset; and would never suffer his little boy to wear a hat, because the *Romans* belike went bare-headed. He makes his

children, instead of shoes and stockings, wear leathern buskins, like Joseph and his brethren in the Bible.

And his man says, he would have had the body of his eldest son who died, burnt to ashes, because the Romans did so; but his wife would not consent to it. Nay, he threatens to put his daughters to death if they marry without his consent, as the old Romans, he says, used to do.

His man says, if the gardener happens to dig up a piece of an old cream-pot, he'll lock it up in his cupboard, and call it a piece of Roman crockery-ware, such as they used to put the ashes of the dead in: and he says, they came ten miles out of their way to see this old castle and other curiosities.

Did you ask where he came from? says Wildgoose. Yes, replies Jerry, 'tis one 'Squire Townsend, and he comes out of ——shire. Wildgoose's heart immediately rose to his mouth, and his colour changed: for he was now convinced it was Miss Townsend's father with whom he had been talking; and he wondered at his own stupidity in not discovering this before.

It instantly occurred to him, that Mr. Townsend was going to Gloucester in quest of his daughter, and he fancied he might have said many things to him in her favour, if he had known who he was; though it is ten to one he could have said nothing upon the occasion but what would have been improper, and have done more harm than good.

Though Tugwell, as was observed, had some smattering of history himself, yet, as the antiquary did not touch upon any of those legendary subjects with which Jerry had been chiefly conversant, such as the Travels of Joseph of Arimathea—the History of Glastonbury Thorn—or any romantic accounts of the Holy Land, and the like, he had thought it ra-

ther a dry discourse, and beginning *to spit sixpences*, as his saying was, he gave hints to Mr. Wildgoose to stop at the first public-house they should come to. But there was none till they came to Tetbury, where they went into a second-rate inn, for fear of meeting with the same insults which they had received at the Bell at Gloucester.

CHAPTER VII.

A hurley-burley in the modern taste.

WILDGOOSE having been thoroughly fatigued the preceding day, and not slept very soundly upon the floor at night; having also breakfasted upon toast and ale, which he was not much used to, he found himself drowsy; and somewhat indisposed: he desired, therefore, to go into a back parlour, and getting an arm-chair, took a comfortable nap, whilst Tugwell was smoking his pipe in the chimney corner.

When Wildgoose waked, he desired to have some little matter got ready for his dinner. My landlady had a daughter-in-law, a pretty girl about eighteen, who officiated as waiter, and went into the parlour to lay the cloth. As our preacher always found a particular propensity to exercise his talent on the young and handsome, he could not forbear catechising this fair maid, as she came backwards and forwards into the room, about the state of her soul. The poor girl, conscious of her ignorance in the principles of religion, blushed, and seemed distressed what answer to make; and having placed the spoon and pepper-box on one side of the table, and the knife and fork in parallel lines on the other, would

have made her escape from so disagreeable a persecution. But Wildgoose finding his rhetoric had not force enough to detain her, laid hold on her apron, and desired her to hear what he had to say, which he assured her was for her good ; nay, that nothing could be more so : that it was better than all the beauty in the world, and of more value than thousands of gold and silver : that he himself was the servant of God, and that he should be very happy if he could prevail upon her to love *him* above all things.

Just at that instant, Mrs. Tantrum, the landlady, came into the parlour, having both hands filled with Wildgoose's dinner. She herself, though now as coarse as Pontius Pilate's cookmaid, yet having been handsome in her youth, and being still amourously inclined, watched her daughter-in-law with a suspicious, or rather with a jealous eye. Seeing the stranger, therefore, thus engaged about her apron, and hearing the words, "beauty, love, gold, and silver," she immediately concluded, that he was in *love* with her *beauty*, and was bribing her with gold and silver to her ruin. Mine hostess then, being equally a stranger to Christian meekness and to delicacy, vented her rage, without much ceremony, first upon Mr. Wildgoose. Then, setting down the dishes which she had brought in, and falling foul upon the poor girl with her brawny fists, you saucy slut, says she, have not I charged you, often enough, never to listen to any *foot-passengers* ! but to leave the room if ever they pretended to trouble their *heads* about you ? and here you stand with your brazen face—As she was going on scolding, and thumping her daughter's shoulders, Wildgoose thought himself obliged, as he had been the cause of the girl's stay, to explain his motives, and to rescue her from the consequences of it. His interposition, however,

would of itself have made Mrs. Tantrum more outrageous. But Wildgoose, having rebuked her for her passion with some asperity, and having also in the scuffle unfortunately torn my landlady's gown, this added to her fury, and gave her an opportunity which she wanted, of venting her rage more effectually upon the ill-fated pilgrim.

There is a certain farinaceous composition; which, from its being frequently used by our ancestors as an *extempore* supplement to a scanty dinner, has obtained the appellation of a *hasty-pudding*. It is composed of flour and milk boiled together; and, being spread into a round shallow dish, and interspersed with dabs of butter, and brown sugar fortuitously strewn over it, gives one no bad idea of a map of the sun, spotted about according to the modern hypothesis.

A dish of this wholesome food, smoking hot, mine hostess had brought in one hand, and a plate of bacon and eggs in the other: and upon Wildgoose's presumptuously interposing between her and her daughter (as has been related), Mrs. Tantrum's fury was infinitely augmented: and, snatching up the dish, she discharged the hasty pudding full in Wildgoose's face: which, with the oiled butter and melted sugar, ran down to the skirts of his plush waistcoat, and made no very cleanly appearance.

Tugwell, hearing the uproar, was now come into the room; and seeing Mrs. Tantrum in the condition of a tigress robbed of her whelps, attempted to lay hold of her arms, and prevent any farther efforts of her fury: but she, snatching up the dish of bacon and eggs, gave Jerry as warm a salute as she had done his master: and one of the poached eggs bursting in his face, and mixing with the greasy contents of the fryingpan, poor Jerry was in a worse plight even than his fellow-traveller.

Mrs. Tantrum, having now satiated her fury, came a little to herself again: when, reflecting upon the damage she had probably done herself, if her guests should refuse to pay for the dinner, which, though they had smelt, they had not tasted; and beholding likewise the visible effects of her unbridled passion, in greasing her floor, and making unnecessary work for herself and her servant; she was going to repeat the outrage upon her innocent daughter-in-law: but the girl had wisely withdrawn till the storm was over. She, therefore, sent the maid to clean the room, and set things to rights again: and the travellers, having craved the maid's assistance in cleaning their persons, desired her to bring them the loaf and cheese, and a tankard of ale; with which they endeavoured to console themselves for the loss of the savoury food, by the sight of which they had been so disagreeably tantalized.

CHAPTER VIII.

The mistress of an inn not easily to be converted.

WHEN Mrs. Tantrum was a little recovered from the violence of her resentment, the daughter-in-law ventured to assure her, that the stranger had not offered to take the least freedom with her; but had only talked to her about Mr. Whitfield, and our Saviour Christ, and such sort of discourse. Mr. Whitfield! quoth she: I'll be hanged then, says Mrs. Tantrum, if it is not one of these Methodists that go about the country. Run, and take away the silver spoon and pepper box! A pack of canting toads! I thought he looked like one of those *hypothetical* rascals. There was one of them at Salisbury,

not long ago, married two wives; and another was hanged for sheep-stealing—Run, I say, and take away the pepper-box.

The poor girl said, she did not think the gentleman would *steal* any thing neither, *for all* he talked about *religion*. He did not look like that sort of man, she imagined. Whilst they were thus debating the matter, Wildgoose and his friend came into the kitchen, to pay the reckoning; and Mrs. Tantrum, surveying them more calmly, could not discover any thing very thievish in their physiognomy. So, to make some little amends for the rough usage with which she had treated her guests, she dismissed them with a tolerably decent welcome, and wished them a good journey. Wildgoose returned her compliments with a prayer for her conversion; and told her, that, unless God would give her grace to subdue her boisterous passions, she could no more relish the joys of heaven, than a hog or a sow could a clean parlour.—Ay! ay! added Tugwell, thou art a *vessel of wrath*, doomed to perydition.—I a *vessel of broth*! you pot-gutted rascal! no more than yourself! Marry come up! what does the fool mean? Sure I know my own business best, says Mrs. Tantrum; then concluded in her own way, that every tub must stand upon its own bottom.

CHAPTER IX.

Pursue their journey.

POOR Wildgoose was a little chagrined at being suspected of carnal intentions; but comforted himself with recollecting several of the chosen saints, who

had been thus buffeted by satan, and lain under the same groundless suspicions. But he would, probably, have been more shocked, if he had known that he was judged capable of stealing a silver spoon. These were consequences of his extravagance, which he could not foresee, and of which he had hitherto no conception. I have often thought, however, it is happy for us that we do not know the half which is thought or said of us behind our backs, by the smiling hostess or the surly hostler, who attends us on our arrival or at our departure from an inn upon the road.

Our sturdy pilgrims, having sufficiently refreshed themselves, proceeded on their journey with great alacrity; and, as it was not yet past mid-day, pushed on to reach Bath that night. They travelled the whole afternoon without any incident worthy the notice of a grave historian. But reaching Lansdown, within a few miles of Bath, toward sunset, they spied a poor horse, which, being overloaded, was fallen down, and struggling under his burthen; and very near him two men, instead of assisting the wretched animal, were scuffling and pummelling each other without mercy. One of them was a slender, gentleman-like man, and the other appeared to be a butcher's servant or something in that style. Wildgoose and his fellow-traveller having interposed, and parted the combatants, the butcher began to vent his wrath upon his antagonist, D-mn your blood! says he, who the devil are you? What, can't a man be in a passion, and beat his own horse, for *all* you, and be pox'd to you?

Wildgoose, having rebuked him for his insolence and profaneness, applied his hand to the stern of the horse; who after some further efforts, being roused, the butcher remounted him, rode off, and, instead of thanking Wildgoose for his assistance,

calls out, D-mn you all together, for 'a pack of whores-birds as you are ! The gentleman, who had fought the butcher, surveyed him for a moment with great indignation and contempt : then, refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, There, says he, there goes a true picture of English liberty !—Pray, sir, says Wildgoose, if I may make so free, what was the subject of your altercation ? To which he replied in the following manner.

CHAPTER X.

A knight-errant of a peculiar kind. Compassion for dumb creatures.

You see, sir, says the gentleman, how hard that poor beast is loaded. Now that brute of a fellow, instead of driving the horse before him (as he was probably ordered by his master to do,) had galloped him, loaded as he was, for near a mile along the road, in my sight ; when the poor creature happened to trip, and come down with his rider, who began to bang him with that stick about the head with so much fury, that, if I had not interposed, he might probably have killed him upon the spot.—My officiousness, however, only made the fellow change the object of his wrath ; for he fell upon me with the same weapon, which, however, I wrested from his hands, and banged him with to some purpose, till, he running in to me, we came to that close engagement from which you parted us.

Wildgoose staring at the gentleman with marks of surprise,—My compassion for dumb animals, continued he, is so excessive, that it often makes me quite miserable. Our sympathy and assistance is

certainly due, in the first place, to our fellow-creatures of the human species, as they stand in a nearer relation to us, as they hold a superior rank in the works of the creation ; but I own, the incapacity of a poor brute creature to utter his distress, and his want of reason to find out the means of relieving it, often plead more powerfully with me, than all the rhetoric of a beggar practised in the art of moving compassion.

Yes, replies Wildgoose, and I think, sir, you have suggested the reason of this ; because in the latter case there is often a suspicion of insincerity in the petitioner ; whereas in the former instances, undisguised nature, though void of speech, expresses herself in the most emphatical manner. For the same reason, the silent rhetoric of tears, or of bashfulness, is often more pathetic than all the oratorical flourishes in the world : and I dare say, sir, the helpless condition of an *infant* in distress, must affect you still more sensibly than that of any of those dumb creatures for which you express so much concern.

I don't know, replies the gentleman ; it certainly ought to do so : but I cannot reason myself out of this strange effiminacy ; nor do I recollect any instance of *human* distress, that has given me more pain, than the sight of a poor hare, for instance, almost *run down*, as they call it ; to see her squatting behind a hedge, panting and listening, with her ears erect, to the cries of her pursuers, from whom her natural scent, augmented by the perspiration she is thrown into, makes it almost impossible for her to escape.

I entirely agree with Mr. Addison, in applauding the humanity of the sultan, who chose rather to cut off the sleeve of his robe, than awake his favourite cat, which was asleep upon it ; and I myself, in my

walks, have often gone a furlong out of my way, rather than disturb a poor unwieldy ox, that has been lying down and chewing the cud; or than interrupt an innocent lamb that was sucking its anxious dam.

Nay, I have gone so far, as to erect an urn in my garden, as a testimony of my compassion for dumb animals, with the inscription from Ovid's speech of Pythagoras:

*Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus—&c.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum?*

What have ye done, ye flocks, a peaceful race?
Or what the harmless ox, so void of guile,
To merit death?

Why, as for those animals which are fairly slaughtered, without torture, for the support of human life, says Wildgoose, I can easily reconcile myself to their fate; as the pain of death consists, I believe, chiefly in the apprehension: and when it is instantaneous (as in those cases it is, or ought to be) they enjoy themselves, and feel nothing till the stroke arrives; and the moment it does so, the violence of it either deprives them of life, or at least of the sense of pain. Mr. Pope has finely described this in his ethic epistles:

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh! blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each might fill the circle mark'd by Heaven.

Why, doubtless, returns the gentleman, one feels the most for those animals that are tortured and abused: but I think none are more so than the generality of horses and beasts of burden, from a

want of sensibility in the reasoning brutes to whose care they are usually intrusted. You saw how little compassion that butcher's lad has shown to his loaded steed; and to see a noble creature start and tremble at the passionate exclamation of a mere Yahoo of a stable boy, who, if he knew his own strength, could drive a dozen men before him, I own equally excites my pity and my indignation. I never meet a string of pack-horses, bending under their loads, but my heart bleeds for the mute sufferers; and I make it a point of conscience to give them the road. Nay, I have, in my own mind, added one more to the curses denounced by Moses against the unmerciful; "Cursed be he that maketh the pack-horse to go out of his way."

Here Tugwell could not forbear putting in his verdict. Well, says Jerry, the tailor of our town is the best man for that. He keeps a horse to let; but then he'll never let him to any one, till he has made him promise faithfully, that the poor horse shall stand still *to do his needs*.—The gentleman laughed at Tugwell's instance of compassion. But Wildgoose silencing him with a significant look, observed, that the good man to be sure was merciful, even to his beast: and it is pity, continued he, that cruelty to those animals cannot be provided against by our laws, as it was in a great measure by the laws of Moses.

Very true, sir, replies the gentleman; and as that cannot well be done in this land of *liberty*, I wish every gentleman would endeavour to supply that defect by discouraging all cruelty of that kind, as far as his power or influence extends; and certainly every parent should be particularly careful to instil principles of mercy and tenderness, to birds, beasts, and insects, into the tender minds of their children. For my part, I profess myself a sort of

knight-errant in the cause ; and assure you, have met with many such skirmishes as this which you found me engaged in, by interfering where I had no other motive but humanity and compassion.

CHAPTER XI.

The polite philosopher.

THE frank disposition of this gentleman, who called himself Graham, encouraged Wildgoose, as they walked along, to communicate something of his own pretensions ; and he informed the gentleman, that he himself was a volunteer in the service of his fellow-creatures ; and professed to regulate their opinions in a matter of much greater importance than any thing which regarded this life, even the salvation of their immortal souls.

I presume then, says Mr. Graham, you are one of these Methodists who have made such a noise in the world. Wildgoose replied, that he might call him by what name he pleased ; but what he professed was to preach up true Christianity, and the genuine doctrines of the reformation.

Why, returns Mr. Graham, though I have formerly conversed much in the world, I have of late confined myself a great deal to books and meditation, and the investigation of truth ; the result of which is, that I cannot reflect with patience upon the many absurd practices and opinions which prevail in the world, and have often been tempted to turn itinerant myself, and sally forth in order to reform mankind, and set them right in various particulars.

When I hear of a father's marrying his daughter

against her inclinations, and sacrificing her happiness to her grandeur, I am ready, like the Spanish Don, to challenge him to mortal combat, and rescue the unhappy victim from the power which he abuses.

Though I am not in Parliament, nor am fond of politics, I could not forbear giving the public my advice, in a pamphlet, upon the Militia Act, Triennial Parliaments, and the Necessity of *Sumptuary Laws*.

I have by me also a manuscript, which I call *Literæ Hottentoticae*, or Letters from a beautiful young Hottentot to her Friends at the Cape ; giving an account of the many barbarous customs and preposterous opinions which she had observed in our metropolis, during her three years' abode amongst us.

But, sir, you will pardon my freedom when I declare, that of all the opinions which have been the subject of my contemplation, none appears more absurd to me, than that all religion should be made to consist in *thinking* rightly upon a few abstruse points, which have been controverted ever since the reformation, and about which hardly any two persons think exactly alike. I really believe, when the Methodists first set out (as Providence often brings about salutary ends by irregular means) they did some good; and contributed to rouse the negligent clergy, and to revive practical christianity amongst us. But I'm afraid they have since done no small prejudice to religion, by reviving the cobweb disputes of the last century ; and by calling off the minds of men from practice to mere speculation. For, by all the accounts I have heard of late, if a man does but frequent their meetings regularly, express himself properly upon justification, and a few more of their favourite topics, he is immedi-

ately ranked amongst the elect, and may live as carelessly as he pleases in other respects ; nay, may be guilty of drunkenness, fornication, luxury, and what not. In short, if a man does but *talk* and *look* like a saint, he may, without any reproach, live like a sinner.

Sir, says Wildgoose, whatever the case may be with a few individuals, who call themselves Methodists, you cannot say that any of those irregularities are the *necessary* consequence of their principles.

No, sir, replies the gentleman ; but they are the *probable* consequences of their practices ; for, by being thus distinguished from their brethren, they begin to look upon themselves as a sort of privileged persons ; and finding so much stress laid upon *thinking* rightly, they begin to be more careless about *acting* properly ; and the original depravity of their nature returning upon them thus unguarded, they are but too prone to relapse into the greatest enormities ; which reflection, I am afraid, might be confirmed by too frequent experience ; not to mention the tendency, which their particular doctrines of *assurance* and *inward feelings* have to make men presumptuous, and to delude them to their own destruction.

Wildgoose was not inclined to continue the dispute with a person who appeared so much prejudiced against his doctrines, and who, indeed, was so full of reflections, made in his solitude, that he would hardly give him leave to put in a word.

As their road, however, lay near a mile the same way, they talked upon various subjects ; and Wildgoose found, in the course of their conversation, that Mr. Graham was quite a polite philosopher ; had a competent knowledge of almost every science, had travelled over most parts of Europe, and made

many delicate and curious remarks upon the manners and customs of the several people with whom he had conversed.

But what gave a peculiar beauty to his conversation, was the delicacy of his taste, which selected the most agreeable or the most striking circumstances, on every subject; so that his descriptions and narrations never became languid by too minute a detail of uninteresting particulars.

He now lived a very retired life; went sometimes to Bath, as a mere spectator; but, having sequestered himself from the world on a particular occasion, and having had sufficient experience of the selfishness, malignity, and insincerity of the vulgar part of mankind, he confined himself to a few select friends; and by exercise and temperance contrived to pass through the autumn of life, with health, cheerfulness, and tranquillity.

Mr. Graham was a man of that natural benevolence, that he rather affected the misanthrope than was really such. He invited Wildgoose and his friend, therefore, with great cordiality, to refresh themselves at his hermitage (as he called it,) which he pointed out to them amidst a tuft of lofty oaks, at a little distance, on the descent of the hill. Mr. Wildgoose, being impatient to join his christian friends at Bath, would have waved the accepting this invitation; but Tugwell having an habitual thirst upon him at this time of the year, said he should be obliged to the gentleman for a draught of small beer, or a cup of cider.

They, therefore, accompanied him to his habitation.

CHAPTER XII.

A singular mansion.

MR. Graham's house was almost concealed from the road by trees, and was literally founded upon a rock, some craggy parts of which appeared rising upon each side of the house : a clear spring which rose from the bottom of one of them, almost covered with moss, hart's tongue, and other fountain plants, determined the situation.

They entered, by a strong door, into a sort of porch, or vestibule ; on one side of which Mr. Graham showed them a neat bed room, about seven feet square : on the other side, a beaufet, and other conveniences about the same dimensions. He then took them into a parlour, elegantly furnished, of about twelve feet square, exclusive of a bow-window, which commanded an extensive prospect over a beautiful valley, terminated by a distant view of the city of Bath and its environs : and this was apparently the whole house.

Mr. Graham, however, took them down a few winding steps, cut out of the rock, to another room under the former, which served him for a kitchen, cellar, and all other accommodations for himself and his maid. She was a middle-aged woman, and was sitting there at work with her needle. But, to prevent all suspicion of her serving him in any other capacity than that of a servant, Mr. Graham had pitched upon a deserving person, with one eye, a protuberant shoulder, and one or two more accidental deformities, sufficient to stop the mouth of that infernal fury, scandal herself. A garden, proportioned to the house and its inhabitants, was laid out in a simple taste, and stored with those fruits,

flowers, herbs, and plants, which were natural to the climate in which they were to grow.

Mr. Graham left Tugwell to drink some cider with his maid Maritornes, and took Mr. Wildgoose into his parlour, and offered him a glass of something better—which it is not recorded that Wildgoose refused.

As Mr. Graham opened the door of a little closet, or rather niche in the wall, which contained his books and his cordials, Wildgoose could not forbear fixing his eyes upon a small oval picture of a young lady, in a gilt frame, that was fixed in a pannel, within side of the door; which Mr. Graham observing, shook his head with a sigh, and said, the lady whom that picture represented had influenced the whole tenour of his life, and was the original cause of his present retreat from the world. Wildgoose, expressing some curiosity on that subject, and himself fetching a sympathetic sigh on having the idea of Miss Townsend revived by the sight of that picture, Mr. Graham said his story could not be very interesting to a stranger. But, sir, says he, as I take a sort of melancholy pleasure in recollecting the occurrences of my youth, if you have patience to hear me, I will relate the particulars.—He, therefore, began, without more ceremony, in the following manner.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Graham's story.

I AM a younger brother, of a younger branch, of a noble family; but, partly by my own bad œconomy in the former part of my life, and partly by that of

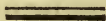
my father, I have at present but a slender income, yet sufficient to live very comfortably in my present situation. I was bred at the university, and after that was sent to the temple; and when a young man there, went to make a visit to my sister, who was married to a baronet in the northern part of this county. Here Wildgoose listened with a more earnest attention. During my stay here we were invited to a supper and a ball, at a neighbouring gentleman's, where was a great deal of genteel company. Amongst the rest there was a clergyman's daughter, whom I will call Ophelia, who had the character of a learned lady, and a great wit. She was tolerably handsome, but had a very melancholy air; which, upon inquiry, I found to be the effect of a disappointment in her first love, by the sudden death of a man of fortune, to whom she was upon the verge of being united in marriage. As she thought it a kind of indecorum to mix in the gaiety of the company, though she had been invited with a good-natured intention to divert her melancholy, Ophelia sat by a bow-window in the room; and, as I was always of a studious turn, and not fond of dancing, I chose to keep her company.

We two were of course engaged in a separate conversation. But instead of what is usually meant by a wit, a pert girl who values herself upon saying smart things with a saucy petulance; I found her a young woman of great good sense and delicacy of sentiment, and thoroughly versed in all the best writers in the English language, and even the translations from the classics; upon whose several beauties and defects she passed sentence with a penetration and judgment superior to any one I had ever conversed with.

In short, I was quite charmed with this young lady's conversation, which of course brought on a

personal attachment ; and I made an errand to her father's the very next day, under a pretence of inquiring after his daughter's health, and how she got home. He was a very learned and a very sensible man, but had very small preferment ; and, as he had exerted all his abilities in instructing his daughter, so he had gone to the utmost limits of prudence, in dressing her out rather above her rank. However, they lived in a frugal, though genteel manner ; and I was so pleased with my quarters that I stayed all night, with my servant and two horses ; and repeated my visits very frequently.

You will imagine, from this account, that I met with a very cordial reception from the young lady ; but this was by no means the case. I found her affections still so much attached to their first object, that it was near half a year before I appeared to have made any impression upon her heart. After this, however, we continued an intimacy for above two years ; during which time we lived in all the innocent endearments of a mutual fondness, and I was determined to make her my wife.



CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Graham's story continued.

You will wonder, no doubt, says Mr. Graham, what prevented my marrying Ophelia immediately. Why, nothing but my absolute dependence on my mother for my future support. She had a considerable jointure ; and, as I was a favourite, she promised to increase my younger brother's fortune by what she could save out of her annual income. I had a considerable legacy left me by a relation ;

but as I had lived very expensively, I was obliged to make free with the principal, and had almost run through it; so that I had reason to fear my mother's resentment, who, you may suppose, was not at all pleased with this indiscreet engagement: as it not only disappointed her in her hopes of my marrying advantageously in point of fortune, but involved me in a life of indolence quite inconsistent with my study of the law, and making any figure in my profession. She, therefore, made use of every prudent stratagem to break off my attachment to this young creature; in which, alas! she at length succeeded.

While I was in London for a month, at my mother's earnest request, who had a house in town, I received an anonymous letter, full of invectives against the clergyman, his daughter, and, in short, against the whole family. As I was convinced many of them were without foundation, so I had good reason to believe the principal aspersion upon the young lady herself, was entirely so; which was, that she had got a habit of drinking spirituous liquors for her private amusement.

I was greatly shocked at the contents of this letter; but thought it unjust and ungenerous to be influenced in an affair of such importance by a letter of that kind, which was evidently written with a malicious intent.

I immediately, therefore, went down to my sister's, with a design to come to an *eclaircissement* with poor Ophelia, or at least to inspect her conduct more narrowly in the particular alleged; though I confess I was shocked at the want of generosity in such a proceeding with regard to a person, with whom I had had so long an intimacy, without the least reason for such a suspicion. I recollected, indeed, that she would drink two or

sometimes three glasses of wine after dinner, without those squeamish airs which some ladies affect. But I have always thought it a good rule in these cases, that a woman, who upon proper occasions, refuses *one* glass in public, will drink *two* or *three* in private.

When I came to Lady —'s, my sister, I found there a young lady of the neighbourhood, upon a week's visit to my sister. She was a young woman of good fortune, and a smart sprightly girl; and one that I might probably have liked well enough, if my affections had not been pre-engaged.

I showed my sister the letter which I had received, at which she affected a great surprise; but added, that she was afraid most of the facts alleged had too good a foundation: and, with regard to the principal accusation with which the young lady was charged, she used so many plausible arguments to convince me of the reality of it, with so many artful insinuations, that I began to waver in my opinion of the matter; and, in short, instead of waiting on Ophelia, as I ought to have done, and as I at first intended, I was prevailed upon only to write her a letter; in which, after some excuses from the imprudence of such an engagement, as my entire dependence on my mother would probably involve us both in indigence and distress, I desired the affair might proceed no farther.

This bare-faced declaration produced such an answer as I had reason to expect from a girl of Ophelia's spirit; whom I had quite teased into a return of affection, and now very unhandsomely, not to say basely, deserted; so that her resentment, though so well founded, contributed to abate my fondness; and I now thought myself at liberty to attend to the coquetry of Miss —, whom I shall call Lavinia, upon whom my sister had prevailed to act a

part, and to play off her artillery, on purpose to draw me off from my former engagement.

I proceeded so far as frequently to ride out with her alone, attended only by a servant; and she, very maliciously, made me accompany her one day, to dine at a gentleman's house in the village where poor Ophelia lived, and by whose very door we must necessarily pass.

This behaviour, though it probably extinguished the love, yet it so far wrought upon the *honest* pride of Ophelia, that, in a few days, it brought on a fit of distraction, which, in a few months, terminated in her death.

This shocking event of my perfidy awakened my fondness, and alarmed my conscience; and I immediately quitted my sister's house, where the artful Lavinia was still detained, and returned to London. I had been there but a few days, when I received, enclosed in a frank, a large packet, which I found sealed with Ophelia's seal, and the direction in her hand writing. My mother and a younger sister were in the room; the moment I saw the seal and superscription the letter dropped out of my hand, and I almost fainted away in my chair. My mother and sister ran to my assistance, reasoned with me upon my folly, and, by my permission, my sister opened and perused the letter.

The case was this. The cause of my deserting the celebrated Ophelia was not long a secret; and, coming to her ears, though she disdained to vindicate herself to a man who could treat her so ungenerously, yet she had written a long defence of her conduct, and pointed out almost to a demonstration, from what quarter the malicious tale had sprung; and this she had ordered to be delivered to me after her decease.

The person hinted at, as the conductor of this

wicked artifice, was Lady ——, my sister ; against whom I vented my indignation ; and could hardly preserve the decency due to my mother, for opposing a match upon which my happiness depended. However, instead of settling again to the study of the law, I found myself incapable of applying to any thing.

I determined, therefore, by way of diverting my melancholy, immediately to go abroad, and rambled all over Europe for four or five years ; at the end of which I was recalled by the death of my mother ; which event was rather seasonable, as I was almost reduced to the last hundred pounds of my own fortune.

I took possession of five thousand pounds, which she left me, and which brings me in about two hundred pounds a-year. I left the north of England, where I was born ; changed my name, and came and built this cottage near Bath, where I have lived these ten years, and where I intend to pass the remainder of my days.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Graham's way of life.

WHEN Mr. Graham had finished his story, Mr. Wildgoose said, he was unwilling to interrupt him in his narration ; but added, that an event of this kind had happened when he was a boy, in almost the next village to that where he was born ; but, as he had often heard the story, the gentleman's name was ——.

Mr. Graham changed colour, and said, that was his real name ; and that he was the guilty person.—

Well, says Wildgoose, the poor old gentleman (Ophelia's father) is now very infirm, and, by various unlucky accidents, in great distress.—Good God! cries Mr. Graham, is he still alive? Why, before I went abroad I had begged leave to erect an urn to poor Ophelia's memory; and, by the person whom I employed for that purpose, was then informed that her unhappy father was at the point of death, of a broken heart.

But my meeting with you, sir, is very providential; and it will be the greatest pleasure to me, to make some atonement for my wickedness, and even the expense I put the family to, by relieving his distress, which I will take the first opportunity of putting in execution.

Wildgoose observed, that Mr. Graham's expression of making an atonement for his wickedness, was somewhat exceptionable, as our Saviour had made a sufficient atonement and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; and that we should be cautious in ascribing any *merit* to our own good works.

Zounds, sir! says Mr. Graham (who had no patience with such nice distinctions,) you don't think there is any sin in relieving the distressed, upon whatever motive it is done? As for placing any merit in such an action, I should think myself a rogue if I did not do it in the present case; but if so much caution is necessary upon such occasions, a man that happens to tumble into a river or a ditch, may be drowned or suffocated, whilst we are deliberating about the proper motive or state of mind with which we are to pull him out again.

Mr. Wildgoose did not think proper to reply to a man of so warm a temper; but observed, by way of changing the discourse, that Mr. Graham seemed under a necessity almost of living the life of a her-

mit, as the dimensions of his habitation would not admit of much company.

Why, says Mr. Graham, a life of absolute solitude is a visionary and unnatural state, and can only subsist in poetry and romance. I don't pretend to live upon roots and rock-water, though I can feast upon mutton and potatoes, and a bread pudding: and though I don't love mobs and routs, I would not have you imagine I never entertain any company in my cell; I have two or three friends, of the same simple taste with myself, who, for the sake of varying the scene, frequently eat their morsel with me, when we wait upon ourselves, and limit each other as to the number and variety of the particulars which are to constitute the entertainment.

As to your paltry little esquires, or those who have not sense enough to dispense with the forms of life, or come without a servant to wait behind their chair; puppies, who will drink a bottle or two with you in private, and perhaps not know you in public, I affront them, if ever an impertinent curiosity brings them to my cottage—so that I am seldom troubled with any visitors of that kind.

Neither am I very fond of the company of ladies, out of regard to the memory of poor Ophelia; the recollection of whose excellencies makes the generality of female conversation truly insipid—*Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres*—I blot from my memory every other woman; those every-day beauties, as Terence calls them, who have nothing but their sex to recommend them.

Mr. Wildgoose was a little scandalized at the warmth of temper and appearance of uncharitableness in Mr. Graham; though, as was observed before, this misanthropy was rather in speculation

than in practice, as he could not treat any one that came to his house without the highest politeness.

Wildgoose, now looking at his watch. Mr. Graham said, if he was impatient to get to Bath, he could show him a shorter road over the hill; which he accordingly did: and having pointed out the great road to them again, he left the two pilgrims to pursue their journey.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

The two pilgrims arrive at Bath.

SOME people, says an Italian writer* upon politeness, in the midst of an agreeable conversation are apt to fall asleep. This, says he, with great solemnity, is by no means a genteel custom, as it shows a contempt of our company.

Now, if I might differ from so profound an author, I should rather impute the infirmity of such drowsy people to want of taste, than to a contempt of their company; and if the reader should have taken a nap in the midst of the last chapter, for my own credit I would willingly impute his drowsiness to the same principle. But to proceed.

The setting sun now gilded the summit of the mountains and the tops of the highest towers, when the two pilgrims came within sight of Bath. Upon the first view of that elegant city, Tugwell, who had received all his ideas of grandeur from his bible, and whose head always ran upon what he had read of the Holy Land, observed, that Bath seemed to be situated like Jerusalem, according to David's description of it:

As mighty mountains huge and large
Jerusalem about do close.

* Job. Casce, *de Morum Elegantiâ*.

According to Sternhold and Hopkins' description of it, you mean, says Wildgoose.—Well, well, master, that's as our clerk sings it. But I suppose your worship likes the *new diversion* better.—No, says Wildgoose, I like neither of the poetical versions so well as the plain prose.

But, continues Wildgoose, Bath seems huddled so close together, that I should compare it to Jerusalem in another respect, "Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity in itself:" and yet, perhaps, this little place may be divided into as many parties, and abound as much in scandal, envy, and malice, as London itself.

Wildgoose, however, being vastly struck with the richness of the valley, and the elegance of the buildings, especially of the villas dispersed on the surrounding hills, remarkable for the beauty of their verdure, observed, that, however fruitful the Land of Canaan might be formerly, when inhabited by a populous nation and properly cultivated, yet, by all accounts of modern travellers, the present face of the country about Jerusalem was not to be compared to the environs of Bath. Though I cannot but wonder, continued he, that any one should doubt the veracity of the sacred writers in their encomiums upon the ancient fertility of that country, which is confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several Pagan authors, yet I am inclined to think it was called "a land flowing with milk and honey," partly in opposition to the arable lands of Egypt, and partly in preference to the sandy deserts through which they were to pass in their retreat from thence, neither of which were to be compared to the rich pastures or vine-clad hills of Palestine.

Wildgoose and his friend Tugwell, who were now come into the town, cut but a dusty figure, in comparison with the spruce inhabitants of Bath,

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

which made them desirous of getting under cover as soon as possible: and Tugwell, espying a sign, whose device struck his fancy, exhorted his master to set up his staff there, especially as the house seemed suitable to Mr. Wildgoose's appearance in his present voluntary humiliation.

Tugwell was no sooner entered, than he almost mechanically called for a cup of the best. Ah! my lad, says mine host, who was a facetious sort of fellow, thou shalt have it in the turning of a pork griskin. But let's see, what hast thou got in thy wallet? some *run tea*, or some *Welch stockings*? What dost thou deal in? Cry thy trade.—No, no, says Jerry, we don't deal in *stockings* nor shoes neither; though, for that matter, as good shoes as ever trod the ground have gone through my hands. But no matter for that. I hope God has called me and my master here to a better occupation.

My landlord, not being willing to throw away any longer conversation on such guests, without any further reply, stepped to the tap, drew some ale, and, having blown off the froth, which occupied a third part of the cup, and drunk the travellers' health in another third, he presented the remainder to Tugwell, who had called for it; whilst Jerry was drinking, my landlord surveyed Wildgoose with more attention; and observing in him an air rather above a common pedlar, asked if the gentleman would not please to walk into another room. Tugwell replied, that, to be sure, his Worship had not been used to sit in a kitchen; but *howsoever*, my master, says he, *scorns* to despise a poor *parson*; and is not above keeping company with any good Christian.—Hey, day! good Christian, quoth my landlord; why, we are all good Christians, I hope; but I fancy thou hast left off *mending* of shoes, and art set up for a *mender* of *souls*. I suppose, thou art one of these *Methodites*,

or *Mithridates*, or what the devil do you call 'em? Why, sure a gentleman may be a good Christian, without keeping company with all the tag-rags and scrubs in the country.

Then, turning to Wildgoose, having heard Tugwell call him his worship, my landlord went a step further; and, to make amends for his first neglect, Won't your *honour* walk into the parlour? says he, What shall I get your *honour* to eat? This was language which mine host had learned from the footmen, who greatly frequented his house; and who, I have observed, rather than not discover that they have been used to wait upon people of fashion, will bestow those honourable appellations on the lowest of their acquaintance, and even on persons whom they despise.

And here, by the way, I cannot but lament the ridiculous prostitution of titles of distinction amongst the inferior part of mankind in this age. In the glorious days of Queen Elizabeth, *master* was esteemed a very respectful address to any one beneath the dignity of a peer: and even in James the First's reign *your worship* was the highest degree of adulation or respect with which a servant or vassal approached his lord and master whom he served. From the French, I believe, in the last century, we learned to apply the monosyllable *sir* to any one, whom we considered as greatly our superior. But now, *your honour* is the title universally given, to every one that appears in a clean shirt and powdered wig, by the drawer, the chairman, or the shoe-black; who are unwilling to hazard the loss of a customer, by addressing him in a style beneath his real or fancied importance.

In higher life, indeed, where particular titles are appropriated to particular ranks or offices, this confusion has been hitherto avoided. Our sovereign,

the fountain of honour, is at present content with that of *sacred majesty*, one of the lowest attributes of divinity; as our religion does not admit of downright deification. Neither has any one, as yet, been guilty of so presumptuous a piece of flattery, as to bestow the title of *majesty* on any subject whatsoever.

And, as the several orders of our nobility are created by patent, and their titles purchased either by money or merit, it is not usual, amongst that *right honourable* fraternity, to invade each other's property in that respect, or to give the superior titles to those of inferior quality. But amongst the aforesaid lower race of mortals, as the love of false honours increases in proportion to the decrease of real worth; and as the base multitude pay that respect to money which is properly due to merit, it is not easy to say to what a ridiculous extreme this humour may at length be extended; and I should not be surprised, in process of time, to hear a haberdasher saluted, with, A coach, your *grace*! or to see a shoe-black importune a walking tailor with, Black your shoes your *majesty*! But to return to our pilgrims.

CHAPTER II.

Popular reports sometimes à little erroneous.

MR. Wildgoose did not choose to accept of my landlord's invitation of going into a room at present; but asked him, whether there were any of those Methodists, as he meant to call them, in Bath. Are there? says mine host. Yes, I believe there are; enough to turn the heads of all the 'prentices and journeymen in the nation. I am sure, I cannot keep

a chambermaid, or a tapster ; but the toads must be singing psalms, or preaching to my customers, and be pox'd to 'em, from morning to night. Well, but you should not blame the poor creatures for being too good, says Wildgoose.—Too good ! replies my landlord : I don't know that they are any better than other folks. I *loves* a psalm at church, as well as a merry catch over a glass of liquor ; but to be singing *sol fas* all day long, in such a house as ours is, I *does not* approve of it, it's *perphane* : its quite *perphane*.

Besides ! continues my landlord, without giving Wildgoose room to reply, they are some of the worst people *that is* ; there is nothing but whoring and rogueing amongst them. There was one of 'em, at Gloucester, as a gentleman's servant told me that very morning, caught in bed with a milliner's 'prentice but last week ; nay, and one of them is in Gloucester gaol at this time, for setting fire to the Cathedral.—Not to the Cathedral, says a footman, who was drinking in the house, but some other church, as this gentleman here told me. D—n thee, says another footman, I did not say, set fire to a church ; but to the *little* church, as they call the Methodists' meeting. Wildgoose and Jerry stared at this intelligence ; and, after his astonishment would give him leave, Wildgoose assured him, that he came from Gloucester but yesterday morning ; and that there was not a word of truth in what he had heard. He told him, however, the probable foundation of the latter report, and the story of the gun-powder plot : but concluded with reprimanding him for his credulity ; and made some reflections upon the malignity of the world, and the absurdity of those popular stories, which are so freely propagated by the vulgar part of mankind.

CHAPTER III.

Landlord alters his tone. A female saint.

MY landlord now began to smell a rat ; and as it was his business to adapt himself to the taste and principles of his customers, he suddenly changed his tone, and said, that, to be sure, some of the Methodists were good sort of people, for that matter, and did a great deal of good in the world ; and were very charitable to the poor ; and they *preaches* main well, as they do say ; but for my part, continues he, I never was at their meeting.

What part of the town do they meet in, then ? says Wildgoose.—Why, I don't know ; but, here ! Deborah, says he to a woman that had been washing in the back kitchen, give the gentleman an account of your little Tabernacle in Avon-street, or where the deuce is it ?—Good lack-a-day ! quoth Deborah, wiping her hands upon her apron, What ! has the gentleman a mind to go and hear our preaching then ? Why, to be sure, we have some fine men come amongst us. I am a *'scriber* ; I can introduce the gentleman any night ; I *'scribes* three-pence a week. Ah ! sir, we have such *soul-searching** teachers ! such *ravishing** ministers ! They come *so close to the point* ;* and does so *grapple** with the sinner ! they probe his sores to the very quick ; and *pour in such comfortable balsam* !* and, as Mr. Twangdillo told us last night, though it may pain, yet, like physic in the bowels, it pains us to some purpose ;*—and, to be sure, as he said, conversion follows conviction, as naturally* as thread does the needle.—Whilst the good woman was thus retailing

* All the expressions in one sermon, on redeeming time.

her panegyric, she leaned over the chair of a journeyman tailor, who was drinking a penny-pot, and breathed in his face such blasts, so strongly tinctured with gin and Scotch snuff, that the tailor cried out, Why, dame, thou savourest strongly of the *spirit* truly. I fancy thou art a little intoxicated to-night. *Tosticated! tosticated!* I scorn your words, cries Deborah. I defy the best man in Bath, to say black is my eye; or that I was ever *consarned* in liquor, since my name was Deborah. *Tosticated!* No; God help me! I have drunk nothing to-day, but a little tea for breakfast, and half a pint of ale at my dinner, except a little still'd water, that my mistress gave me in the morning to keep out the wind! and I am sure there is no harm in that: is there now, Mr. Alcock.

Mr. Alcock, which was my landlord's name, put a stop to the torrent of her eloquence, by inquiring again the place of their meeting. Which when he had learned, he sent his tapster to show Wildgoose the house, where he was directed to some of the most considerable of the fraternity.

CHAPTER IV.

Wildgoose attends a Bath Meeting.

WHEN Mr. Wildgoose had made himself known, he was surprised to find that his fame had reached Bath before him: for during his residence at Gloucester, several passengers, who had come that road, hearing that a young man of some fortune was commenced Methodist Preacher, had brought the news to Bath, not without enlarging his fortune from four to seven or eight hundred pounds a year.

So that Wildgoose came with the prepossession in his favour, that he was the famous preacher, who made so much noise at Gloucester. The brethren, therefore, were not a little pleased with a convert of so much supposed consequence; and accordingly received him with great cordiality and distinction.

At their next meeting, Wildgoose attended as one of the audience; and both he and Tugwell were greatly delighted with their spiritual hymns, which Deborah had assured them were very melodious. But when the preacher, who, that night, was neither better nor worse than a journeyman stay-maker, began to display his eloquence, Mr. Wildgoose, who had had something of an academical education, could hardly digest the homeliness of his language, or the meanness of his comparisons; and was a little mortified with the apprehension that he himself probably should make no better figure in the rostrum. But being encouraged by some of his friends, who reminded him of the salubrious effects of his preaching at Gloucester, and also of the heinous sin of "wrapping up his talent in a napkin;" he was prevailed upon to promise, that he would exhibit himself the next evening: which accordingly he did; and displayed his oratory before a crowded audience, with no small approbation and applause.

CHAPTER V.

He harangues on the parade.

WILDGOOSE's fame began now to be trumpeted forth amongst all ranks of people: and, as he had

naturally a good elocution, an harmonious voice, and an agreeable person, he was considered by the society at Bath, as a proper instrument to represent their doctrines to advantage, in an harangue to the company that resorted thither.

Accordingly it was given out, that a young gentleman from Oxford, who had renounced the ease and affluence of a good fortune for the sake of religion, was to preach on the grand parade the next morning.

The greatest charity we can bestow on people of fashion, at a public place, is the furnishing them something new to talk of. A new singer, a new philosopher, a new rope-dancer, or a new preacher, are objects equally amusing to the idle and indolent that frequent Bath. The company, therefore, adjourned from the pump-room to the parade, in eager expectation of seeing and hearing this youthful adventurer.

But Mr. Nash, though he himself had greatly reformed and regulated the manners and behaviour of his subjects in the public room ; yet, being orthodox in his tenets, and very well content with the present state of religion amongst them, he did not desire any reformation in that article. Having notice, therefore, of this intended preachment, he got ready his band of music, with the addition of two or three French-horns and kettle-drums : and as soon as the orator had exhibited his person on the parade, stretched forth his hand, and, like Paul in the Cartoon, was *in act to speak*, Nash gave the signal for the grand chorus of God save the king. The music struck up ; and playing so loyal a piece of music, no one had the hardiness to interrupt them. Nay, a majority of the company were probably pleased with Nash's humour ; and it being now breakfast time, the mob was easily dispersed.

Mr. Wildgoose's friends, however, would not tamely give up a point of this importance; but took an opportunity that very evening, when the company were going to the rooms, to produce their champion on a sudden, and met with better success.

As Mr. Nash had given out that Wildgoose was mad, he made use of St. Paul's words for his text; "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but do speak forth the words of soberness and truth." Wildgoose did not confine himself, however, to the words of the text; but, as he had been instructed by the brethren, inveighed with great severity against luxury in dress, cards, dancing, and all the fashionable diversions of the place; and even against frequenting the rooms with the most innocent intentions of recreation and amusement.

As soon as Wildgoose had finished his harangue, which was almost of an hour's duration, a jolly footman, about the size of one of the gentlemen in the horse-guards, bustling through the crowd, stretched out a gigantic fist, and presented the orator a single card. Wildgoose, who had not of late been much in genteel life,* could not guess at the meaning of this ceremony; but imagined it was some joke upon his invective against *gaming*. The footman, however, with a surly air, cried out, Read it friend! read it; my lady desires to see you at her lodgings here on the parade. Wildgoose, then, perusing his billet, read as follows:

A lady, who is disgusted with the world, desires half an hour's conversation with Mr. Wildgoose, as soon as he is at leisure.

Wildgoose, after a short pause, told the footman he would wait on the lady immediately. So, as

* Message Cards had been lately introduced.

soon as he had given a short answer to two people, one a fan-painter, the other a butterfly-catcher, who had consulted him about the lawfulness of their several professions, he followed the footman to his lady's place of abode.

CHAPTER VI.

A digression on message-cards.

THERE are few customs generally prevailing in the world, how absurd soever they may appear, which had not some real propriety or convenience for their original ; but when the fashion is once established amongst the polite, it descends of course amongst the vulgar ; who blindly imitate it, as such, without any regard to its primitive institution. Thus, for instance, the conveying messages by a card, was introduced into the fashionable world, as the readiest expedient against the blunders and stupidity of ignorant servants : and it must be confessed, that, in some characters and on some occasions, this practice has not only no impropriety, but carries with it a genteel air of ease and negligence ; and really saves a great deal of unnecessary trouble, both to the person that sends, and him that receives the message.

The man of pleasure, who transacts his most important concerns in a coffee-house or a tavern ; or the modern lady, the whole sphere of whose existence is at a drawing-room, can never be supposed without a card in readiness on every emergency ; and, therefore, parties at whist can no way be more aptly formed, nor messages of compliment more

elegantly conveyed, than by these diminutive tablets, which are generally suited to the subject, to the genius, and laconic style of the parties concerned.

But, on the other hand, what can be more absurd than this practice in more serious characters, and on occasions of more solemnity? How remote from probability is it, that a grave divine, who is continually inveighing against the vices and follies of the age, should have a pack of soiled cards in his pocket, ready for his engagements of business or pleasure? or that a venerable counsellor, who is continually surrounded with briefs, leases, or acts of parliament, should prefer a trifling card in transacting business with his client, before a shred of parchment, or even a scrap of common paper; and I should have kicked my tailor the other day, for minuting down the dimensions of my sleeves and pocket-holes upon a card—if I had not luckily recollected that his last bill was unpaid.

Neither are message-cards proper on *all occasions*, any more than in persons of all characters or professions. It is a known impropriety in a French marquis, who, coming to pay his devotions at the shrine of a saint, whilst his image was gone to the silver-smith to be repaired, left a card for his godship, to acquaint him with his intended visit: and though a certain lady, near St. James's, very innocently invited a woman of quality to her rout, by a *whisper* at the communion table; yet, in my humble opinion, she could not so decently have slipped a *card* into her ladyship's hand at so sacred a place as the altar.

Granting, however, the general and unlimited use of this paste-board correspondence, there is yet a propriety to be observed, and many absurdities to

be avoided, in the choice of the cards, according to the persons addressed, or the occasions on which we address them.

It is too obvious a hint, and I suppose too trite a piece of adulation to a fine woman, to convey our compliments to her on the queen of hearts: as, on the contrary, it would have been an affront to a late East India governor,* though he laboured under so groundless a slander, to have inquired after his health by sending him the knave of diamonds. The deuce, or two of clubs, I think, should be appropriated to challenges and duels: and the black aces should be entirely *discarded* in our correspondence with ladies of character; as the nines and tens are at ombre or quadrille†. But these hints are left to be improved by the facetious Mr. —.

My intention was chiefly to observe, that the disgusted lady, mentioned in the last chapter, should have made use of paper with black edges, in a message to Mr. Wildgoose, rather than a profane card, which he could not but consider as a diabolical invention, and consequently as intended for an affront to so pious a man. However, he obeyed the summons, as has been related, and attended the lady in her own apartment.

* This seems to allude to some piece of modern history now forgotten.

† A set of blank cards have since been invented, by which the above absurdities may be avoided.

CHAPTER VII.

Tête à Tête.

MR. Wildgoose was introduced by the footman into a handsome dining-room, elegantly furnished. The lady received him in a genteel dishabille, sitting, or rather leaning, on a rich sofa, in such a posture as necessarily displayed a handsome foot, somewhat above the instep. She was an agreeable woman, about six and twenty; and though her face was not so exquisitely beautiful as it seemed to have been in her earlier days, yet, being shaded by a chip hat, and receiving a gloss from a white satin night-gown in which she was dressed, she made upon the whole no unpalatable figure.

I would not insinuate, that she had any intention to captivate our hero: yet thus much I believe is certain, that a woman who has once been handsome, and experienced the power of her charms, seldom lays aside the hopes of making conquests, but contracts an habitual fondness for admiration, and would be disappointed in not receiving that incense, even from a man whom she despised.

Mr. Wildgoose, however, was at present no despicable object. He was now in his twenty-fifth year. He was well made, and had an agreeable countenance, which his late abstemious way of life had improved, by giving quite a delicacy to his complexion. His hair was of a dark brown; and though it had not received the fashionable frizure, it was grown thick enough to shade his face, and long enough to curl; and his dress, though plain, was tolerably neat and becoming.

In short, though Mrs. Booby (which was the name of this lady) really fancied she had occasion for

some ghostly advice; yet probably she might not have thought of this ceremony, if she had not liked the person of her casuit; whom she viewed, as he was declaiming, from the window of her apartment.

After bowing to Mr. Wildgoose, and desiring him to sit down, she pulled out her fan, and having played it a little in a negligent manner, said, she should make no apology for giving this trouble, as she was convinced, from his character, he would not refuse his advice to any one in affliction.

Wildgoose bowed, and made a proper speech upon the occasion, and she proceeded.

In short, sir, says she, I am sick of the world. But, that you may be a better judge of my situation, I will beg leave to trouble you with a short history of my past life, which will let you into the nature of my present uneasiness.

Wildgoose expressed his earnest desire to give her some spiritual consolation; and Mrs. Booby thus began.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Booby's story.

WHEN I was about nineteen, I came with my mother for the first time to Bath; and whether there was a scarcity of beauty there that season, or whether in my bloom I might not be reckoned tolerably handsome, I don't know. Here Wildgoose bowed again; and, muttering a complaisant speech, Mrs. Booby blushed, and went on. Well, sir, as I was going to say, I found myself in great vogue; much caressed by the gentlemen, and in possession of a

great number of admirers. Amongst the rest there was a very sober youth, of a good person and a genteel fortune, that was particular in his attachment to me; and, as my mother seemed to have no objection, I encouraged his addresses; and I own he had made some progress towards gaining my affections. But, after about a month's intimate correspondence with Mr. Clayton (which was this young man's name), application was made to my old lady by another gentleman, of a much larger fortune, but much older than myself; who offered me a settlement of six hundred pounds a year, and, if required, two hundred pounds a year for what is called pin-money.

My mother was charmed with this proposal, and hoped I would not hesitate a moment in preferring so advantageous an offer to that of the young fellow who had been dangling after me for some time.

I was startled at this speech, and told her I should certainly pay a proper deference to her opinion in an affair of that importance; but, madam, says I, you know I have encouraged Mr. Clayton's addresses, and cannot, in honour, listen to any other proposals.—In honour, cries she, a fiddlestick! well, continues she, you may do as you please, I shall not force your inclinations; but whether you accept of Mr. Booby's offer or not, I shall insist upon your not admitting that fellow's visits (meaning Mr. Clayton's) any more.

This stern prohibition, though it obliged me to alter my external behaviour, could make no alteration in my affection for Mr. Clayton. I was denied to him, indeed, the next time he came; but we contrived two or three short interviews at the rooms; and I told him, that although I could not think of disobeying my mother's express com-

mands, I would vow eternal constancy to him ; and promise faithfully never to give my hand, much less my heart, to any other.

CHAPTER IX.

Continuation of Mrs. Booby's story.

MR. Clayton was now obliged, by some business of consequence, to leave Bath for some time, and was detained near two months in the country. We contrived, however, to carry on a correspondence by letters, in which he lamented how much he suffered by this separation, and how impossible it was for him ever to be happy in my absence. I answered his letters at first with more fondness, perhaps, than it was prudent, or even decent, for any young woman to express, whatever her real sentiments may be ; and made the most romantic declarations of preferring retirement and a competence with the person I loved, to the most splendid circumstances with one whom I detested.

The most ardent love, however, may grow cool, by a long separation from its object ; for, though a short absence increases, too long a one frequently extinguishes a passion. In short, I am convinced that time and a variety of amusements must weaken the force even of the sincerest affection.

As my mamma, without mentioning a word of Mr. Booby's proposals, was continually representing to my fancy the dazzling images of a splendid equipage, a numerous attendance, and the deference and respect which are usually paid to wealth and affluence ; and the like topics which those parents who prefer the grandeur of alliance to the happi-

ness of their children are fond of inculcating; I must own my weakness, and confess, that I began to feel my excessive tenderness for the absent Clayton gradually to wear off; and, in short, I determined, at length, to find out some pretence for breaking off all correspondence with him.

The engagements of lovers are like treaties between princes. The party that is desirous of coming to a rupture is never at a loss for a pretence. In one of his letters, poor Clayton, out of his great fondness, perhaps, had expressed his concern, as naturally he might, lest the constant solicitations to which every woman, who is not absolutely ugly, is exposed in this place, might prove prejudicial to his love, and had even hinted how happy it would make him, if I would not appear in public, more than was necessary to oblige my mamma; who, he knew, was more fond of the rooms, at that time, than I myself was.

This modest request, the consequence probably of the most tender regard, furnished me with the opportunity, which I wanted, of breaking with Clayton. I told him, in my answer, that a woman could never be happy with a man of his suspicious temper; and, if I was to be abridged of the most innocent amusements by a person who could claim not the least right to that power, what must I expect from the authority of a husband of so jealous a disposition? In short, I added, as this engagement was entirely inconsistent with the obedience due to a parent, and the correspondence carried on in defiance of my mother's express prohibition, I desired the affair might proceed no further.

Instead of answering this letter, which greatly alarmed him, Mr. Clayton came post to Bath; the news of which, I must confess, staggered my resolution; and meeting him the next day by accident,

at the house where, by agreement, our letters had been left, I found all my fondness revive at the sight of him ; and, instead of exchanging our letters (which, after the receipt of so unaccountable a one from me, he said was the utmost of his expectation), we seemed to have established our correspondence upon a more lasting foundation than ever.

After two or three clandestine interviews, Mr. Clayton was again obliged to leave Bath, and we again renewed our literary correspondence. But oh ! how little do we know our own hearts ! Whether the continual incense of flattery, which I have received from a number of admirers, revived my ambition, or whether mere absence weaned my affections from their object, I began, a second time, to feel a great indifference in regard to Mr. Clayton. In short, sir, not to trouble you with too tedious a detail of particulars, I again found a pretence for dropping all farther intercourse with him : and Clayton himself, instead of coming again in person (or, perhaps, thinking me now beneath his regard), only wrote me a defence of his conduct. Such, at least, I guessed to be the contents of his letter ; for, with unparalleled insolence, I sent it back unopened. And thus ended our connection.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Booby's story concluded. Wildgoose's opinion of the marriage contract. Description of a Bath life.

My mother, perceiving the gloom which appeared in my countenance on Mr. Clayton's departure begin now to wear off, and my usual cheerfulness re-

turn, gave Mr. Booby a hint to renew his addresses. These, at first, I again rejected with great indignation. But, when I perceived, that although my mamma declared against forcing my inclinations, yet that her constant frowns, and perhaps her lasting displeasure, and all the negative discouragements in her power, would be the consequence of my refusal, I began to listen to Mr. Booby's proposals: and, after stipulating for a decent time to consider of it, and insisting upon his first offer of two hundred pounds a year, pin-money, I condescended to accept his terms: and in short, our persons were joined together in wedlock, though two such *hearts* could never be united.

Mr. Booby, indeed, was not disagreeable in his appearance: and though he was near twenty years older than me; yet, by his manner of dress, in a public place, he concealed what little depredation time had made on his person. But when we had been married near three years, without the consequence which he expected from our union (for he was very desirous of an heir to his estate), he began to lay aside the very desire of pleasing me. And, as he became a sloven, I began to neglect my dress; so that, from being merely indifferent, we soon became thoroughly disagreeable to each other. Every trifle was now made matter of dispute; and we frequently quarrelled *one day*, about what had been the subject of our dispute the day before.

But what rendered Mr. Booby completely odious to me, was the high opinion he had conceived of the superiority of his sex; and the arbitrary notions he entertained of the authority of the husband over us poor domestic animals, called wives. In short, Mr. Wildgoose, this was a constant subject of debate, and, in fine, the real cause of our separation.

Is Mr. Booby then alive? and do you live separate from him?—Why, sir, you shall hear. It was a thing utterly unavoidable; and nothing but an absolute necessity should have forced me to take so imprudent a step. I was driven to it by the most brutal behaviour, as you shall hear.

Mr. Booby's family-seat is in the north of England; but, being so remote from Bath (which waters were thought necessary for his health), and a bad sporting country, which is his whole delight, he had taken a hunting seat near the Wiltshire Downs; whither I was banished soon after our marriage: or rather where I was imprisoned, and confined to the conversation of dogs and horses; or, what is worse, mere country 'squires, parsons, and fox-hunters: for there was not above one conversable neighbour within ten miles of us; and that family we rarely saw above once in a quarter.

One day, when Mr. Booby returned from hunting, he brought home with him, according to custom, the parson of the parish, and a neighbouring attorney; though he knew that I had invited the only genteel family, which (as I told you) we had in the neighbourhood, to spend the evening with me. As those politer meetings were but rarely indulged me, I usually made a handsome supper; and as our house was a mere box, though I had a dining room to receive my company in on those occasions, yet we were always obliged to sup in the common parlour. As soon, therefore, as we had dined, I desired Mr. Booby and his rustic companions to adjourn into a little smoking-room, to take their pipes and their bottles; which he absolutely refused. Upon my pleading a right to the parlour, to entertain my company in, he insisted upon his prerogative of being master in his own house. In

short, after many aggravations, I proceeded so far as to tell him, I would rather live in a cottage, than with such a brute as he was; to which he replied, that he would sooner live in a wind-mill, than with such a vixen as I was; and, that he never desired to see my face again. Upon which I threw my hoop-ring in his face; and, having dispatched a card to put off my company, ordered the chariot, and drove immediately to Bath: where I have lived ever since last October.

Now, sir, I should be glad of your opinion; whether I have done any thing inconsistent with my duty, or contrary to my marriage-vow, upon this occasion. For you must observe, Mr. Wildgoose, nothing but the most *brutal usage* could have forced me to take this step; and you see I was under an *absolute necessity* of acting as I have done. You must mind that, Mr. Wildgoose: and then, I am sure, you must pass sentence in my favour, and acquit me of any thing wrong in this affair.

Wildgoose was at first struck dumb with astonishment, and could not tell what answer to make; but, after recovering a little from his confusion, Madam, says he, as you ask my opinion, I am persuaded you expect me to give it you with the utmost sincerity; and my conscience will not permit me to speak what I do not really think: and a good Christian should rather run the risque of appearing unpolite than insincere.

I would by no means, madam, cast the blame entirely upon you; for I think there was no probability that such an alliance as you have described could be productive of any lasting felicity, as it was not founded on a mutual affection; nor, I am afraid, entered into on a religious principle, or in the fear of God. Your affections, you own, were pre-

engaged, or at least, having been disappointed in their first object, could not exert their natural force on a second.

Then, I am afraid, madam, you have not sufficiently considered your obligation to *obey* the person to whom you have, by the marriage contract, given up, in some measure, your natural freedom.—Given up my *freedom*! cries Mrs. Booby; I'd sooner resign my life!—Give me leave, madam, to explain myself, says Wildgoose. I do not speak of this obligation as founded on the mere words of the marriage ceremony (for all human ordinances are vain and frivolous); but as evidently enjoined by the holy Scripture, and to be deduced from that superiority which nature seems to have given the man over the more delicate sex.

Ay, that's so like my husband now! cries Mrs. Booby, turning red, and playing her fan with some vivacity; but you must excuse me, sir, if I cannot allow the *superiority* you plead for.—Well, madam, replies Mr. Wildgoose, I will not enter into the dispute about the natural equality of the sexes, which has of late been brought frequently upon the carpet, though the *novelty* of the ladies' claim is, I think, a strong presumption in our favour. But be that as it will, I am clearly of opinion, that in domestic as well as civil government, to prevent continual dissensions and struggles for superiority, there must somewhere be lodged a *dernier resort*, an *arbitrary*, or, to use a softer name, a *sovereign* power: and I am certain, that religion, as well as reason, has placed this power in the husband.—Very well, says Mrs. Booby, with a contemptuous sneer.—For a proper use of this power, however, continues Wildgoose, the husband is accountable both to the laws of God and of man: and I am convinced, madam, if you could have acknowledged

this superior authority in Mr. Booby, and had thought it your duty to submit in such trifles as that which was the immediate cause of your separation, you would have been much happier than by your own account you now are. For I believe, as depraved as our nature is, there is no man so brutish, that could bear to tyrannise over a poor helpless creature, who, instead of displaying that masculine ferocity which is too common in the sex, acknowledged her entire dependence upon him for support and protection.—

Support and protection, indeed! exclaims Mrs. Booby, my pin-money will *support* me, and I scorn his *protection*!—Give me leave, madam, to conclude my argument, says Wildgoose. The very circumstance which you mention has, I am afraid, contributed not a little to bring on that separation which you seem now to repent of: I mean that monstrous article of modern refinement called pin-money: which, I perceive, is always uppermost in your thoughts. The allowing a woman a maintenance, independent of her husband, is not only destroying that mutual affection which arises from a sense of their interest being inseparably united, but is also a continual temptation to a woman to fly out on the slightest dispute; and to despise the authority of a husband, without whose assistance or support she has it in her power to live in affluence and splendour. Separate purses between man and wife are as unnatural as separate beds; which, indeed, one often hears of amongst people of fashion, where there is no more difficulty in making up *two* beds than one. But the surest way of preventing such a separation is to have but one bed to go to; which is most commonly the case with the happier couples in lower life.

In short, madam, I am inclined to think, the

great facility which you found in exchanging the solitude you complain of, for the gaieties and *pleasures* of Bath, was a principal motive of your deserting Mr. Booby, and precipitating yourself into this misfortune; which rash conduct, I find, now sits so heavy upon your conscience.

Indeed, sir, replied Mrs. Booby, starting from a kind of reverie, you are vastly mistaken. I am more sick of a public place, if possible, than of my own home; whither, indeed, I have lately had some thoughts of returning, as I have received several overtures from Mr. Booby to that purpose. The *pleasures* of Bath, indeed! No; I detest the place, and could wish to be banished from it for ever! It is a tedious circle of unmeaning hurry, anxiety, and fatigue; of fancied enjoyments, and real chagrins:—to-day one is in vogue, the Lord knows why; to-morrow deserted, and equally without reason. In the former case one is pestered and distracted with variety of engagements; in the latter, left a prey to melancholy, and the disagreeable reflections on the slights we meet with. Such, indeed, is the spirit of public places. Every one is aspiring after the company of his superiors, while he despises his equals, and sacrifices the real enjoyment of friendly conversation to the foolish ambition of being seen in what is called *good company*. In short, nothing can be more trifling than the life of a lady, nor more insipid than that of a gentleman, at Bath: the one is a constant series of flirting and gadding about; the other of sauntering from place to place, without any scheme or pursuit. Scandal or fashions engross the conversation of the former; the news of the day, the price of fish, the history of the preceding night at the tavern, or savoury anticipations of their next debauch, furnish out the morning entertainment of the latter.

Well, madam, I am glad to hear you speak with so much disgust of this scene of dissipation, which, by all accounts, it highly deserves; and I hope it is a good symptom of the new birth. If you are once properly sensible of your own misery, you will soon be glad to take refuge where only true joys are to be found.

Oh, sir, you do not know half the follies and impertinences of this place. There are some, indeed, who appear more seriously employed, and who pore whole mornings over a game at whist, with the attention and solemnity of mathematicians or privy-counsellors. But one might as well affect tranquillity in a storm or a whirlwind, as enjoyment at a gaming-table. It is exposing oneself continually to the caprice and sport of fortune, and to every boisterous, unsociable, and selfish passion. For my part, though I confess I have been fond of cards, yet they are now my utter aversion; I renounce them for ever; and, if I know my own mind, am determined never to touch a card again as long as I live.

Whilst Mrs. Booby was making this declaration, and Wildgoose highly applauding her resolution, the footman opened the door, and announced the arrival of Lady Fanny Flurry, who rushed in, tossing her hoop three yards before her. But, seeing so unfashionable a figure as Wildgoose, she started back, and taking him for a shoe-maker, or something in that style, she cried out, Oh! Booby, you are engaged, I see. But Mrs. Booby winking upon her, and assuring her she was not; Well, my dear Booby, says Lady Fanny, I only came to bespeak you for a party at quadrille to-night, and shall depend upon your company at the rooms.—Oh! Lady Fanny! name it not, cries Mrs. Booby; I have just made a *firm* resolution never to touch

another card—after the bad run I had last night. But—your *la'ship* is so obliging there's *no* resisting you—yet, I hate the rooms; and positively I cannot be of your party *there*.—Oh, ho! my dear, replies her ladyship, have you betrayed yourself? What! you are piqued, then, at not being invited to poor Clayton's public breakfast this morning? Come, come! you had the refusal of him; and how can you blame the creature for seeking consolation elsewhere? and really, thirty thousand pounds with a pretty woman, is no unpromising prospect of consolation.

And now the secret was out. The true cause of Mrs. Booby's disgust with the world, and of her desiring this conference with a quack preacher, was the arrival of her former lover, Mr. Clayton, who, a few years after she had sacrificed him, either to her mother's importunity or to her own ambition, had married a very agreeable heiress, with thirty thousand pounds, whom he had now, for the first time, brought to Bath, where she made a very brilliant appearance: and Mrs. Booby, not having been particularly invited to a public breakfast which Mr. Clayton gave that morning; this slight, together with a bad run at cards, had made her *sick of the world*; and to *amuse* herself chiefly, she had had recourse to this spiritual knight-errant. However, she was so well pleased with our hero's company (for, where the peculiarities of his religious system were not concerned, Wildgoose was really very agreeable,) that, notwithstanding his offer to take his leave, Mrs. Booby insisted upon his company to tea and coffee, which now made its appearance.

CHAPTER XI.

A scene in genteel life. Enter Mrs. Bardolph, Miss Truffle, and Mr. Rouvill. Their characters.

THE most material difference between keeping good company and bad is, hearing the same things said before a dozen wax lights at the court end of the town, or before a couple of mould candles in the city. This, or something to the same purpose, was remarked by a celebrated genius of the last age. But I am inclined to think, that the honest citizens of our times would suffer by such a comparison ; for in that serious part of the metropolis, there are still some remains of the British plainness of speech and manliness of conversation. There, business, politics, news, history, or even religion, are, in their turn, sometimes admitted as interesting subjects of discourse or argumentation. But amongst those choice spirits who have monopolized and appropriated to themselves the style and title of *good company*, one rarely hears any other topics introduced than annals of the whist-table, or anecdotes of the turf, operas, routs, and masquerades ; the most trifling relations of the most trifling transactions : and, as Lord Shaftesbury observes of his times, “ If any thing of learning is introduced, it is pedantry ; if any thing of morality, it is called preaching.”

In these reflections, however, the good company now introduced is not particularly concerned.

Mrs. Booby not having appeared in public that day, was visited by most of the idle and impertinent part of her acquaintance. Amongst the rest there now arrived those two amiable persons, Mrs. Bardolph and Mr. Rouvill, or (as he was aptly

called) Beau Rueful, who were immediately followed by the well-known Miss Truffle,* with a black spaniel in her arms, and a squirrel in her pocket.

Mrs. Bardolph was the wife of a very worthy man ; which circumstance, together with the good table which she kept, and her readiness to make one at a party of quadrille, introduced her into a numerous acquaintance amongst people of fashion ; of which privilege, however, she made no other use, than that of passing away the time less tediously ; of dining and supping agreeably, and of transmitting the insipid occurrences of one family into that of another, the particulars of which her memory enabled her to retain longer than people of more reflection ; so that she was a living chronicle of every incident, good, bad, or indifferent, that had befallen her acquaintance for twenty years together.

Of much the same importance was the character of Miss Truffle. She was a woman of family ; but had neither fortune, beauty, wit, nor even good-nature to recommend her. Indeed, her person was not only despicably small, but deformed likewise ; her understanding of the same dimensions, and her temper as deformed as her person. Yet, under all these disadvantages, her rank, and the good company she always appeared in, might haply have captivated some country esquire, who would have thought himself honoured by the alliance, but for that eternal bane to every thing that is amiable, her affectation.

Miss Truffle had two or three sisters who were admired ; and from two or three occasional compliments which she had met with on their account, she flattered herself, in downright contradiction to

* Twenty years ago.

her looking-glass, that she herself had some pretensions to the family features. In consequence of this she noddled her head, was saucy, and said rude things to one's face, and gave herself all the coquetish airs of a celebrated toast; the natural result of which was, that, having lived a virgin to the age of thirty, and now despaired of becoming a mistress of any other sort of family, she had settled her affections on squirrels, monkeys, and lap-dogs, with which, for want of other gallants, she was constantly attended; though they frequently supplied the wags with personal comparisons, not much to Miss Truffle's advantage.

Mr. Rouvill, or Beau Rueful, was a young fellow, who, by a strange concurrence of lucky circumstances, with the help of a convenient assurance, and a laced coat, had wriggled himself into tolerable company; and, what is more strange, by boldly criticising every new pamphlet, laughing at every thing serious, and by putting modest people out of countenance, was, by some people esteemed a formidable wit. Nay, what is most strange of all, his profuse expenses having almost dissipated a genteel fortune left him by a relation, he was now commenced fortune-hunter, without any kind of merit, either of person, which corresponded with his nickname, *Rueful*, or of understanding, which was of the lowest standard; or even of birth, which was very mean, he being the son of a grocer in the ancient city of Coventry.

As straws and feathers attract each other on the surface of the water, these three worthy persons, as if linked together by a mutual sympathy, came in a train to Mrs. Booby's apartment.

Rueful bowed to Mrs. Booby and to Lady Fanny; nodded to Mrs. Bardolph, and patted Miss Truffle upon her bare shoulders; but took no more notice

of Wildgoose than of the footman that waited, or of the Dutch mastiff, which lay sleeping on a ower, in the corner of the room. Being seated, h_rner of he lolled over the settee, and with the co in an his hat held to his face, asked Mrs. Booby, there? audible whisper, who, the devil, she had got she Mrs. Bardolph's curiosity likewise being raised, asked the same question in the same tone, but concealing her face with her fan. Miss Truffle stared in Wildgoose's face; burst into a laugh; then turning to Rueful, asked him, why he did not wear his own hair, which, she heard, was coming much into fashion.

In answer to Rueful's and Mrs. Bardolph's questions, Mrs. Booby said aloud, that the gentleman was Mr. Wildgoose; and she hoped would make them all as good Christians as he was himself. On hearing Wildgoose's name, Mrs. Bardolph asked, if he was any relation to the Wildgooses of Wiltshire? Wildgooses of Wiltshire! says Mrs. Booby, I know no such family.—What! not Miss Wildgoose, that ran away with her father's butler?—Lord! you mean Miss Gosling.—Bless me! says Mrs. Bardolph, so I do: but I am the worst person in the world to remember *names*, (which, however, was no inconsiderable part of her erudition.) Well, Wildgoose or Gosling, they are not much unlike.—No, says Rueful, I suppose they are of the same family, and bear the same arms—a grey goose, *cankant, regardant*. Rueful's blazonry was unintelligible to all but himself, and consequently received no applause, but from an affected laugh of his own.

Wildgoose had no very pleasant time of it, whilst the affair of his name and family was adjusting. But his attention was diverted from this conversation by the footman's treading on his toe, as he was

handing the coffee to him. Wildgoose begged Mr. John's pardon for putting his foot in the way; and moved his chair with no small trepidation. But Mr. John, far from being mollified by his submissive behaviour, owed him another good turn; and, in handing his tea to him, did it with so scornful an air, that it flashed plentifully over Wildgoose's plush breeches. Mrs. Booby, however, observed the insolence of her servant, and very properly reprimanded him for it; upon which Mr. John vouchsafed to wait with a little more dexterity.

Nothing would have kept Lady Fanny so long silent, but the sublime contempt which she had conceived of her company. She had been trifling with her spoon, and cooling her tea with an absent air; and now drank half a dish, emptied the rest into the slop-bason; then, starting up, Lord! says she, what am I about? I am engaged to tea at the rooms this evening; and have a myriad of visits to make before I go thither.—Sir, says she to the footman, please to order my chair.—Then, pulling out her pocket-book, let me see, says she, Lady Loiter, old Lady Shockingphiz, Sir Arthur Lurch; yes, our whist-parties are full for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. But on Sunday night, Booby, we will expect you for a party at quadrille. Here Wildgoose erected his eyebrows, and fetched a deep sigh, or rather groaned in spirit. But Lady Fanny correcting herself, Bless me! cries she, what do I talk of Sunday? I forget that I am at Bath. That superannuated old creature, Nash, will not let us play on Sunday night—in public. Well, to-night, however, at eight o'clock, I shall depend upon you. Then rising up, and tossing her hoop over Wildgoose's head as she rushed by him, she took her leave with, *Adieu! ma chere Booby; je vous attends, tout à l'heure!*

CHAPTER XII.

Various chit-chat.

AFTER Lady Fanny was gone, Mrs. Booby, with no other view than to give Mr. Wildgoose an opportunity of saying something, asked him what his opinion was of frequenting the Rooms at Bath, or other public places? Wildgoose replied, that he had had no opportunity of forming any opinion upon that head, from his own experience. But, madam, continues he, as, by all accounts, the chief intent of those assemblies is either gaming, intriguing, or unmeaning dissipation; in short, to prevent our being left a prey to our own thoughts, and seeing our own misery and corruption, I cannot think it advisable, even for people with the best intentions, to countenance, by their example, meetings of this kind.

Well, sir, says Rueful, you may preach as long as you please, but I believe you will hardly prevail upon people of fashion to give up so agreeable an amusement.

Why, sir, replies Wildgoose, from the description which Mrs. Booby has just now been giving me of a Bath life, I am so far from thinking it even *agreeable*, that it appears to me a mere scene of vanity and folly. Pray, madam, continues Wildgoose, did you ever read the Pilgrim's Progress.—Ha! ha! ha! cries Rueful, in a horse laugh; I believe we may all have read that, and Jack the Giant-killer too, in the nursery.—Well, sir, you may laugh; I now only mention that original author upon a ludicrous occasion, as I think his account of Vanity Fair, seems to be no bad description of the insipid intercourse (to say no worse of it) that usually

passes between the thoughtless creatures, at most of those public assemblies.

Well, says Rueful, granting it to be as *insipid* as you please, yet wherever people of distinction agree to assemble, those that would not be out of the world must follow them. Even those that set up for reformers of mankind must frequent those assemblies, if they would do any good amongst them. I will answer for it, St. Paul himself, who *became all things to all men*, if he had come to Bath, would have gone to the Rooms; and St. Luke, like other physicians, would have frequented the coffee-house:—Very fine! says Miss Truffle, and I suppose you think the four evangelists would have made a party at quadrille! You will make a fine parson, indeed!

Wildgoose was struck with horror at this profane raillery; but Mrs. Bardolph, by way of changing the subject, asked Mrs. Booby, if she had heard how old Lady Shockingphiz was mortified at the ball last night, or rather at the Pump-room this morning?—No, says Mrs. Booby, I have not had a soul come near me to-day, except the present company and Lady Fanny.—Why, says Mrs. Bardolph, you know her ladyship's family pride.—Yes, says Mrs. Booby; as she has no merit of her own to plead, her ladyship is forced to subsist upon the family fund, and that is pretty well exhausted. She has only one daughter, I think, to keep up the honour of it.—Well, it was for that daughter, says Mrs. Bardolph, that she desired Nash to get a partner; who recommended a very genteel young man, and very well dressed; and miss jigg'd it down, the whole evening, with great alacrity and satisfaction: but this morning, at the Pump-room, the busy Mrs. Marrall came, out of breath, to Lady Shockingphiz, and told her, that the young man her daughter danced with was a linen-draper in Cheapside. In-

deed! says her ladyship: what does that saucy fellow, Nash, mean by using me thus? and away she trudges, to reprimand him for it. Mr. Nash, after some inquiries into the affair, told her ladyship, that, to be sure, the gentleman did deal in linen, but that it was in the *wholesale* way; and that he never *cut* a piece of cloth in his life—Are you sure of that, cries her ladyship: Are you sure he never *cut*, Mr. Nash? If the gentleman never *cut*, why certainly there is no such great matter in it.

Thus her ladyship ran on, till the whole company burst into a loud laugh, both at her ladyship's ridiculous pride, and at the mortification it had deservedly met with.

Well, says Rueful, as Mrs. Bardolph has told you how Lady Shockingphiz was mortified this morning, I will tell you how Lord —— was terrified yesterday in the afternoon.

An honest tradesman, who has a handsome wife, was busy in his shop, which is much frequented by the company some parts of the day; but having occasion to go up into his bed-chamber, to his bureau, he saw a very fine *point d'Espagne* laced hat lying upon his wife's toilette; and, upon casting his eye round the room, he espied a man's foot, with a fine stone buckle, peep out from under the bed-curtain; behind which Lord ——, who lodged in the house, was endeavouring to conceal himself. From the confusion his lordship was in, and from several other circumstances, the honest tradesman had now no doubt that an amorous correspondence was carrying on between his lordship and his wife; a glimpse of whom he had just seen, as she slipped down the back stairs, from a closet of communication.

The tradesman, though a man of a tame disposition and mitigated resentment, yet, upon such an

occasion, burst forth into a most vehement rage, venting his indignation in a menacing tone, and in the following manner :

My lord ! as sure as you are now alive, if ever I catch you in my bed-chamber again, with my wife, —depend upon it, as sure as I have a head upon my body, I will—I will—certainly—throw your laced hat out of the window !

His lordship, though not greatly dismayed at this terrible denunciation, yet determined, for the future, to prosecute his intrigue with greater precaution.

CHAPTER XIII.

Story of Calomel and Lady Riot.

MRS. Booby now observed that Lady Fanny had looked very grave to-day ; one would think, says she, her ladyship had met with some mortification. Rueful remarked that people of rank were always so in mixed company ; though, for my part, continues he, I have always found persons of quality the most affable creatures in the world. I remember the first time I spent a week at Lord Grandison's, there was Sir Peter Pierpoint, Jack North, and half a dozen more of us : and I remember I was as free with the young peer the first hour, as I am at this day.—Who suspects you of any *mauvaise honte*, or bashfulness ? says Miss Truffle.—I shall never forget a droll accident that happened there, continues Rueful, undaunted by Miss Truffle's hint.—His lordship had a Swiss servant, who pretended to have discovered a new japan, or liquid blacking ; and the fellow must needs make the experiment

upon our shoes. But, would you believe it? the composition, whatever it was, had contracted the pores of the leather to such a degree, that the next morning we all came hobbling into the room, like so many old gouty fellows.—Lord Grandison was so diverted with the scene, that I thought his lordship would have split his *diaphragm* with laughing.—Why, this was an incident worth recording, truly, says Mrs. Booby.

O! now you talk of people of quality, cries Mrs. Bardolph, there is Lady Sherwood wants much to have some conversation with this gentleman. She has heard a great character of his piety, and I believe her ladyship is well inclined towards the Methodists: and I can take upon me to assure you, sir, that she would be very glad if you would call on her at her lodgings. Wildgoose replied, he should be very happy in contributing to the conversion of the lowest of his fellow-creatures; and should certainly esteem it an honour to wait on her ladyship, if she desired it.

But here Rueful again interposed, by observing, that persons of distinction often diverted themselves, at Bath, with odd creatures; and that people who did not know the world might easily be drawn in, to make themselves thoroughly ridiculous. Did you never hear how Lady Riot served poor Calomel, an eminent apothecary of this place? Upon the company's answering in the negative, I will tell it you, says Rueful.

Mr. Calomel is a very honest man, and an experienced apothecary; but highly absurd in his conversation and manner of address. Lady Riot, who is a woman of humour, has often detained him at her lodgings for her amusement, when his patients wanted his lenient hand for more salutary applications. Calomel was so elated by this distinction,

that though he was turned of fifty, he entertained some faint suspicions that his person, as well as his conversation, might have pleased Lady Riot.

Having, therefore, some business in London, last winter, he took it into his head to *call upon* her ladyship, at her house in town, and not finding her at home, he left her ladyship a card, with "Mr. Calomel's compliments to Lady Riot; lets her ladyship know, that he did himself the honour to wait on her ladyship; and that he is to be spoken with at the White Bear, in Piccadilly."

When her ladyship came home to dinner, at five o'clock, she was highly diverted with Calomel's style of politeness; and it being her assembly night, she produced his card before the whole company, who, being let into the character of Calomel, voted to send for *him* thither; and *bets* were laid, *pro* and *con*—come or not come—for fifty guineas.

But Lady Riot, to make sure of her point, ordered her coach, and slipping slyly out of the room, took Lady Rattle with her, drove to the White Bear, and inquired for Mr. Calomel. Calomel being a sober man, and having a *reverend regard* to his health, had retired to his bed-chamber, got into his night-gown and slippers, tied his night cap under his chin, and was just going to his repose, when the drawer brought up the message. Calomel at first said, he supposed they were some naughty women of the town, and he would have nothing to say to them. But upon the drawer's assuring him it was some lady of quality in her own carriage, with a couple of flambeaux, Calomel came down to the door in his dishabille, to reconnoitre them. The moment Lady Riot beheld him, she cries out, My dear Calomel, how do you do? Come, I must have some chat with you: do not stand in the street in your night-cap; step into the coach a moment. Which, having

done, the footman, as he had been instructed, clapped to the door: the coach drove immediately to her ladyship's house; where Calomel was produced before thirty card tables, in his night-cap and slippers.

The brilliancy of the assembly, and the wax-lights, a little disconcerted poor Calomel at first; but his vanity soon prevailed over his bashfulness: he mixed with the society, and greatly diverted them with his absurd buffooneries.

To complete the farce, the butler had his cue to mix a soporific with whatever he gave him to drink: and upon Calomel's desiring some Madeira negus, a bason was brought him, properly medicated; which soon began to operate, and before eleven o'clock, Calomel was fast asleep in an elbow-chair. They then rolled him up in his night-gown, like a collar of brawn; and, swathing down his arms with his sash, laid him safely to bed by a fat scullion, where Calomel slept as sweetly as probably he would have done in her ladyship's own bed-chamber.

Well, and how did the poor man get back to his inn, in the morning? says Mrs. Bardolph. Nay, says Rueful, I have put him fairly to bed; let him get back in a chair or hackney-coach, or how the devil he pleases. Further this deponent saith not.

CHAPTER XIV.

Universities defended, &c.

WELL, says Mrs. Booby, to be sure, a mere citizen of Bath is as pedantic a creature, as a mere fellow of a college: is often as proud, has as absurd notions of life, and is as much out of his element,

when he gets out of his shop or his lodging-house; as the other is out of his own common room.

Yes, rot them ! says Rueful ; and they get rich by the money we spend here, before they know how to carry their heads, or come into a room.

And yet I know a great many sensible, polite people, says Mrs. Booby, amongst the inhabitants of this place.

Why, it would be strange, indeed, replies Rueful, if the great resort of the politest company in Europe did not polish the creatures a little; for I take Bath, as a public place, to be a better school for any young fellow, than all the universities or colleges in the world ; and I do not see, but those who have had no other education, appear as well in company, as people who have been plodding at the sciences in a college for seven years together.

Here Wildgoose could not forbear interposing ; and observed, that although religion was, he believed, at as low an ebb in the universities as in other parts of the kingdom, notwithstanding the excellence of its institution for that purpose, yet he could not but think them still the chief fountains of erudition.

There is, indeed, says he, a slight tincture of learning, a superficial knowledge, diffused amongst all ranks in this generation. But if there were not some *repositories* for the sciences, and some encouragements, such as those for our professors, to search more deeply into them, than the generality of the world seem disposed to do, I am of opinion the very principles of them would, in time, be lost ; and we should again relapse into Gothic ignorance and barbarism.

There may be men of courage that do not wear a red coat, and a gentleman may know how to use a sword, without going into the army, or to stand

fire, though not educated in the navy. But still there is a kind of military spirit, peculiar to gentlemen of those professions; a set of traditionary maxims of honour and courage.—Just at this instant Wildgoose started up with the utmost surprise and trepidation, and alarmed the whole company. Rueful burst out into a horse laugh—Mrs. Booby cried out, Lord! Miss Truffle, what are you about?—The case was, Miss Truffle, who for some time had sat in silent contemplation of her own importance, and playing with her lap-dog, whilst Wildgoose was in the midst of his harangue, had put her squirrel upon his shoulder: the little animal began dancing about, and, fixing his claws in Wildgoose's neck, gave him so smart a pinch, that if he had had the insensibility of a Stoic, or even a Spartan education, he could not have borne it without some emotion of terror or surprise.

When the company had sufficiently laughed at Miss Truffle's wit, and were again composed, Mr. Rueful resuming the discourse, said, he did not undervalue a university education, as an old maid rails at matrimony, because he had been denied the sweets of it. Only say, continues he, casting a look of complacency on his own person, that I am more indebted to Bath, and the company of the ladies, for being what I am, than to all the lectures of tutors and professors which I attended in the university.—I dare say you are, Mr. Rueful, replies Mrs. Booby; and I am sure the figure you make does credit to your education, whatever place had the honour of it.

Upon hearing Rueful's name for the first time, Wildgoose observed his features more narrowly, and asked him if he was not of such a college in Oxford some years ago; because I remember a person of your name of our college, continues Wildgoose.—

That may be, sir, replies Rueful; but I am a Cambridge man.—Well, ladies, continues Rueful, we are very rude in troubling you with our pedantic disputes.—Then pulling out his watch, Pox take it! says he, I was engaged to meet Sir James Townly at seven o'clock, at the coffee-house. Having said this, he started up, and somewhat abruptly took his leave.

The truth was, Rueful had actually been of the same college with Wildgoose, and now very well remembered him; though the alteration which his own hair had made in the one, and the high frizure and laced coat in the other, prevented them at first from recollecting each other's person, especially as there had not been the least acquaintance between them. Notwithstanding the airs which Rueful now gave himself, he had worn a servitor's gown at Oxford, which, upon an accession of fortune, he had exchanged for a fellow commoner's at Cambridge.

As soon as Rueful was gone, the ladies, without the least reserve, spoke of him in such a manner, as convinced Wildgoose that he was the jest of the place; and the evening now drawing on, it was almost time for Wildgoose to attend their religious assembly. He, therefore, took his leave, after Mrs. Bardolph had acquainted him with Lady Sherwood's lodgings, whom she desired him to wait upon the next morning, notwithstanding Mr. Rueful's discouraging insinuations to the contrary.

When Wildgoose was come down, he saw Rueful walking upon the Parade, not with Sir James Townly, whom he was to meet at the coffee-house, but with elderly virgins, of that homely stamp, who, to view them in a *public place*, seemed formed for no other end than to make a variety in the works of creation, but who, if they would confine themselves within their proper sphere (their own families in the

country,) might make tender nurses to their aged parents, exemplary aunts to their young nieces, or charitable assistants to their indigent neighbours, or even shining objects at a country assembly in a remote province; whilst at Bath or Tunbridge they expose themselves to the insolent contempt of youth and beauty, are almost shoved out of polite company, as useless lumber, and are glad to take up with such fellows as Rueful, who was but one remove from the men described by Shakespeare, as fancifully carved out of a cheese-paring after dinner.

CHAPTER XV.

Tricks among servants. News from Mrs. Sarsenet.

WILDGOOSE, having been sufficiently exhausted with haranguing on the parade, as well as by sitting in form at a ceremonious visit, made part of the audience this evening at the Tabernacle, where a tallow-chandler held forth, and *melted* his flock by the *pathetic force*, and promoted a plentiful consumption of candles, by the tedious *prolixity* of his discourse.

During Mr. Wildgoose's visits to Mrs. Booby, poor Tugwell had been left to amuse himself at the inn; he met his master, however, at the Tabernacle, from whence they adjourned to their quarters.

As they were going along, Jerry informed his master what a reprobate place they were in—that there was nothing but card-playing, gaming, and swearing, from morning to night, amongst the servants and apprentices that resorted thither. That he heard a footman bragging, how cleverly a friend of his had imposed upon his mistress—That, having had

the misfortune to break his leg, he had been confined to the house for three months : at last his mistress told him it would do him good to lay up his leg upon a stool, and ride behind her coach, as she went out for an airing ; which accordingly he did. The next morning he goes to his lady's maid, with a sorrowful countenance, and told her that he had had a sad misfortune by going behind the coach ; that, as he was forced to lay up his leg, the motion of the coach had shaken six guineas, all the money he had saved in service, out of his pocket. Upon the maid's telling the case to her mistress, she very good-naturedly gave him the money again out of her own pocket. But it happened a little unluckily, that a few days after, as the maid was in the butcher's shambles, she heard another servant tell the butcher, that such a footman, which was her fellow-servant, had lost six guineas such a night, at the gaming-table ; which coming to the mistress's ears, the fellow lost his place by his trick, and was forced to march off to London.

Wildgoose was shocked at this instance of baseness and villany, and at the idle character of the house they were in, but said, they should lie only that night at Bath ; for that he had observed the two brethren, who had preached there those two nights, had *preached* almost contradictory doctrines, and each of them different from that of his own : that he was determined, therefore, to go to Bristol the next day, and consult Mr. Whitfield, who he did not doubt would resolve all his scruples, and put him in the true road to salvation.

When they came to their quarters, my landlord asked our hero if his name was not Wildgoose ? To which, when he had answered in the affirmative, my landlord gave him a letter, which, he said, a gentleman's servant had brought that afternoon from

the Bell at Gloucester, having been desired to find such a gentleman out ; and, upon my describing your honour, and telling him that you lodged here, he left it with me.

Wildgoose took the letter, which he found was from Mrs. Sarsenet, and read it with great eagerness, in hopes of hearing some news of Miss Townsend, who, he found, engrossed a considerable share of his thoughts, and whose sprightly idea none of the fine-dressed ladies at Bath had power to efface.

Mrs. Sarsenet informed him of the state of their little church, under hers and Mr. Keen the barber's auspices and inspection ; that she already foresaw, from one or two instances, some temporal inconveniences to herself, in regard to her trade, from so strict an adherence to her duty ; but that she counted all things as dross, in comparison with the love of Christ. She concluded with observing, that there was something mysterious in Miss Townsend's behaviour ; that she could not persuade her to attend their meeting since his departure ; and that though she seemed seriously enough disposed, and even talked respectfully of Mr. Wildgoose, yet she seemed inclined to ridicule his notions of religion. In short, says Mrs. Sarsenet, I believe she is rather an enemy to your principles, than to your person.

But the most extraordinary part of her letter was the postscript, in which she informed him, that Miss Townsend's father had come to Gloucester two days after *he* left it ; that he had sent for Miss Townsend to the inn, and received her with a mixture of fondness and resentment ; that he was angry with her for being with Mrs. Sarsenet, and yet had determined nothing about removing her from thence.

This letter, upon the whole, gave Wildgoose rather more pleasure than pain ; and he sat down and answered it before he went to bed. He gave them

some account of his success at Bath, and of his intention, however, of going to Bristol the next day. He concluded with the warmest expressions of respect to Miss Townsend: whose conversion, he said, he should not cease earnestly to pray for.

CHAPTER XVI.

A serious conversation with Mr. Rueful.

WILDGOOSE having been kept awake with reflecting on the transactions of the day past, and by the hurry of spirits into which the news of Miss Townsend had thrown him, was but just dressed, when a footman brought him a card, with Lady Sherwood's compliments, who begged the favour of his company to breakfast; for Mrs. Bardolph had not failed to visit her ladyship the preceding evening, and to give her a faithful account of what had passed at Mrs. Booby's lodgings; and had greatly extolled Mr. Wildgoose's person, modest behaviour, and agreeable conversation. Wildgoose, therefore, taking a direction from the footman, promised to wait on her ladyship at the hour appointed.

As he was going a back way into Orange-grove, where Lady Sherwood lodged, he accidentally met with Mr. Rueful, in a genteel dishabille. He saluted Mr. Wildgoose with a more familiar air than he had assumed at Mrs. Booby's; and asked him immediately, whether he was not of such a college in Oxford?—Yes, says Wildgoose.—Why, look you, sir, continues Rueful, you must know I was of that college too; but I thought you asked me last night whether I was at *this time* of Oxford: for

you must know, I had a considerable fortune left me by a relation, which enabled me to enter myself a fellow-commoner at Cambridge; and, to be sure, one would not choose to have it mentioned amongst people of fashion, that one had worn a servitor's gown in the university.—I don't imagine, replies Wildgoose, that people of fashion, out of the university, trouble themselves about those things. However, I don't see why a man should be ashamed to have appeared in a situation which was agreeable to his circumstances. There is nothing ridiculous in a small fortune, or even a low birth: but there is in the discovery that we are too anxious to conceal them, and even give the lie to them by our dress and appearance.—Sir, says Rueful, if you knew the honour and happiness of being upon an agreeable footing with people of distinction, you would not scruple a little artifice, to conceal any trifling circumstance that might disgust them, or grudge an expence a little beyond one's income, to enable one to appear in some measure upon a level with them.—Sir, replies Wildgoose, I apprehend, it is neither dress, birth, nor fortune, but *education* and *behaviour*, that puts all gentlemen upon a *level*, even in the opinion of the world.

But, Mr. Rueful, let me take the freedom to return the hint which you gave me yesterday, that we may be easily deceived in the civilities which people of distinction show us, and mistake mere politeness for a particular attachment, and by presuming too much upon their plausible behaviour to our faces, expose ourselves to their ridicule behind our backs; and I really believe, Mr. Rueful, you would meet with more real respect amongst people of distinction by a more serious, or even religious behaviour, and if you were to turn Methodist, as it is called, than you do now.

Well, I am obliged to you, my dear sir, for your frank advice : and faith, betwixt you and me, though I detest the solemnity of the sacerdotal character. I have at this time some thoughts of exchanging my laced coat for a black one. For, by a parliamentary interest, I have now the offer of a very good living in my own country ; which, if I do not succeed in picking up a good fortune this season, I may probably accept of. For you must know, that is another reason for my appearing rather above what I can at present afford ; and I had actually almost carried off a merchant's daughter of Bristol, who will be worth twenty thousand pounds. But old square-toes would not part with cash enough down upon the nail : and the devil take me, if I would marry an angel upon the footing of a mere Smithfield bargain.

Wildgoose, though shocked at the libertine airs which Rueful gave himself, could not but smile at the opinion which he entertained of his own person ; but said he was obliged to attend Lady Sherwood at ten o'clock. He, therefore, took his leave, and went to her ladyship's lodgings, as he had been directed.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lady Sherwood's character and present situation.

LADY Sherwood was of an ancient and noble family, and wife to a peer of the realm. She was a woman of fine understanding, though her judgment appeared sometimes almost eclipsed by the brilliancy of her imagination. Her ladyship was now past her bloom ; yet in her youth she had been tolerably handsome, and made a splendid appear-

ance in the great world. But her lord, either from some disgust, or from a fondness for retirement, having early in life withdrawn from the court, Lady Sherwood had entirely conformed to his humour: and, to amuse herself in her solitary situation, she had formerly indulged the suggestions of her fancy; and turned my lord's park into a poetical Arcadia; where her ladyship and a female companion or two lived almost the whole summer a mere pastoral life; and ranged about, with their crooks in their hands, like so many Grecian shepherdesses. Garlands of flowers, or baskets of fruit, were seen suspended on every beautiful oak, with rustic pipes, rakes, pitchforks, and other rural implements, disposed in a picturesque manner, in different parts of the park. Nay, the poor chaplain was forced to leave his bottle and his pipe, and backgammon table, with my lord, and even neglect his *pastoral* function, assigned him by the bishop, to attend her ladyship and her bleating lambkins; and to sit whole afternoons under a spreading tree, to entertain them with his flute. For the steward had actually bought her ladyship a score of sheep, at Banbury fair (according to Justice Shallow's expression) for this romantic purpose.

The inclemency of the weather, however, in this northern climate was by no means favourable to these lovely Bœotians. Neither did many of the pastoral functions suit with the delicacy of a modern woman of quality. For her ladyship frequently caught the tooth-ache, and was forced to have recourse to a neighbouring apothecary (a character seldom introduced in the ancient bucolics;) and one of her companions met with a terrible accident in the discharge of her office; for having seized the leg of a large bell-wether with her crook, which was fastened to her wrist by a blue ribband, the rude

unclassical brute struggled with such force to disengage himself, that he pulled down the poor Pastora, dragged her some yards, and disfigured her face to such a degree, that she could not appear again for six weeks; and this put an end to this extravagant scene in pastoral life.

Lady Sherwood was now grown tired of the country. But, as she could not decently go to town against her lord's inclination, considering the complaisant terms upon which they lived together, the physician, therefore, had a hint given him, to order her ladyship to Bath for her health. Not finding that relish, however, in public places which she had formerly done, when every passion was agreeably flattered by her appearance in them, she grew sick of the world, and began to see, *in a true light*, the emptiness and unsatisfactory nature of all secular enjoyments.

In such a situation it is evident, that nothing but religion could yield any solid conversation. But, as the plain rational scheme of the established religion, which prescribes nothing more than our duty to God, our neighbour, and ourselves, under the sanction of future rewards and punishments, could not satisfy the uncommon genius, and lively fancy of Lady Sherwood, she listened with the same attention to the enthusiastic doctrines of these itinerant preachers, as a person labouring under a hypochondriacal distemper does to the extravagant pretensions of a mountebank; and was glad of this opportunity of conversing with so agreeable an enthusiast as Mrs. Bardolph had represented Wildgoose to be.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A learned conversation, not essential to the story.

WHEN Mr. Wildgoose arrived at the countess's lodgings, he found her attended only by Mrs. Bar-dolph; whose principal plan being to amuse the time between breakfast and dinner, she preferred every place to her own house; and assisted with equal satisfaction at making a convert, or making a match, at a religious conversation, or at a pool at quadrille.

Lady Sherwood, after a little preliminary chat, opened the congress, by observing the great indifference of the world with regard to religion; and asked Wildgoose, how he could reconcile the present state of Christianity with the pompous descriptions given by the prophets of the kingdom of the Messiah? Our hero was a little surprised at so learned an attack. But, after pausing a moment, answered, that the dispensations of Providence were very mysterious; that, however, God might be supposed to have given the prophets a general view of the kingdom of Christ, from its first establishment to the end of the world; for which reason they generally represent it as in its full lustre.

Well, replies Lady Sherwood, I can only say, that, as far as I have observed, the lives of the generality of Christians are so little better than those of Heathens or Mahometans, that, I confess, it a little puzzles me to account for so strange a phenomenon; and how it comes to pass, that a *divine* institution should answer its end no better.

Why, says Wildgoose, as your ladyship, I dare say, is very well acquainted with ancient history, if you would compare the state of religion and morality

in the world for several generations before the coming of Christ, and that of the unconverted Heathens afterwards, with the first three or four centuries of the Christian æra, you would find a remarkable difference between them.

‘I don’t imagine the world was worse than it is now, says Lady Sherwood.

‘I am convinced it was, replies Wildgoose. The Heathens were so utterly void of proper principles, that impurities of every sort were scarce accounted faults among them; nay, most kinds of debauchery were defensible, and even sanctified by their religious system. Exposing of infants, cruelty to slaves, and the sanguinary diversions of gladiators, were permitted, and even applauded, by the wisest and politest nations of the world.

– But how different a scene of things does Christianity present to us in its primitive state! Its votaries were pious, humble, chaste, and temperate; and their lives were a just comment upon the precepts of their master.

If our religion, therefore, must be judged by its effects, we ought to take it at its first institution, as its earliest were probably its most genuine fruits.

That is but reasonable, to be sure, says Mrs. Bardolph, who affected to be very attentive to this learned dissertation.

But, proceeds Wildgoose, such is the degeneracy of our nature, that every effort of Providence for our recovery, in time, loses its force, and becomes ineffectual. It seems necessary, therefore, that the Divine Power should, at different periods, interpose in an extraordinary manner, and give fresh vigour to his own institutions: and accordingly, I am persuaded, that, in the present age, he has poured out an uncommon measure of grace upon his chosen servants Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Wesley, and their as-

sociates ; which empowers them to break through the cobweb restraints of human ordinances, and, by seemingly irregular proceedings, to rouse men from their dangerous lethargy, and engage their attention to the pure and genuine doctrines of primitive Christianity.

Sir, says Lady Sherwood, I have a great opinion of Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield ; and, as I hear you are a follower of them, have taken the liberty of desiring this conference with you. But give me leave to ask you, sir, whether those doctrines are not taught in our own church ?

Madam, replies Wildgoose, the articles and homilies of our church, as drawn up by our pious reformers, certainly contain those doctrines in their proper sense ; but, I am afraid, the present clergy are departed from the most essential of those doctrines, as particularly that of justification by faith alone ; and depend more upon their own works, than on the merits of Christ, for their salvation.

I do not know, says Mrs. Bardolph. I have often heard that said of late. I own I am a very bad judge of those things ; but all the clergy, whom I have happened to hear treat of that subject, have taught me not to rely on my best performances, but to confess myself still an unprofitable servant. In short, continued she, I cannot but think, that, if we practised what we heard at church, we should have a tolerable chance for going to heaven.

Lady Sherwood observed, that she had attended the public worship very regularly for some time, and with a sincere endeavour to know the will of God ; but found herself little edified by such formal devotions.

Wildgoose replied, he could not but own, that there were several noble strains of true devotion in our Liturgy ; and though people, who went to

church with an intention to criticise, might, perhaps, find out some trifling imperfections, yet that, upon the whole, it was an admirable performance. But, continues he, I am afraid the fault is not in the service, but in those who perform it. The most pious sentiments will affect us but little when delivered by the lips of those who appear to have no religion in their hearts ; and loll on their elbows, and stare about for objects of amusement, as if their devotions were a fatigue and confinement to them, and they were impatient to return to the pleasures or vanities of the world.

In short, my lady, as things are at present, we must look elsewhere than at church for the means of salvation. For my own part, I must confess myself as yet only in search of the right way, and intend this very day to pay a visit to Mr. Whitfield at Bristol ; to whom, with your ladyship's permission, I shall communicate your good disposition ; whose present uneasiness is, I hope, a promising symptom of the new birth.

Lady Sherwood was going to inform Wildgoose, that she had already frequently conversed both with Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Wesley, when the servant came and whispered to her ladyship, that Mr. — was below, and desired to know if her ladyship had any commands to London.—Lord ! says she, that man teazes me to death ; he calls himself my cousin, merely because his grandfather married my great-grandfather's second wife's daughter by a former husband. I wish we could make a convert of him ; for I believe he is of no religion at all, and neither loves nor cares for any body but himself. Well, says she to the footman, desire the gentleman to walk up.

When he came, he told Lady Sherwood that he was tired of Bath, and was going the next day to

London. She said she had no commands, but told him he had interrupted them in a very agreeable conversation upon religion, and wished he had been there to have heard it.—Religion! says he, I do not want to hear any thing about religion. It serves people to talk and dispute about, but I do not see that any body regulates their actions by their religious principles.—That is, replies Lady Sherwood, because they do not really believe them; they have not a true practical faith in those principles.—Faith! cries the gentleman, for my part, I am of Mr. Pope's way of thinking in that respect:

For modes of faith let senseless bigots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

I live as well as I can; pay my taxes, and pay my tradesmen; and if I meet with an object of charity, that really moves my compassion, I relieve him. I go to the tavern, indeed, sometimes; but I never drink or eat more than does me good: and though I have no wife of my own, I never invade another's property. In short, I do not see what the best Christian can do more than I do.

Wildgoose was going to interrupt him in his career; but Lady Sherwood calling him by his name, Wildgoose found himself disagreeably affected; though he could not at first recollect upon what occasion he had heard it before. But, after some time, he remembered that was the name of the very gentleman who had endeavoured to seduce Miss Townsend; and, comparing it with his dress (which was the same individual blue and gold she had described,) his square person, his manner of life, but, above all, his system of religion, he had not the least doubt that it was the same man.

Wildgoose was at first inclined to lead him, by some means, to the subject; but reflecting that it could not possibly answer any good end, and being

likewise impatient to set out for Bristol, and Mrs. Bardolph beginning to gape, and to consult her watch, he took his leave of Lady Sherwood, who charged him with her compliments to Mr. Whitfield, and said, she should be glad to see him again, if he returned through Bath.

CHAPTER XIX.

Learned account of the Bath waters. Mr. Wildgoose and his friend take their leave of that city.

WHEN Wildgoose returned to the inn, he found Tugwell just returned from visiting the hot baths ; the cause of which surprising phenomenon my landlord, in conjunction with a journeyman apothecary, was endeavouring to explain to honest Jerry. My landlord said, he had heard say, though he did not know it to be certainly so, that the heat of the bath was caused by a constant fire in the bowels of the earth, which had been burning ever since Noah's flood, and would, in time, burn up the whole world, which was to be destroyed by fire.

Fire in the bowels of the earth ! says Opifer, the apothecary, with a sneer ; thou mayst as well tell me the boiling of thy pot is caused by a fire in the bowels of the earth. No, no ; such a constant, regular *ebullition* can never be the effect of a gross *culinary* fire, but is produced by a more latent cause, which we can explain by the operations of *chemistry*. By a chemical process we can analyze the Bath waters, and reduce them to their simple elements, or *constituent particles*, which are nothing but sulphur and a small quantity of steel.

And that the heat of these waters is caused by

their running over *strata*, or beds of steel and sulphur, we can demonstrate by an easy experiment. For if you take an equal quantity of the filings of steel and flowers of sulphur, or what the vulgar call brimstone, and form these into a paste with water, it will produce that fermentation to which the heat of the Bath waters is *indubitably* to be ascribed.

Yes, yes, says Tugwell, the gentleman talks main well, and has made it as plain as the nose in one's face, if one did but understand him.

Wildgoose, who had been present during part of this learned discourse, observed, that the philosophers of this age were not content to make all useful experiments, but had a strange fancy to be creators; and to find out the secret *art*, by which nature performs all her operations. They would not admit any such thing as mysteries in philosophy, any more than in religion; and seemed almost to dispute with Providence his peculiar attributes of omnipotence or unlimited power, as well as unlimited knowledge.

Mr. Wildgoose now called for his bill, and was preparing to set out: but though he had been but an indifferent customer, yet there was a secret charm in his serious and religious deportment, which made my landlord desirous of obliging him; he, therefore, gave him a hearty invitation to a fillet of veal, which was roasting at the fire; and, as Tugwell seemed unwilling to travel upon an empty stomach, they made a hearty dinner, paid their reckoning, and set out for Bristol.

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.



BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the two pilgrims were now come into the suburbs of Bath, Tugwell very civilly inquired which was the Bristol road? Follow your nose, and your a-se will tag after, says a tailor's 'prentice.—You might learn to be more civil to strangers, says Tugwell; for I am sure you live by them.—Not by such strangers as you, replies the 'prentice, who preach against fine clothes and innocent pastimes.—Come, come, master, says Jerry, come along; let us shake off the dust of our feet, for a testimony against them.

An elderly man, however, called out to them, that the way to Bristol was straight forwards at the first turning on the right hand. Though this direction was a little ambiguous, Tugwell was unwilling to hazard a more minute inquiry: they trudged straight along, therefore, without asking any further questions.

Tugwell, being highly disgusted with the insolent behaviour of the Bath people, and expressing himself with some bitterness against them, Wildgoose observed, that the mob of all places were alike, and that he ought not to reflect upon a whole body of people, for the wanton petulance of a few ignorant wretches.

Jerry then asked what my landlord had charged for his supper at Bath. Why, only eight-pence a night, says Wildgoose.—Eight-pence a night! says Jerry; an unconscionable *distorting* rascal! Why, I will be hanged if I have eat three pennyworth of bread and cheese for supper the three nights that we have been there. I have a good mind to go and make the rogue give me back your worship's money.—No, no, Jerry, these things are customary, and it is best to pay it without making a disturbance. At these houses one pays for lodging, and house-room, and attendance, as well as merely for what one eats and drinks; and I think, upon the whole, we came off very reasonably.

Thus they went on talking near two miles; and, having reached the summit of the hills when it drew towards evening, they came to a place where the roads divided. Mr. Wildgoose was inclined to turn to the right, and Tugwell to the left hand; which created a little debate upon the probability of each opinion; but Tugwell, having learned to decide dubious points by lot, threw up a halfpenny, crying out, that heads should determine him to the right, and tails to the left-hand road. Fortune declared for the former; which Jerry, then changing his note, said *must* be the road to Bristol, by the *course* of the country.

While they were yet debating the affair, Tugwell, spying a man in a plain drab coat, walking soberly at a small distance from the road, calls out, Holloo! master! master! which is the road to Bristol? Whether the gentleman was immersed in thought, or whether he disliked the familiarity of Jerry's compellation, he made no answer. Wildgoose, therefore, advancing a little towards him, repeated the question in a more civilized manner, and asked which of those two was the road to Bristol. Why,

neither of them, replied the gentleman; the road you are in would lead you to Wells. Wildgoose was going to crave his assistance, to put him in the right way, when he and the stranger surveying each other with an air of surprise, What, Mr. Rivers! cries Wildgoose.—Bless my soul! my friend Wildgoose! replies he; what expedition can you possibly be upon in this part of the world? They then embraced (in the language of romance), or in plain English, took each other by the hand with great cordiality, expressing great joy at this unexpected rencounter; for they had been very intimate in the university, though no sort of intercourse had past between them for six or seven years.

Wildgoose inquired how long he had been in this country, and whether he was settled any where in the neighbourhood, as he knew him to be originally a north-country man. Mr. Rivers told him he had a house within a mile of that place, whither he insisted upon Wildgoose's accompanying him for that night at least, as it was now too late to go to Bristol on foot, if they had not been some miles out of their road. Wildgoose and his companion were well enough pleased with the invitation, in their present circumstances: besides, as Wildgoose recollected that Mr. Rivers had in his youth a very religious turn, and that was always uppermost in his thoughts, he immediately conceived some hopes of converting his old friend to his own opinions. As they went along, Mr. Wildgoose, at Rivers's request, let him into the nature of his present undertaking; at which his friend expressed some concern, as well as the greatest astonishment: but politely added, that he was glad even of this opportunity of renewing their friendship.

CHAPTER II.

Description of Mr. Rivers's house, and some account of his present situation.

MR. Rivers had now brought his friend Wildgoose, with Tugwell, to the brow of the hill, which overlooked one of those rich valleys in which that part of the country abounds. A gate opened into a wood, through which they descended by a rough, unfrequented road,

Where the gilt chariot never mark'd the way,
almost to the bottom of the hill. There an old Gothic mansion presented itself, surrounded towards the road by a lofty stone wall, covered with moss, maiden-hair, and other wild plants, enough to puzzle the whole Royal Society, and the indefatigable Dr. Hill into the bargain. The house seemed to have been built during the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster; but had been *modernized* in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and new glazed and painted for the reception of Mr. Rivers.

Rivers knocked at the gate, which being opened by a servant in a russet coat, they now came into an elegant court, where they were regaled with the sight and fragrance of all the flowers of the season. From thence they entered a gloomy old-fashioned hall, but neatly fitted up; the wall covered with maps and chronological tables, above which were a number of cheap prints, representing the customs and habits of the various nations of the world.

Mr. Rivers then, showing Tugwell with his wallet the way towards the kitchen, took his friend Wildgoose into a large wainscoted parlour, adorned with some fine prints, a few good paintings, and a bust or

two over the chimney: but all his attention was immediately fixed upon Mrs. Rivers, to whom his friend introduced him. She was sitting, like the divinity of the place, at the upper end of the room, at her needle, attended by a boy, and a fine girl, about five or six years old. Mrs. Rivers received, Wildgoose, as her husband's friend, with a sweet smile; which, like the sunshine so much admired in the landscapes of Claude Lorraine, diffused an additional cheerfulness over every other object.

Mrs. Rivers was about five and twenty, tall, and well-shaped; and though the pleasing cares of a young family had taken off a little of her first bloom, yet had it given such a languishing air to her eyes, and such a delicacy to her complexion, as rather improved than diminished her charms.

Mr. Rivers informed her who Mr. Wildgoose was, and how accidentally they had met. She made some obliging speech upon the occasion, and then rang the bell for tea; which being over, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers attended Mr. Wildgoose into a garden, which commanded a beautiful, though confined prospect. It was laid out in a romantic taste, with a proper mixture of the *allegro* and the *penseroso*, the cheerful and the gloomy: tufts of roses, jasmines, and the most fragrant flowering shrubs, with a serpentine walk of cypresses and laurels, here and there an urn, with suitable inscriptions, and terminated by a rough arch of rock-work that covered a dripping fountain, were its principal beauties.

After a few turns, Mrs. Rivers being summoned by her maid to a consultation about supper, Wildgoose, notwithstanding his religious severity, made some encomiums upon her person and behaviour, and said he was less surprised at his friend's marrying so early in life, than at his good fortune in meeting with so agreeable a woman. He expressed

some desire, therefore, to be informed of the particular incidents of Mr. Rivers's life since he left the university. Why, says he, though my story has nothing very uncommon in it, yet, as I flatter myself that I have escaped into one of the fortunate islands, from that rock on which the happiness of many a young fellow is totally shipwrecked, I think, as an experienced voyager, I ought to satisfy the curiosity of a friend, and give him all the intelligence in my power, that he may steer the like course with equal success. Then, taking Wildgoose into an alcove, shaded with honeysuckles and sweet-briars, Rivers thus began his narration.

CHAPTER III.

The history of Mr. Rivers and Charlotte Woodville.

SOON after you left the university, says Mr. Rivers, I was elected fellow of a very worthy society, where I pursued my studies with some regularity, and spent near two years greatly to my satisfaction: but whether the way of life was too sedentary, or too sociable (for I usually spent the day in reading, and the evening in company) whatever was the cause, I found myself, after some time, in a very indifferent state of health. I determined, therefore, during the long vacation, to retire into the country: but as I had neither father nor mother living, and my fellowship obliged me to an occasional residence, I did not care to travel into ——shire, which you know is my native county, and where I had an elder brother, and some near relations, residing; but was recommended by an acquaintance to a pleasant

village in ——shire, about twenty miles from Oxford ; who also prevailed upon a gentleman farmer, of whom he had some knowledge, to take me as a boarder.

Mr. Woodville, which was the farmer's name, was a very worthy, honest man, and had a spirit of generosity far above his situation. He was, indeed, quite a gentleman in his appearance, behaviour, and way of thinking. He was about fifty, and had married for his first wife, a young lady of a genteel family, by whom he had one son and two daughters ; but, being afterwards almost a cripple, with a rheumatic gout, he had been persuaded to marry a good motherly sort of woman, beneath his own circumstances, who was glad of the match, though sure to be a nurse, for the sake of providing better for her children by a former husband.

I had here a tolerable apartment, entirely distinct from the rest of the family, which suited with my scheme of prosecuting my studies, and of giving a particular attention to my health, which was the principal end of my retiring from college ; having, as you know, little taste for the more robust diversions of the country. But, in this retreat, remote as I was from the intrusion of my former jovial associates, I did not long enjoy an absolute tranquillity.

There are few persons of so phlegmatic a constitution as to content themselves with merely rational pursuits. The passions, the appetites, and the imagination, all lay claim to their respective gratifications. Love particularly is a plant which springs up so naturally in the breasts of young people, that, when I hear one in the heat of youth affect to talk with a stoical indifference of that tender passion, I generally suspect him of indulging it privately,

either for an *unworthy*, or at least for an *improper* object. The latter only was my case; for though an engagement of that kind was highly *improper* in my circumstances, yet the object itself was worthy the love, I might say the ambition, of a prince.

Mr. Woodville, as I have said, had two daughters. The elder was about nineteen; and though she had nothing remarkably defective in her features, yet the sour and selfish passions had taken such absolute possession of her countenance, as to render her almost ugly. The younger daughter was hardly fifteen, and as different from the elder as a grace from a fury.

Descriptions of a beloved object are generally heightened, and usually embellished with all the charms which the enraptured imagination is able to give them. Charlotte Woodville, however, was, I think, so near perfection in that respect, that although a severe critic might possibly spy out some trifling defect, yet upon the whole she had so striking an appearance, that few people could behold her without admiration.

She was rather tall than of a middling stature, but every way finely proportioned, and of a natural, easy shape. Her features were neither too large, nor too small; the extremes, in either respect, being, I think, less agreeable. Her eyes had always such a brilliant lustre, that I never knew their real colour. But her hair, which she had in great abundance, was of a bright brown, and gave an inimitably fine shade to her complexion. Her complexion had, at that time, rather the glossy bloom of high health, than that transparent delicacy which is generally the concomitant of too tender a constitution.

But what gave the greatest spirit and force to her

external charms, was the beauty of her mind, which was every thing that can be conceived of sweet and amiable. Good nature and good sense, sprightliness, and an artless freedom, the emanations of her charming soul, distinguished themselves in her eyes, and in every feature of her face.

Such was this young creature in her native simplicity, without the least assistance of art, or, indeed, of any other education, than what was to be met with in a country place; and which the loss of a genteel mother, when she was very young, had not suffered to be applied to the utmost advantage.

Sir, says Wildgoose, smiling, you might have spared yourself the trouble, or rather denied yourself the pleasure, of this description; for, in the picture you have drawn, I can easily discover the features of Mrs. Rivers, though a few years may have abated, or rather softened the glaring lustre of the colouring. But proceed, my friend, in your narration.

Well, says Rivers, you may suppose a young fellow, though of more philosophy than ever I pretended to, could not be long in the same family without taking particular notice of so lovely an object. But, as any sort of love-engagement would have been highly improper in my circumstances, a discreet person would certainly have checked any tender sentiments, and not have thought of trifling with so young a creature, who, considering my education and future prospects in life, was, in a *prudential* view, beneath my consideration. For, according to the maxims of the world,

Love's but the frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition join'd.

Ah! says Wildgoose, nothing but the love of God can satisfy the *reasonable ambition* of an immortal soul.—Well, replies Rivers, every man to his taste. But to proceed in my story.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Rivers's and Charlotte Woodville's story continued.

As I was at that time quite a valetudinarian, and willing also to lose as little time as possible from my studies, I desired to eat at my own hours, and avoided all intercourse with the family as much as I decently could, without the appearance of pride or moroseness. Mrs. Woodville kept one maid to do the work within doors, and whose business it was to wait upon me; but as she was often otherwise engaged, the daughters would frequently by turns supply her place. After some time, however, I could not but observe, that the younger was more assiduous in her attendance on me than the elder, which yet I looked upon as accidental, and imputed it either to the good-nature of the one, or the churlish temper of the other. Charlotte Woodville did every thing in so pretty a manner, that although it gave me no small pleasure, yet was it a somewhat painful tax upon my complaisance, which would not suffer me to receive any thing from so fair a hand without some little gallant acknowledgement. The more civility I showed, the more obliging was this fair nymph; so that by degrees as I seemed disappointed whenever any other part of the family

attended me, so she grew more kindly officious, in her attendance, and,

Though I call'd another, Charlotte came.*

I am convinced, however, that she was utterly void of any design in this, and at present only followed the dictates of her native benevolence and freedom of disposition: though a more powerful motive, I believe, soon took place in her little breast; and *my* indiscretion put matters upon a different footing.

There happened to be a wedding in the village one morning, and curiosity had drawn to church the whole family except the younger daughter, who staid to attend on her father, who was confined to his bed by a fit of the gout. Charlotte came into the parlour, upon some occasion or other, while the bells were ringing upon this jocund occasion. A wedding in a country place sets every girl in the parish to simpering; and, matrimony being an inexhaustible topic of raillery, I happened to joke with Charlotte upon the happiness of the state. She made me some very innocent reply, which, however, tempted me to chuck her under the chin, the lowest degree of dalliance with an inferior. She blushed, and retired with some precipitation, and with such a sweet confusion, that I longed to repeat the freedom; and, begging her to return for a moment, as soon as she came within the door, I caught her round the neck, and snatched a kiss. This increased her surprise, and she again retired with a glow upon her cheeks, which I fancied expressed some indignation; at least it so alarmed her virgin innocence, that I saw her no more that day.

* Prior.

I had now passed the rubicon of discretion.—Yes, says Wildgoose, you had tasted the forbidden fruit. “The poison of asps is under the lips” of the most innocent of the sex. There is no security against the encroachments of love, but by checking the first emotions of the soul. “Whoso looketh upon a woman, to lust after her, has committed adultery already with her in his heart.”

You are too severe upon me, replied Rivers; but I will proceed in my narration.

CHAPTER V.

The story continued.

I took a walk before dinner; and, upon my return through the hall, where the family generally sat, Charlotte, instead of meeting my eyes with an open, cheerful countenance, looked down with a bashful consciousness, and almost hid her face in her bosom.

My mind was now in such a situation, that if I had believed the freedom which I took had really offended this innocent maid, I should, probably, have entirely desisted, and have pursued the affair no further; but as a little coldness would easily have nipped my passion in the bud, so the slightest encouragement sufficed to keep alive the flame. I cannot omit a trifling circumstance, which I considered in that light.

Being under a kind of regimen as to my diet, I usually supped upon a bason of milk. This the servant brought me that evening accompanied by a plate of wood-strawberries. It being early in the

year, I asked her whence they came. She said they were a present to one of her young mistresses. As I had met with so little complaisance from the elder, I easily guessed to whom I was obliged for this favour. This slight instance of her forgiveness, expressed in so pretty a manner, tended but little to the cure of my growing passion.

The next day, in the absence of the maid, Charlotte ventured again into my apartment. I gave her a significant smile, in allusion to what had passed the day before ; and, taking her hand, pressed it with some eagerness. She repulsed me in such a manner, as seemed rather to return the compliment than to be displeased with it. In short, though I had no great opinion of my own person, yet I began to flatter myself that I had made some little impression upon Charlotte's tender heart ; and, as nothing is a stronger incentive to love than an opinion of its being mutual, this naturally endeared her to me, and made her appear more amiable every time I saw her. In reality, I began to love her extravagantly.

And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

Jealousy is often a sign of a little mind and a meanness of spirit ; and a jealous *husband* is certainly a ridiculous animal ; but a jealous *lover*, I think, deserves the compassion rather than the contempt of his mistress. Suspicion after marriage betrays a want of confidence in her of whose fidelity we are supposed to have received sufficient assurance. But it is excusable in a lover to be a little apprehensive of the success of his rival, when it would be esteemed a degree of presumption to be too confident of his own preference in her affection and esteem. In short, whatever a woman may think of a jealous lover in other respects, she can

have no reason to doubt of the sincerity of his passion.

For my part, I began to be so fond of my little mistress, that I could hardly suffer her to be out of my sight; and, as I thought I had condescended a little in settling my affections, I could not bear with patience the thoughts of a rival; nor, indeed, had I any reason to fear one in her present situation. However, I one evening saw her engaged in so sprightly a conversation, and laughing with so coquettish an air, as I fancied, with a young fellow of the neighbourhood, who was talking to her brother at the door, that it immediately alarmed my jealousy, and I could not forbear discovering it. I rang the bell with some vehemence, intending only to put her in mind of me. Instead of sending the maid, as I expected, she immediately left her company, and came herself. I bid her send in a glass of water, which, with great good-nature she brought with her own hands. I had seated myself, sultan-like, in a great chair; and, lolling in an insolent posture, affected to be engaged in reading, and with a haughty nod bid her set it down. She was sensible of the insult, and, immediately assuming the dignity of her sex, drew herself up, and flung out of the room with the air of a countess.

It appeared, afterwards, indeed, that the young man, whom I feared as a rival, was at this time engaged, and upon the brink of being married to another girl in the neighbourhood; and I was convinced that my suspicions, with regard to Charlotte, were entirely without the least foundation. The little quarrels of lovers generally conclude in more tender reconciliations. Miss Woodville's spirited behaviour on this occasion, and the explanation which it produced, greatly augmented our fondness for each other; and this tender intercourse was con-

tinued for some time, without being suspected by any one. I was so happy in my amour, that I never considered the probable consequences of so improper an engagement, but rather shut my eyes against any disagreeable reflections.

As a French writer* observes, "The most common view that people have when they commit imprudent actions, is the *possibility* of finding out always some resource or other:" so I flattered myself with the notion of being able to recal my affections when I thought it proper; and imagined I might amuse myself for some time innocently enough, in so retired a place, without subjecting myself to the censure or remarks of any one whose opinion I much regarded.

CHAPTER VI.

The story continued.

ABOUT this time I thought it necessary to visit my friends in Staffordshire, being particularly invited by an old relation, whom you have heard me mention, the little fat clergyman, from whom I have always had some considerable expectations. Though I found myself at present but little inclined to take such a journey, yet I had fixed the day, which was now at hand.

As my interviews with Miss Woodville had hitherto been very transient, and there was no probability of our ever being long together without subjecting ourselves to observation, I made a request to her, in which I was afraid she could not oblige

* Card. de Retz.

me ; and that was, to give me an hour of her company in the evening, after the family were in bed. As Miss Woodville was very young and innocent, and entirely ignorant of the arts of our sex; having never had any female friend to caution her against them, she made no scruple of promising me her company, if she could get her sister, who was drowsily enough inclined, to sleep without her ; in order to which, she would sit up in her chamber, she said, under pretence of finishing some piece of needle-work, which she was very intent upon.

When night came, and the family were retired, I sat myself down with great composure, to wait the event of our assignation. I even took a book, and read, to amuse my impatience, but with as little attention as our candidates for a degree read their wall-lectures, when they expect the beadle every moment with the joyful news that their time is expired. Thus I waited for near two hours, and now quite despaired of my promised happiness, when, unexpectedly, the stillness of the night was agreeably interrupted by a gentle rap at the parlour door. I started up, and opened it with great alacrity. In she came, but with a down-cast look, and sweet blush upon her countenance ; and with an apology for the rashness of her conduct, which her native modesty now represented to her in the strongest light.

I told her I had begun to despair of being favoured with her company, and asked her if her sister had any suspicion of her intention.—I believe not, says Charlotte, for she was asleep in five minutes after she was in bed.—Why, then, did you delay my happiness so long? said I. She replied, that upon thinking better of it, she was afraid she had done wrong in promising me, and had more than once resolved not to come down ; nay, that she had

actually been in bed; but as I talked of going early in the morning, she had not the heart to disappoint me. I acknowledged her goodness, and assured her, she should never repent of the confidence she reposed in me.

I could not but take notice of one particularity in Miss Woodville's conduct on this occasion, which was, that she had taken the pains to put on a clean apron, handkerchief, and ruffles, and adjusted every part of her dress with the nicest exactness; which trifling circumstance convinced me both of the delicacy of her taste, and the purity of her imagination, or rather that she was absolutely void of the least apprehension of any thing contrary to the strictest decency in my behaviour to her.

Nothing can be more insipid, upon repetition, than the conversation of two fond lovers; and it is a sort of profanation to repeat any thing that passes upon those occasions; but, as something very serious ensued from this interview, I cannot forbear mentioning a few trifling particulars. I kept her up pretty late. My journey and the month's absence was the principal subject of our conversation; in the course of which she expressed her apprehension, that there were probably more ladies whom I was fond of in other places.—Oh! what is life without love? said I; to be sure I must have a mistress at every place I go to; half a *dozen* at Oxford, you may suppose. She affected a sort of laugh at the humour of my descriptions, and I imagined took it, as I designed it, merely as unmeaning chit-chat. But, my favourite girl, continued I, is a —shire lass, the very picture of yourself, a tall, brown beauty, and the best-tempered creature in the world. O! how happy shall I be next Thursday night?

Nothing can equal my astonishment at what now

happened. Whilst I was running on in this coxcomical strain, I found her sunk back in her chair, pale as death, without breath or motion, or the least appearance of life. I was shocked, and distressed to the last degree how to proceed. I could not bring myself to alarm the family, and yet had the most terrible apprehensions of what might be the event of this affair.

There was a decanter of water stood on the table, some of which I sprinkled in her face; and, having some spirit of lavender in my pocket, I rubbed her temples with that, and applied some to her nostrils; which, after a few minutes, very happily brought her to herself again.

I cursed my own folly, and assured her, that what I had said was a mere jest; and that there was not a girl in the world for whom I had the least fondness, but herself.

This proof of Miss Woodville's affection for me, you may be sure, endeared her to me extremely; and I parted from her the next morning with the greatest reluctance.

CHAPTER VII.

The story continued.

I HAD proposed being out a month on my journey; but my eager desire to see my fair villager made me shorten my absence, and I returned in less than three weeks.

As I had written to Mr. Woodville, and given him notice of my intention, I found every thing in

great order for my reception ; but was disappointed in not finding Charlotte Woodville ready to welcome me on my arrival. The rest of the family were sitting in their usual apartment. After making my compliments to them, I *affected* to look round, and inquired if some part of the family were not wanting. Mr. Woodville looked down with some confusion ; but Mrs. Woodville, affecting a smile, answered, that their daughter Charlotte was gone to school again for a little time : that, as she discovered a tolerable hand at her needle, they were willing to improve her as much as possible. She will be at home again in the evening, continued she, and then turned the discourse.

I immediately suspected there was some mystery in this, as I had often heard her extolled for her extraordinary skill in needle-work ; and was convinced she could not learn much at the place they mentioned, which was at the next village, whither I found she was forced to walk every morning, and return in the evening. Besides, I knew it must be a great mortification to a girl of Charlotte's spirit (who was near fifteen, and very tall of her age), to be sent to such a paltry school, amongst a parcel of children.

I waited with great impatience for the evening, and Charlotte Woodville's return. At last I heard her voice in the next room, which was music to my ears. I immediately ran towards the door, where I could hear every thing that passed. Poor Charlotte, seeing some unusual preparations for supper, inquired into the occasion of them. Oh ! says the step-mother, I suppose you can give a shrewd guess. It is for you and your gentleman, I suppose, after we are *in bed*. This spiteful speech of the old lady let me a little into the secret, and

soon convinced me that our intimacy was discovered.

As I had imagined, therefore, I should have no other opportunity of seeing or speaking to her that evening, I immediately went out into the room where the family was, under pretence of inquiring how long it was to supper. The moment Charlotte saw me, a blush overspread her cheeks, which was succeeded by a total want of colour. She just courtesied, and welcomed me home; when she was dispatched by the old lady, upon some frivolous pretence or other, into another room; and I saw her no more that evening.

The next morning, however, we found an opportunity of being alone together for a few minutes; when Miss Charlotte informed me of the true situation of our affairs. She said, that her sister, having some suspicion of my affection for her, had feigned herself asleep the night when she came down to me, and had discovered it to her father and mother; that her father had given her a very serious lecture upon the occasion; but that her mother-in-law had been outrageous about it; had talked at first of desiring me to quit my lodgings immediately, to which her father would not consent, he having expressed a great opinion of my honour, and of my innocent intentions. In short, that at last they had come to a determination to send her out to school for the present, till they could think of some other way of disposing of her.

Any one might imagine from this, that Mrs. Woodville was a very careful step-mother, and had the true interest of her husband's children greatly at heart. But the reverse of this was really the case. She was what might be called, on the whole; a good sort of woman; but in all second marriages, if there are children on both sides, there must necessarily be

separate interests; and a woman who had changed her state with that view, could not be much blamed for consulting chiefly the good of her own offspring. But, in order to do that effectually, another point must be secured; I mean an absolute sovereignty over her husband's affections; which Mrs. Woodville seemed to have gained, and of which she was excessively jealous. As Charlotte Woodville then was deservedly a favourite with her father, no wonder that the mother-in-law took every opportunity of lessening her in his esteem, and even desired to wean his affection from the darling of his age. She was pleased, therefore, with this instance of her indiscretion, which she aggravated to the highest degree. She said it confirmed what she had often insinuated to him, that Charlotte was a proud and forward hussy; and insulted him with the prudent behaviour of her elder sister, who, for an obvious reason, had never been guilty of any thing of this kind. Mrs. Woodville had really no more regard for the elder daughter than the other; but as Miss Betsy's unhappy temper made her no great favourite with the rest of the family, Mrs. Woodville, by a very slender show of kindness, had bribed her to her interest, and employed her as a sort of spy upon her sister; which office she executed with an ill-natured fidelity, not scrupling sometimes to exceed the bounds of veracity, in order to ingratiate herself with her constituent.

For old Mrs. Woodville not only considered her daughter Charlotte as a rival in her husband's affections, but also envied her the probability of so advantageous a match as mine was considered to be, and could not bear the thoughts of her being treated by me with such distinction. She, therefore, took every opportunity of mortifying her; and, in order to lessen her consequence in my eyes, put

her upon any servile employment in the family for which she could find a decent excuse. In short, though she contrived to make poor Charlotte's situation (and mine upon her account) as disagreeable as an excessive spleen, joined with absolute power, could do, yet her behaviour had a contrary effect from what she expected, and only the more endeared to me the innocent object of her persecution.

Accordingly, I found my passion for this young creature daily increase; and we continued our intimacy for some time. I had, indeed, indulged my fondness the more freely, as I fancied myself entirely retired from, and unnoticed by, the world; but in this I was greatly mistaken.

CHAPTER VIII.

The story continued.

It is more difficult for a man to live *incognito* in a country village than in the most populous city. The very precautions that he takes to conceal himself alarm the curiosity of the neighbourhood; and as, in a retired place, small matters serve for amusement, the most trifling incidents soon become the subject of general conversation.

As my regard for Miss Woodville was now no longer a secret in the family, it soon spread through the neighbourhood; and by some means or other the news had been conveyed to my friends in the university. Accordingly, the next time I went thither, I was attacked on all sides, and rallied with great freedom, upon the subject of my amour; nay, one of my more intimate friends, when we were

alone together, took upon him, with great seriousness, to expostulate with me about the imprudence of it. He represented the ill consequences of such early engagements, and the inconveniences of settling in life without a proper competency, in such glowing colours, and set the cruelty of involving a young girl that I had an affection for, in the distress of narrow circumstances, in so strong a light; and, in short, he harangued upon these topics so long, that at last I told him, I was resolved to break off all correspondence with her; and, in order to that, to quit my situation in Buckinghamshire as soon as I conveniently could.—Well, then, says my friend, taking me at my word, I will ride over, and settle your affairs there to-morrow morning, and make some excuse for your sudden decampment. Here I found my resolution begin to stagger. Charlotte had taken such possession of my heart, that I could not bear the thoughts of being banished from her for ever. I hastily interrupted my officious counsellor, and told him that my affairs were in such a situation there, that I must necessarily go over, *once more* myself; but, however, that I would, if possible, take some opportunity of breaking off my imprudent engagement. He flew into a violent passion, and immediately gave me up for lost. Then, says he, will this little slut, with one false tear [*una falsa lacrymala quam vix vi expresserit*], undo all that I have been labouring; and, having said this, he left me with an emphatical shake of the head, and a smile, which expressed both indignation and contempt.

However, I returned into Buckinghamshire the next day, full of philosophical reflections, and absolutely determined, as I flattered myself, to regulate with prudence at least, if not to put an end to, this imprudent amour. But it is very difficult to know one's own heart; and, whenever reason pre-

vails over passion, it is more frequently, I believe, to be attributed to the weakness of the one, than to the strength of the other. The moment I saw Miss Woodville, I found my resolution begin to fail me; and though I was weak enough to inform her of what had passed at Oxford, and even of the design I had formed of leaving her for some time, till I had finished my studies, and was in such circumstances as might make it more prudent for us to come together, yet I found my project so inconsistent with the present situation of my heart, and the professions I had hitherto made, that I was heartily ashamed of the figure I must make in this young creature's eyes: and, as an unsuccessful rebellion strengthens the hands of the government, so this temporary defection from my duty helped to rivet my chains; and our interview ended, on my part, with more earnest protestations of future fidelity, and a solemn promise never to forsake her.

CHAPTER IX.

The story continued.

THOUGH Miss Woodville and I behaved with great caution and reserve to each other in the family, so as not to give Mrs. Woodville an opportunity of any open expostulation with us upon the subject; yet she was so provoked at the success (as she esteemed it) of her daughter-in-law's charms, that with pretended concern for her daughter's reputation, she privately insisted upon Mr. Woodville's talking to me upon it, and bringing me to an explanation,

He took an occasion one day when I was alone with him, to ask me, with great good-nature, what my friends would say to my love-affair? and added, that as he could not give his daughter any considerable fortune, it must be an imprudent match for me, and that she would probably be happier with one in her own station; and therefore he begged I would not trifle with so young a girl, nor perplex her with fruitless expectations.

I replied, that though I was certain I could not be happy without her, yet I was certain, that as I had only a younger brother's fortune, I must make both myself and Miss Woodville unhappy, if we should marry before I was settled in any profession; that, however, as I had a very honourable passion and sincere regard for her, I hoped he would not be uneasy at my continuing the present correspondence with her, till something should happen in my favour, or that I was settled in some way of increasing my fortune; and that then I should prefer his daughter to all the women in the world.

As Mr. Woodville was a good-natured, easy man, and I believe had forced himself to make this remonstrance only in compliance with his wife, he was soon answered; and our conversation ended without any peremptory stipulation as to my future behaviour to Charlotte Woodville. Accordingly, we took every opportunity of being alone together, as usual, which so much increased Mrs. Woodville's animosity against us both, that I soon found it would be impossible for Charlotte to continue long under the same roof with her step-mother.

Besides, though Miss Woodville had something naturally polite and genteel in her manner, yet I thought it would be highly necessary for her to receive some better instructions in the common ac-

complishments of the sex, than were to be met with in that very retired situation. After consulting her, therefore, though I found her delicacy a little shocked at the thoughts of being obliged to me for any part of her education ; yet, upon setting the affair in a proper light, and representing to her, how unlikely it was that her step-mother would suffer her father to be at any extraordinary expense, with a view to forward a match which she seemed so much averse to, Miss Woodville at last submitted to the necessity ; and, with her permission, I at first proposed to her father, to send her to a boarding-school, at a large country town, some distance from home : but, after reflecting that London was the fountain-head of politeness, and that she would be there further removed from the speculation of her impertinent neighbours, I determined, with his approbation, to send her thither. He said, that for his part he had an entire confidence in my honourable intentions, and should not scruple to trust his daughter wholly to my care. But, says he, the world will be apt to censure both your conduct and mine, if I suffer her to go from home before I have some security for your marrying her. Besides, continued he, I am certain my wife will not consent to her daughter's taking such an imprudent step upon any other conditions. In this, however, Mr. Woodville was mistaken. It had always been his wife's policy, to work her own children as much as possible into her husband's favour ; and, in order to that, she was continually filling his head with comparisons between their behaviour and that of his own children, which were always injurious to the latter, and had a particular pique, as I have observed, against his daughter Charlotte, as her rival in Mr. Woodville's affections. She, therefore, was not at all displeased with the prospect of getting rid of so dangerous a

competitor, by her engaging in an adventure of this kind, which she foresaw would probably bring some reflections on her prudence at least, if not entirely ruin her reputation: for that reason, therefore, as also because she found it in vain to oppose an affair in which she saw me now so seriously embarked, she on a sudden altered her behaviour, both to me and to her daughter-in-law.

As to my marrying Miss Woodville immediately, I told her father, that, as I was fellow of a college, though we did not absolutely forswear matrimony, as was a vulgar opinion, when we accepted of a fellowship, yet that a forfeiture of the preferment was the penalty annexed; which I must necessarily submit to, as soon as my marriage became public. As I had therefore some particularly prudential reasons for continuing at college for some time longer, I desired him to dispense with our performing the ceremony; and I would give him any security he should require for fulfilling my engagements as soon as we arrived in London. As he was of an honourable temper himself, he was not apt to be suspicious of others; but, however, could not be brought to acquiesce in such an ambiguous declaration.

CHAPTER X.

The story continued.

ABOUT this time we had an invitation from Mr. Woodville's brother, who farmed a little estate of his own, at a few miles distance, to spend the day with him. The house he lived in was situated in the midst of woods, in a very solitary part of the country. It was a large old mansion-house, and had a

chapel contiguous to it, in which service was performed once a month. As Mrs. Woodville was now upon better terms with me and her daughter, she graciously condescended to accompany us in this little expedition. As the road lay through two or three villages where we were known, this caused some speculation ; and it was generally believed in the neighbourhood, that we went thither to be married ; and whether Mrs. Woodville endeavoured to persuade her husband that we really were so, in order to facilitate our removal, or whatever else was the cause, soon after this, I found him disposed to consent to his daughter's going with me to London.

Accordingly, after a few days' preparation, but without any previous provision for lodgings, or for a place of education to settle my charge in (for I had no friend in town to whom I could communicate a scheme of this kind), I sent to a large town at some distance from Mr. Woodville's, and took places in the stage-coach, which set out every day from thence to London.

As poor Charlotte had never been two days together from her father before, who was excessively fond of her, and also in a precarious state of health from very frequent returns of the gout, the parting between them was very affecting ; and I believe there was not a servant, or any one of the family, that did not shed tears at her departure : even Mrs. Woodville herself behaved with a very decent dissimulation.

Mr. Rivers was going on with his story, when the servant let them know that supper was upon the table. Mrs. Rivers had furnished out a plain, but elegant supper ; and Wildgoose, being happy in the company and friendly conversation of an old ac-

quaintance, forgot a little his usual austerity, and seemed to enjoy himself like a man of this world.

After supper, however, upon Mr. Rivers's drinking a health to his *friends* in Gloucestershire, Wildgoose, fetching a deep sigh, Ah! says he, the friendship of this world is enmity with God.—Well, my good friend, says Rivers, not to dispute the propriety of your application, I hope you do not think natural affection, or the regard which one feels for one's relations, is sinful. For my part, I am so far of a different opinion, continued Rivers, that however unsociable I may appear, or however I may renounce the common friendship, or rather impertinence of the world, yet I think the chief happiness of this life was intended by Providence to arise from the exercise of the social affections. In this our present limited state, indeed, it must necessarily be confined within narrow bounds. The pride, malice, and perverseness of too great a part of mankind, arising from the opposition of their several interests, may make it prudent to restrain our connections to a few friends, and almost within one's own family: yet hereafter our benevolence, and consequently our happiness, will be greatly enlarged: and the whole universe will probably converse with the same mutual love and harmony as a single family.

Wildgoose was going to reply, when a little boy, about five years old, with the face of a cherubim, ran into the room, and, leaping up into Mrs. Rivers's lap, ran his head into her bosom, by way of asking *her* blessing. She looked down upon him with inexpressible sweetness, and the air of a Madonna by Raphael or Corregio; and, having squeezed him to her breast, dismissed him with a thousand kisses. Wildgoose smiled, and owned, that was an

unanswerable proof of the happiness arising from natural affection. And Mrs. Rivers retiring soon after, Mr. Rivers proceeded with his story.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Rivers continues his story.

UPON our setting out, as I told you, Mr. Woodville sent a trusty domestic with us, to meet the coach at ———, where we lay the first night at an inn which the family always made use of. I committed my charge to the care of the mistress of the house, who, being a widow woman, let Charlotte sleep in her own chamber, and in the morning saw her safe in the stage-coach. I need not trouble you with the particulars of our journey; but suppose us arrived in town about the dusk of the evening, and set down at the Bolt-and-Tun in Fleet-street. Whoever has seen that ancient gloomy hotel (which, however, may have been a magnificent palace before the Reformation), will easily imagine with what horror it must strike a young person who was never before from her father's house in the country. We were taken by a tall masculine creature in petticoats, into a dark back parlour, with one window in it; which, instead of green fields and blooming hedge-rows, which she had been always used to, had no other prospect but into a dusky court, just large enough to contain an old bottle-rack, which faced the window, and bounded our view.

The moment we came into this apartment, O, heavens! cries Miss Woodville, is this London? Well, Mr. Rivers, I am entirely under your protection. O, my poor father! and almost fainted

away in my arms. I endeavoured to soothe her, by assuring her she should stay but one night in that house; and that the next morning I would look out for some agreeable lodgings; and that she would soon have a different opinion of that grand metropolis.

We were now interrupted by the entrance of a drawer, to know if we called. He surveyed us both with some accuracy; and immediately sent in the chamber-maid, to ask if we must have separate beds. As soon as I had answered her in the affirmative, in comes the mistress of the house; and, after viewing Miss Woodville with an affected indifference, desired to know what we would have for supper. In short, I now began to reflect, which I had hardly suffered myself to do before, in what light the dear object of my sincerest affection must necessarily appear, and was not a little shocked at the reflection. However, I again requested the mistress of the house to get the young lady a safe bed-chamber, which she did in a closet within her own apartment.

The next morning, as soon as we had breakfasted. I sallied forth in quest of lodgings. The most retired part of the town that first occurred to me, was St. Martin's-lane, where, upon the pavement, I saw a bill up, with a second floor to be let. Upon my rapping at the door, there came out a small middle-aged woman, with a tolerable aspect, who, upon my mentioning my business, entered at once into my schemes, and with apparent benevolence, and great volubility of tongue, told me she had lately had a clergyman's wife, out of ——— shire, in just the same circumstances which I had mentioned, and who loved her as if she had been her own mother: that she had two daughters of her own, who would be good companions for the young lady, and went to a dancing-school in the neighbourhood, which would answer my purpose.

In short, we soon came to terms for lodging and boarding ; and I brought Miss Woodville thither before dinner, who appeared much pleased with the cheerfulness of the apartment, and I did not doubt but she would be here very agreeably situated.

CHAPTER XII.

The story continued.

WELL, I had now this young creature entirely in my power, and you might imagine that nothing was wanting to complete my happiness : but, alas ! I was conscious to myself that all was not right ; and was greatly at a loss how to proceed. There was evidently but one path which I could honourably pursue, and that appeared, upon a superficial view, incompatible with prudence. I had no friend in town that I could consult upon this occasion ; nor, indeed, did I care to communicate an affair of this kind to any of my acquaintance.

The next morning, happening to stroll into the Park, by a great accident, or rather by the particular care of Providence (for upon this incident, in a great measure, depended the future ease and comfort of my life), I met an old friend, whom I had not seen for many years. Mr. Hammond (which was his name) inquired what brought me to town ; to which I made him some evasive answer. But, during our walk, as I knew him to be a man of uncommon sense, a great knowledge of the world, and also of impenetrable secrecy, I soon determined to make him a confidant. I desired him, therefore, to drink tea with me at my lodgings that very afternoon, which he complied with ; and as soon as he

came, I opened to him my adventure, and prepared him for the appearance of Miss Woodville.

As he knew I was a fellow of a college, and had only a younger brother's fortune; and that such a scheme must be in every light highly imprudent, he began, with great earnestness, to conjure me by all means to put an end to it, begging me to reflect what a concern it would be to my relations, and how probably terminate in my own infelicity. I granted all he suggested; but desired him to consider how far the affair had proceeded: that I had brought a young creature from her friends and from her father, who either believed that we were really married, or at least depended upon my honour to make her my wife.

Miss Woodville now made her appearance, and I observed Mr. Hammond seemed vastly struck with her person and figure. However, he spoke very little, but seemed entirely wrapped in thought the whole time she was in the room. When she had made tea for us, and was again retired, Mr. Hammond made some short encomiums upon her sweet appearance, her easy and unaffected behaviour, which was so natural to her; then took his leave, and said he would call upon me again the next day.

When he came, after some little pause, Mr. Rivers, says he, I have been considering your affair with great deliberation, and though I could have wished you had not engaged in it at all, yet, as things are circumstanced, and as I do not doubt but you really intend to marry Miss Woodville, I do not see how you can possibly avoid the performing your engagements immediately.

Though this was what I earnestly wished, and was sensible it was what I ought in honour to do, yet I own the thoughts of resigning my little preferment, and embarking in the wide world with so

young a consort, a little embarrassed me ; yet, now I had so prudent and faithful a pilot to direct me, I was glad not to defer my happiness any longer : and he telling me, that he knew a person who was curate in a remote part of the city, and who would perform the ceremony with great secrecy, we determined, with Miss Woodville's leave, to have it done as soon as possible.

Though poor Charlotte had consented, under the sanction of her father's approbation, to put herself entirely under my protection ; yet I could not but observe, by an air of dissatisfaction, and several hints that dropped from her, that she was very uneasy in her present situation. You must suppose, therefore, that in such circumstances she could make no objection to my proposal. After some decent scruples, then, she consented to my request, to complete my felicity the very next morning ; which was accordingly put in execution : and, it being necessary to acquaint the people of the house with the alteration of our condition, I ordered a handsome dinner, and invited them to a participation : though, by their behaviour afterwards, they affected to believe this no more than a sham wedding ; at least they treated Mrs. Rivers as if they considered her in no very honourable light.

CHAPTER XIII.

The story continued.

AFTER staying a week in town, completely happy in the possession of all that was dear to me, I was obliged to leave my wife, and go down to Oxford.

Whether Mr. Hammond considered me in the

character of a Spanish husband, or whatever was his motive, he did not offer, nor did I think of asking him, to visit Mrs. Rivers in my absence ; nor did I acquaint her where he lodged, or give her, as I ought to have done, any direction where to find him, in case of any emergency. Such a precaution, however (as it proved), would have been no more than necessary. I had often been in London before for some months together, and fancied I knew the town tolerably well ; but I had no suspicion that about one house in ten, near that part of it, was inhabited by people of none, or rather of abandoned principles.

I had not been ten days in the country before I received a most terrible letter from my wife, informing me, that she was in very bad hands ; and conjuring me to come up to town immediately. I set out, with post-horses, the very next morning, and arrived at her lodgings early in the evening. The woman of the house came to the door ; and, upon my inquiry for Mrs. Rivers, Why, says she, your lady is gone to bed already. Poor creature, continued she, she is very whimsical, and fancies she is not well. As I knew how healthy Charlotte had always been, I was greatly alarmed. I flew up to her chamber ; and, to my great concern, found her in a high fever. Upon inquiring into the cause of her illness, I found it to be as follows.

There lodged in the same house a young gentleman, of a very sober, modest appearance, with whom we spent one or two evenings before I went into the country. He told me he had commanded a man of war in the Mediterranean ; and I believe, by several circumstances, that this account of himself was true. Soon after I was gone down, the woman of the house came to Mrs. Rivers, and, after

some general insinuations, told her, that this Oxford scholar who had brought her to town, would leave her there, and never return any more; that it was a common trick among them; and that she would advise her to make herself as easy as she could. Mrs. Rivers, you may be sure, was greatly startled; but her youth and inexperience was, in this case, her consolation: for it could not enter into her imagination, that there was any one in the world so base, or that what this woman told her was true. She proceeded, however, by degrees, to assure my wife, that the young captain was violently in love with her; and, if she would consent to live with him, he would keep her a maid and a footman, buy her much richer clothes, and, in short, take much better care of her than ever I had done; and a great deal more to the same purpose.

The captain himself had frequent opportunities given him of being in company with Mrs. Rivers; but, as he always behaved with great modesty and politeness, she was not very uneasy at what the good woman had said to her.

One evening, however, the captain came in to them, and, pretending some particular occasion of rejoicing, said he would treat them with a bowl of arrack punch. At this the landlady of the house affected to be (and probably was) greatly rejoiced, promised how merry they would be, and talked with great glee of the approaching evening.

Mrs. Rivers had no suspicion of any design; but was not much disposed to be cheerful, as she began to have a very bad opinion of her company, and of course to be impatient for my return.

The glass went merrily round, with my landlady, her daughters, and two or three neighbours of her own stamp, whom she had invited to partake of their jollity. Mrs. Rivers could hardly be prevailed

upon to swallow one or two half glasses: but whether it was owing to her not being used to any thing strong, or whether they had contrived to convey any thing intoxicating into her glass, she soon found her head begin to grow giddy; so, without taking leave of her company, she slipped out of the room, and retired to her own apartment. Being apprehensive that they might pursue her, she locked her door; and observing that the bed ran upon castors, she exerted her strength, and placed that against it. She had hardly taken this precaution, when she heard the whole company, like Comus and his Bacchanals, come laughing and shouting, rather than singing, up the stairs, and protesting that they would pluck her out of bed. She was not undressed; but the timidity of her sex, and the particular cause she had to be apprehensive in her situation, almost threw her into hysterics, especially when she heard them thundering at the door, and declaring they would break it open. But her greatest danger was from the abandoned part of her own sex; for when the captain perceived, from the tone of her voice, and other circumstances, the excessive fright she was in, he very honourably forced them to desist from their frolic, as mine hostess affected afterwards to call it.

Mrs. Rivers was so much alarmed, that she could not close her eyes the whole night; which, together with the pernicious liquor they had forced upon her, made her very ill all the next day.

On Sunday, which was the day following, she was a little recovered; and the two girls, towards the evening, made her take a walk with them into the Park; where she had never been but once before, with me and Mr. Hammond.

After walking once round, they came to the canal, and stood some time to observe several peo-

ple who were feeding the ducks there. This rural amusement attracted Mrs. Rivers's attention, and, by recalling to her mind the ease and happiness of her life in the country, soothed her melancholy, and she stood fixed in a sort of reverie; but, on a sudden looking round, she missed her companions, and with great terror and surprise found herself amongst a crowd of strangers. I do not believe she knew so much as the name of the street where she lodged, nor one step of the way that led towards it. She looked wildly round on every side, and her apprehension almost took away her senses; but, in the midst of her distress, she saw a gentleman come bowing and smiling up towards her; and who should this be but the captain! His first appearance, you may suppose, gave her some comfort in her distress; but it immediately occurred to her, that this was a premeditated contrivance between him and the people of the house. The captain conducted her towards the bird-cage walk, and began to inquire seriously into the truth of her story, and whether she was really married to me or not. She told him so many particular circumstances, and with an air of so much simplicity, that he seemed convinced of her sincerity. He then brought her towards the gate at Spring-gardens, which, to Mrs. Rivers's great terror, they found to be shut. The captain, however, led her through at the Horse-guards, conducted her safe home, and never tendered her any gallantries afterwards.

These several frights and alarms, however, worked so much upon Mrs. Rivers's sensibility, that they brought a return of her indisposition; and she, the next day, wrote the letter which hurried me to town.

I found her in a high fever, as I have related; but the calmness which my return brought to her

spirits, and the excellence of her constitution, soon restored her to her usual health ; and, after a little fruitless expostulation with the good lady of the house, we immediately shifted our quarters.

I had now fixed upon an elegant lodging, in a neat court, near—— square ; which I was not the less pleased with, when I found the people of the house were rigid dissenters : for, though the characters and conduct of the people have seldom much connection with their religious systems, yet as most of those that dissent from the established church are supposed to do it upon principle, they have an additional check upon their behaviour, that they may not discredit the sect to which they belong ; and, as their teachers usually take more particular care of them on that account, they have generally more appearance of religion amongst them than the common people who call themselves of the established church.

Ah ! says Wildgoose, with a sigh, it is of little consequence what church, or what sect we belong to, if we want a true vital faith, and are not born again of the Spirit.

Well, sir, continued Mr. Rivers, I staid a week with my wife at her new lodging, when I was again obliged to go into the country ; but though the family she was now in had a very sober appearance, yet, as she had had such bad luck before, I was determined at my return to fix her as a parlour boarder in a genteel school, not far from the square, whither she now went every day, for the sake of improving herself under the several masters that attended there : and I had also given her directions where to apply to Mr. Hammond, in case of any disagreeable contingency.

I had not been a fortnight in the country before I received a letter, to my no small surprise, that she

had been again obliged to quit her lodgings, after being again greatly alarmed, though she did not mention the particulars. When I came to town I found, to my astonishment, the case to be as follows.

The mistress of the house went very regularly every Sabbath-day to the meeting. She had not been gone long, the Sunday after I left them, when Mrs. Rivers rang the bell for the maid, to assist her in altering her dress. After waiting a few minutes, she heard her, as she thought, come tripping up the stairs; but, to her great amazement, the moment she entered the door, in came the master of the house. He was a little, middle-aged man, of a Jewish complexion, with one leg considerably shorter than the other; and being of a dirty, though one of the genteeler kind of mechanic trades, gave one no bad idea of the poetical Vulcan. His wife, however, being no Venus (like that of the Lemnian god), he was greatly inclined to violate the matrimonial contract.

He told Mrs. Rivers, then, that he had a very good hand at lacing stays; and, seeing her without a handkerchief, he offered to take great liberties. She was more provoked than terrified at this despicable gallant; and, bursting from him, ran immediately to the sash, and called out to one Mrs. Thomas, (a woman of good family, but small fortune), who lodged upon the first floor across the court, and who, seeing so agreeable a young person left in such indifferent hands, had contrived to get acquainted with her the day after I left her. This spirited proceeding in Mrs. Rivers soon put to flight her limping lover; and, upon telling the affair to Mrs. Thomas, she assisted her in packing up her things, slipped out, and called a coach; and conveyed her immediately to the boarding-school which I had fixed upon before I went down.

Upon my expostulating with her gallant upon this affair, he said, that happening to go by the dining-room as Mrs. Rivers was dressing, he owned it was a great temptation ; and, if *God had not given him grace*, confessed he might have yielded to the force of it ; but vowed he had not offered the least incivility. As this wretch was beneath my resentment, and I was desirous of causing as little speculation as possible, I thought it best to pocket the insult, as well as the money, which he voluntarily returned, having a little unconscionably extorted it, for the ensuing week's lodging, though Mrs. Rivers was obliged to quit it on account of his ill usage.

You may be apt to wonder what there could be in Mrs. Rivers's person or behaviour, that could expose her to so many insults of this kind. You may guess, by what you now see of her, that she must have been a very desirable object, in the bloom of fifteen ; which received no small addition by a very cheerful, though innocent behaviour. But I believe it was chiefly owing to the light she must appear in, as my peculiar situation in life required me to affect a privacy ; and her prudence and knowledge of my fortune would not permit me to keep her a servant : so that these low people, presuming upon the criminal appearance of our connection, made those attempts, which they would probably have been afraid to have done upon a more favourable supposition.

CHAPTER XIV.

The story continued.

MRS. RIVERS was now settled in a tolerably agreeable family, where she had an opportunity of improving herself in every polite accomplishment from the best masters, under whose care, in a very short time, she made an incredible progress: and having now equipped herself in a more fashionable manner, and being somewhat improved in her carriage (though she wanted but little addition to her natural gracefulness), she attracted great regard wherever she made her appearance. If she happened to walk the streets, no one passed by her without particular notice; and every young fellow thought her an object worth a second view, and generally pursued her with his eyes till she was out of sight.

Upon her appearing once or twice in the side-boxes, she had several glasses levelled at her from different parts of the theatre; and though two or three fashionable ladies of quality endeavoured to stare her out of countenance, as one *that nobody knew*, yet her conscious innocence, and her natural good sense, which immediately penetrated through the frippery of the milliner, and the tinsel of dress, and saw nothing in those insolent fair ones which gave them any real superiority over herself, prevented her discovering any *mauvaise honte*, or rustic bashfulness: and she was distinguished by nothing but by her attention to the interesting scenes on the stage, from one that had been all her lifetime in public places.

I cannot forbear mentioning an odd kind of distress, which was occasioned by her appearing once

in an improper part of the theatre. She went, with the rest of the young ladies, to their dancing-master's benefit, who was very eminent in his way, and the chief dancer on the stage at Drury-lane. Having a very full house, he was obliged to place his scholars in one of the balconies, which, you know, on common nights, are generally occupied by kept mistresses, and people of dubious characters. Her striking figure immediately drew the eyes of all the gentlemen in the pit. Amongst the rest a young man of fortune, one Mr. Fitz-Thomas, whose seat was in her father's neighbourhood in the country, and who had frequently dined with me at his house, immediately knew her; and, as he had heard of her leaving the country with me, and was sensible that those sort of elopements too frequently ended in the ruin of such young creatures, it immediately occurred to him, that this was the case with poor Miss Woodville, especially when he saw her in that ignominious part of the play-house. He was a man of uncommon humanity, and began to be excessively concerned, on account of the worthy man her father, and the rest of the family. However, that he might not too rashly take up with such a surmise, he resolved to go round and speak to her; when he was agreeably undeceived, and found, to his great satisfaction, the true cause of her improper situation.

Ah! says Wildgoose, with a sigh, I cannot but think every situation *improper* in that temple of Satan, the play-house: but please to proceed with your story.

Well, continued Mr. Rivers, you will think I dwell too much upon Mrs. Rivers's personal charms. But, matrimony being usually considered as making a purchase at the expense of our liberty, nothing is

more natural than the pride we take in finding our choice approved by the suffrages of the world. I will only trouble you with one instance more.

There was a lady, who had a little daughter in the school, and who was herself a parlour-boarder in the absence of her husband. She and one of the teachers (I know not with what view) dressed themselves out one day, and took Mrs. Rivers to the Chapel-Royal at St. James's, where, they assured me, a young hero of the highest rank eyed her with his glass the whole time : and, upon their meeting with some difficulty in getting to their chairs, an officer in his regimentals, under pretence of extricating them, inquired very minutely in what part of the town they lodged ; in which this lady fancied he had some mysterious view. But, as she was a woman of intrigue herself, she was apt to suspect some deep design in the most indifferent transactions.

The character and behaviour of this lady, indeed, whose name was Mrs. Birdlime, rendered Mrs. Rivers's situation far less agreeable than it would have been, and was one cause of my removing her sooner than, perhaps, I should otherwise have done. Mrs. Birdlime, as I told you, was a parlour boarder ; and, as it is usual in that situation to find their own wine, &c. and this lady was very fond of her bottle, she was teasing Mrs. Rivers every evening to join with her for a bottle of port, or a bowl of punch ; and because she had not politeness enough to trifle away her money for what was disgusting to her, Mrs. Birdlime had often reproached her with her *low birth*, and country education.

I had an opportunity one afternoon of drinking tea with this *high-bred* lady ; and, after being informed that she was an Oxford woman, and having studied her features with some attention, I soon discovered her to be our old toast, Sally Burrage, an

inn-keeper's daughter, who had so long powdered her red locks, and prostituted her face to her father's customers ; and, by a judicious mixture of freedom and reserve, had drawn in a genteel young fellow, with a pretty fortune, to marry her ; who, partly with a view of improving his income, and partly, perhaps, of being more frequently absent from his doxy, had purchased a commission in a marching regiment, and was now recruiting in the north. Mrs. Birdlime, however, contrived to console herself, in her occasional widowhood, sometimes with a cheerful bowl, and sometimes, I am afraid, with less innocent amusements, if one might judge by her conversation and appearance. In short, though I found Mrs. Rivers had, at present, almost an aversion to this woman and her way of life, yet as it is very unsafe for the best-disposed young persons to be too familiar with vice, I was determined to remove her from hence as soon as possible.

Upon my mentioning this to the governess, who was a very genteel woman, though elderly and very infirm, she expressed great concern at the thoughts of parting with her ; for she assured me, that since Mrs. Rivers had been with her, she had not had the least care upon her hands, having found her so prudent and faithful, that, young as she was, she had left the chief management of her domestic affairs to her discretion.

This account of my wife's economy gave me as much pleasure as the vast encomiums she bestowed upon her improvement in dancing, music, and the other superficial accomplishments, since I had now no reason to doubt but she would appear to as much advantage in the capacity of a mistress of a family, as she had hitherto done in every other situation.

CHAPTER XV.

The story continued.

Mrs. Rivers had, by this time, been near a twelve-month in town, when I received a message one day from a gentleman of distinction, who was then in London, requesting me to bring *Miss Woodville* to spend the day with his lady. This was one Mr. Wylmot, whose seat in the country was not many miles distant from *Miss Woodville's* father's; and who, though much older than myself, from some accidental circumstances, had honoured me with a particular friendship and esteem. Accordingly I took my wife, in the character of *Miss Woodville*, to dine with them at their lodgings; where she was received with great complacency and politeness.

Upon my being left alone with Mr. Wylmot, after complimenting me upon my good choice, he, in a very friendly manner, inquired, in what manner I intended so settle in the world, if I should marry before I was engaged in some profession, as he apprehended, he said, I should be tempted to do. Upon finding myself thus closely attacked by a man whom I knew to be my friend, and with whom I should have been ashamed to trifle; after some hesitation I told him, that we had been already married for some time; and, what was more, that Mrs. Rivers, I believed, was pregnant. Why then, says he, with some quickness, do you not own your marriage, and resign your fellowship?—I hardly knew what reply to make to this question; but told him, however, that I intended it very soon, as the time allowed by the college was already expired.—Well, says he, I have nothing to do with your conduct in regard to the college, but, for God's sake, do not run

the hazard of exposing yourself to the censure of the world, by keeping your marriage private any longer. Bring Mrs. Rivers immediately into the country, and acknowledge her publicly as your wife.—Observing me struck silent at this proposal, he very generously proceeded: I see, said he, you are under some difficulty what scheme to pursue.—He then told me, that he had such a particular house at my service, and that he would assist me in furnishing it; and that we should not only be welcome to live there till we could determine upon some better situation, but that he should be very happy in having us for his neighbours.

I was quite oppressed with the generosity of Mr. Wylmot's behaviour, not only in offering me so elegant an habitation in so polite a manner, but also his patronage and countenance against the malevolence of the world; for he was a man of such a strict regard to decency, that no one in the neighbourhood would presume to question the rectitude of our conduct, when we were under his protection. I, therefore, gratefully accepted of his proposal; told him I would go to —, and settle my affairs, resign my fellowship, and bring down Mrs. Rivers as soon as possible.—Mr. Wylmot said he should go into the country the next day, and, when we came, would send his chariot to meet the stage-coach, and convey us in a more *decent* manner to the place of our abode.

Upon my communicating my intentions to Mrs. Rivers, she almost shed tears of joy at the thoughts of returning into the country; for, though she patiently acquiesced in continuing so long in town, as she thought it necessary for her improvement, yet she had often sighed to herself, and sent forth ardent wishes to see her father, her friends, and even her native place again, from which she had never before been absent a week together,

As to her father, old Mrs. Woodville, you may suppose, had soon undeceived him with regard to our being married before we left the country ; and had taken occasion from thence to aggravate his favourite daughter's imprudence, in consenting to go off in such a manner with an Oxford scholar. Upon my having visited him, therefore, after I had settled Mrs. Rivers in London, he had discovered a great anxiety on her account, and, with tears in his eyes, desired to know when he should have the pleasure of seeing his daughter again, and when I intended to fulfil my engagements to her. As I found what made him uneasy, I gave him sufficient proofs of my having done it already ; and assured him, that she was my wife, and that he should see her again as soon as was consistent with the end proposed in taking her from home. On his account, therefore, Mrs. Rivers was particularly happy in the thoughts of returning into that part of the country.

After preparing for our journey, and furnishing ourselves with several elegant, though trifling articles of furniture, which are apt to occur to young housekeepers before things of real use or convenience, we set out from London, accompanied also by our good friend Mr. Hammond, and arrived safe at the place where Mr. Wylmot's chariot, with two servants, met us and conveyed us with no small state to his seat. As I was known to be a friend of Mr. Wylmot's, and considered as a young man, who, though of small fortune at present, had considerable expectations, we were received with as much staring and speculation as if we had been people of more consequence. We staid a few days in Mr. Wylmot's house ; and when we were settled in our elegant little mansion, partly out of respect to him, and partly, I suppose, out of curiosity, we received the compliments of the neighbouring gen-

try; and for some time, I believe, were the subject of no small speculation.

CHAPTER XVI.

The story continued.

As every particular of this part of my life is very interesting to me, continued Mr. Rivers, I may probably have been a little tedious in my narration: I will therefore hasten to a conclusion.

As soon as we were a little settled in our place of residence, Mrs. Rivers was impatient to pay her duty to her father, whither Mr. Wylmot sent a servant to attend us. You can more easily conceive than I can describe, the tenderness of a meeting between a parent, who doated upon his daughter, and had some reason to fear the event of the journey she had taken, and a daughter, who had never before been absent from so indulgent a father.

Though Mrs. Rivers was greatly improved since she left the country, both in her carriage, in her manner, and in the delicacy of her complexion; yet her travelling dress a little obscured her appearance the first night. But the next day (being Sunday) when she came down dressed for church, the whole family were struck dumb with admiration. Mrs. Rivers, indeed, wanted no ornaments to set her off, but a full-dress always became her; and she dressed in so good a taste, that it greatly heightened her natural charms.

The fame of Mrs. Rivers's beauty and appearance soon spread amongst the neighbouring villages; and some of the young swains, of the best substance who had formerly looked upon themselves as Miss

Woodville's equals, began now to curse their folly, in suffering such a prize to be carried off by a mere stranger ; nay, some of the most vain and sanguine began to inquire, whether she were yet really married ; boasting that they could yet rescue her from the clutches of such a mere milk-sop, as I found they esteemed me. But these conceited rustics had no conception that the improvements in Mrs. Rivers's mind would have been a greater obstacle to their ambition than those in her mere outward appearance ; for, besides her having read a great deal, and conversed with people above their rank, Mr. Hammond, as well as myself, had taken particular pains to cultivate Mrs. Rivers's understanding ; and by letting her into the real characters of the several persons into whose company she had been introduced, and by giving her a few general maxims for her conduct in life, a girl of her penetration and natural good sense, soon became furnished with a sufficient knowledge of the world : and Mrs. Rivers was as quick-sighted in discovering a fool or a coxcomb, as if she had conversed her whole life with what is called *the best company*.

We spent a few days with Mrs. Rivers's father, in that complete felicity which sincere friends enjoy after a tedious absence. I soon perceived, however, that the pleasure which Mr. Woodville took in his daughter's company, was fatal to Mrs. Woodville's peace of mind ; and that she had been insinuating to her husband, how *proud* his daughter was got ; that she almost disdained to set her foot to the ground ; and that nothing in *their* house seemed good enough for so fine a lady. Though nothing could be further from the truth than this representation, and though Mrs. Rivers behaved with that sweetness and affability, as to gain almost the adoration of the whole family, except her step-

mother, yet I thought it best to shorten our visit ; and we returned to what we at present considered as our home, and where for some time we lived extremely happy.

Mr. Wylmot, indeed, took every opportunity of showing us marks of his esteem, and endeavoured to make every thing as agreeable to us as possible. Mrs. Rivers was invited to partake in every party of pleasure ; and Mr. Wylmot and I went frequently whole mornings a-simpling, which botanical taste was what I alluded to, as the original of our intimacy ; and, in short, Mr. and Mrs. Wylmot did every thing with so much delicacy and politeness, that we were not sensible of any sort of dependance. But yet you may be sure so precarious a situation could not be entirely satisfactory to any man that was not void of all consideration or foresight.

I could not bear to reflect upon the light we must probably appear in to the neighbourhood (who would not long be ignorant of my slender fortune), to the servants, and, perhaps (though I do not know that it was so), to some distant relations of that worthy man : for I have observed, that when a man of fortune has no children (which was the case with Mr. Wylmot), as soon as ever he begins to decline from the meridian of life, he is marked out, by his most remote collateral kindred, as one that exists merely for their emolument ; as a steward who is to manage and improve his fortune for them or their offspring ; that he is generally beset by mercenary people of that kind, to whom he is accountable for every act of friendship or generosity ; and that they often contrive to supplant every one who seems to have the least share in his favour or affection.

But though Mr. Wylmot was continually showing us little marks of his kindness, as has been before mentioned ; yet it was in such instances as were

rather convenient to us, than very expensive to himself; and he had too high a sense of justice to his relations, to suffer his generosity to strangers to be any real prejudice to them.

Another reason for our living less agreeably in this situation was, what, perhaps, you would not have imagined, its not being very distant from Mrs. Rivers's native place: for, though I am convinced no woman of the noblest birth or highest education could behave with more true politeness or propriety (as was acknowledged by every one that visited us when we first came into the country, and whilst they were pleased with the novelty of the affair), yet I soon found that the humble station of some part of her family, and Mrs. Rivers's former situation amongst them, were uppermost in the thoughts of many trifling people of fashion; and that those circumstances were made a pretence, at least, for censuring that behaviour in *her*, which would have been applauded in any other woman. If she dressed genteelly, it was called giving herself airs which did not become *her* of all people; surely a woman of *her* rank had a very good excuse for not following the fashions so very scrupulously. If she happened to omit, or to be mistaken in the minutest particular of ceremony, which was very seldom the case; then, what could be expected from a person of her education? her behaviour shows what she was; one may always distinguish the true gentle-woman in the most trifling particular. In short, as no people are so sensible of any little slights or indignities as those who find themselves sunk, either by misfortune or their own misconduct, below the rank which they were born to (and for that reason people of the best breeding are usually more careful not to omit the usual marks of respect to persons in that situation); perhaps, I was more jealous of my little rights

in this respect than many people would be, and was less happy in my present situation on that account than I should otherwise have been. Notwithstanding my friend's great goodness and generosity, I was determined to get into some more independent state of life as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XVII.

The story continued.

You will be surprised, perhaps, my friend Wildgoose, continued Mr. Rivers, that, after taking my degrees, and residing so many years in the university, and having had what is called a learned education, I had not pursued one of the learned professions, law, physic, or divinity. But, in the first place, in each of those professions, as well as in higher life, "ambition should be made of sterner stuff," as Shakespeare says, than what my constitution consisted of; and I fancied I had substantial arguments against each of them; at least, though I had formerly some inclination to the study of physic, and had made some progress in botany, anatomy, and the other preparatory sciences, yet, by marrying so early in life I had precluded myself (as I imagined) from a sufficient application either to that profession or to the law; for few people will care to trust either their health to a physician, or their fortune to the management of a lawyer, who is not an adept in his profession: and, as to the church, the usual sanctuary of many an idle young fellow, the little progress I afterwards made in divinity, from a wrong plan of study, and an ill-directed application,

discouraged me from engaging in so solemn a profession; for though I might be qualified to *read* a sermon once a week to a country congregation, I think it would be much better for the community, if more persons in such circumstances would descend to a more humble sphere of life, rather than (by intruding into a province for which nature, or at least their education, never intended them) to mislead others, by their blunders and ignorance, in the discharge of that sacred function.

Ah! says Wildgoose, it is neither nature nor education, but grace and the call of the Spirit, that can qualify a man for that sacred function.

Why, that may be true, in some measure, says Rivers. A man should not take upon him that office without some inward call from the Holy Spirit: but the most material part of the ministerial call now-a-days seems to be the outward call to a good living; and, if I had not by this match disobliged my good cousin Mr. Gregory Griskin, whom you have often heard me mention, I should probably have inherited the advowson of which he is now possessed: but as somebody has taken care to misrepresent my wife to him as a very vain extravagant woman, he will neither see me, nor hear any thing in our favour. I have, therefore, now no prospect of any living; and I do not choose to go into orders, to be a curate all my life-time, and work for about fifteen-pence a day, or twenty-five pounds a year.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The story concluded.

WELL, sir, continued Mr. Rivers, whilst I was in this uncertainty, and undetermined what scheme to pursue, I went to spend a day or two with that Mr. Fitz-Thomas, whom I mentioned to you as living in the neighbourhood. I there met another Oxford acquaintance, or rather true friend, who had a good estate in this county where we are now settled. It was Mr. Grandison, whom I believe you remember; a near relation to Sir Charles Grandison, who has since made so great a figure in the world, and little inferior to him in the most shining parts of his character.

Upon talking over my precarious situation with my two friends, Mr. Grandison said, in a jesting manner, that I must go and take his farm, which was then vacant by the death of an old tenant, and was now upon my friend's hands. Mr. Grandison had probably no serious design in this; but, though I was very ignorant of the mystery of modern farming, yet having been so much conversant in the classics, I had conceived a romantic notion of agriculture, with which my taste for botany also had some connection. I was, therefore, agreeably struck with the idea of turning farmer, and began to think seriously of Mr. Grandison's random proposal. In short, upon talking the affair over with him more minutely, I found, that, supposing I should not make the most of things, it would yet be no difficult matter to raise the rent which Mr. Grandison expected from it; and that, with the interest of my fortune, I might live upon it very comfortably: and, when he found I was really inclined to settle in

such a retired way, Mr. Grandison seemed pleased with the thoughts of having a tenant, of whom he could upon occasion make a disinterested companion, in that part of the year which he usually spent in the country.

Not to trouble you with any more uninteresting particulars, after consulting with Mrs. Rivers and Mr. Wylmot, I came down with Mr. Grandison to view the premises, which appearing every way agreeable, he gave me a proper security for an uninterrupted possession of my farm, upon paying the old rent, which was a very moderate one; and we soon after left our elegant modern cabinet in ——— shire, for this Gothic dwelling where you now find us, and where, by the help of an honest old couple, who live in that cottage behind the elms, and take the chief drudgery of managing the farm off our hands, we pass our time in a manner entirely suitable to our love of ease and retirement. The farm more than furnishes us with all the necessities of life; and it is incredible, with Mrs. Rivers's economy, how small an income supplies us plentifully with all the elegancies which temperance and an unexpensive taste requires.

We are happy in a friendly intercourse with the rector of our parish and his lady, who are sensible, worthy people. We are sometimes invited by people of higher rank in the neighbourhood; but as I am convinced, that, as soon as they have satisfied their curiosity, and displayed their magnificence, there is an end of their civility, I give but few of them that satisfaction.

I converse as little with the generality of my brother farmers; yet, though many of them are people of low cunning, and never speak a word, even about the weather, without some artful design: yet I now and then meet with a great deal of good

sense among them, and a plainness and simplicity which is truly valuable wherever it is found.

But my study affords me sufficient relaxation from the business of my farm, which, indeed, employs a considerable part of each day, so that they never hang heavy upon my hands; and I really take as much pleasure in the neatness of my farm, as your grander folks do in their woods and lawns.

Nay, I have reconciled myself even to the dirtiest part of my business, and can discover some sort of beauty in a dunghill; which, by reducing the most worthless things in nature into a useful compost, gives me a pleasure similar to that of an artist, who produces order out of confusion; or even that of a painter, who exhibits a pleasing landscape from contemptible materials, and from the confused jumble of various colours upon his pallet. But I begin to be tedious; and will conclude with the poet's triumphant distich,

I've gain'd the port, and safe at anchor ride;
Farewel, vain hopes!—let others stem the tide.

Mr. Rivers having now brought his narrative to a conclusion; though Wildgoose thought his friend's situation favourable enough to his views of making him a proselyte, and was inclined to give a spiritual turn to the conversation; yet nature now prevailed over grace; and being exhausted with attention, as well as fatigued with his walk, he expressed his drowsiness by a very significant extension of his jaws. Rivers, therefore, waited upon his friend to his apartment, and they retired to rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

Wildgoose questions Rivers on religion.

Pox take you! I wish you were married and settled in the country! says the Duke of Buckingham to a dog that snapped at him as he walked the street. This his Grace considered as the greatest *curse* he could wish to his greatest enemy. Yet there have been people who have found happiness in a country life, and who have thought even matrimony a *blessing*; and poor Rivers was weak enough to rank himself in that number.

Mr. Wildgoose, being waked pretty early by the singing of the birds and the vivacity of his own imagination, was impatient to pursue his journey to Bristol, the place of his destination; and coming down stairs, he found his friend and Mrs. Rivers, with their little family, already assembled in the breakfast-room, into which the sun darted his beams through an eastern window. The neatness of the tea-table, the freshness of Mrs. Rivers's complexion, and the cheerfulness of her countenance, attended by her little Cupids with their rosy cheeks, revived in Wildgoose, for a moment, his social inclinations; and he began to think but meanly of the present vagabond profession in which he had voluntarily engaged, and could not forbear the tribute of a sigh to the absent Miss Townsend.

After breakfast, however, he thought it his duty to put in a word for God, as his usual expression was, and began to examine his old friend about the state of his religion.

I remember, says he, when we were acquainted at college, you were very piously disposed; and,

though God had not then awakened me, I could not but admire those who were more religious than myself.

Why, I do not know, replies Rivers, that I was any better than my neighbours. However, I am indebted to a very good, though perhaps an odd man, for what little notion I then had of religion: my good cousin I mean, Mr. Gregory Griskin, the little fat Staffordshire clergyman, whom you have often heard me mention, and with whom I lived for some time after the death of my father.

My father, though a very learned and studious man, took but little care of our religious education. I had an old aunt, indeed, who lived with us, after the death of my mother, that used to talk to us upon the subject once a week: but she generally came out of her closet on a Sunday night in such a peevish humour as gave us no very amiable idea of devotion; for, if we did but laugh or talk, she would fall into an outrageous passion, and reproach us with minding nothing that was good. We used to read "the Whole Duty of Man" to her [here Wildgoose shook his head with a contemptuous smile]; and I remember her often inculcating to us what some pious author says of temperance in eating and drinking; that the only end of those natural functions is to preserve life, and that it is even unlawful to propose any pleasure in them. So that I found the most temperate meal I had ever made had been highly sinful; for I always found that the satisfying one's hunger, even with bread and cheese, was necessarily attended with pleasure. Hitherto, therefore, the very mention of religion always damped my enjoyment.

But at my uncle Gregory's I was inured to its severities by an agreeable mixture of mortification

and indulgence. There the flesh and spirit seemed to have entered into a very amiable compromise not to invade each other's territories. My cousin Gregory, as no man prayed more, so no man ate better. He was as hearty at his meals as at his devotions. The bell often rang, indeed, three times a day, to summon us to prayers, either in the family, or in the church: but then we immediately adjourned, either to breakfast, to dinner, or to supper; from collects to collations, and from litanies and absolutions to hot rolls in the morning, to tithe-pigs and fat geese at noon, and to raspberries and cream and apple-custards at night; the very recollection of which, at this distance of time, is no unsavoury contemplation.

The good books, however, with which my cousin Gregory supplied me, being better adapted to my taste and to my capacity, gave me the first notions of practical religion; such as, "Bishop Ken's Manual, the Great Importance of a Religious Life, Nelson's Devotions, Burkit," and the like plain and sensible writers.

Yet I cannot but confess, that, after I came to the university, by reading the writings of free-thinkers, and conversing with dissolute people, I became quite a sceptic in religion, and had hardly any settled opinions at all: but, upon having recourse to my Bible (though I found several things there, which, from the nature of those writings, must necessarily be obscure), yet the essential duties of religion are so strongly delineated, that, I am convinced, nothing is wanting, but an humble mind and an honest heart, to make us understand our duty; and the ordinary assistance of God's Spirit, to enable us to practise it.

Wildgoose began to controvert his friend's opi-

nions; but, finding him rather obstinate, was unwilling to push matters too far at present. He began, therefore, to think of proceeding in his travels, and setting out for Bristol, according to his first intentions.

He had addressed himself once or twice to Mrs. Rivers; but Mr. Rivers interposing, my good friend, says he, my wife says her prayers, and takes care of her family, and does all the good in her power amongst her poor neighbours; but women, whose affections are employed upon their children, and their attention taken up with domestic concerns, have not time for these nice speculations, in which I find you have of late been so deeply engaged, and which seem to have taken entire possession of your imagination. We will, therefore, drop the subject, if you please, and take a walk in the garden, or try to catch some fish for our dinner. Wildgoose thanked his old friend; but said, he could not possibly accept of his invitation, as he was determined to get to Bristol that evening. He, therefore, took his leave of Mrs. Rivers; and, with his fellow-traveller Tugwell, set out upon his expedition, Mr. Rivers going with them to direct them into the great road.

CHAPTER XX.

Comforts of matrimony.

MR. Rivers walked a mile or two with his old friend, to direct him, as I observed, into the great road. Wildgoose could not forbear complimenting him

upon the apparent happiness of his situation; and said, he only wanted the one thing needful to complete his felicity.

Mr. Rivers replied, that he flattered himself with the notion of being as happy as any one can be in this world. I consider every man, says he, before marriage, as climbing the hill of life. Every step presents him with some new prospect, and flatters him with the hopes of more complete enjoyment. I am now arrived at the summit of the hill, and, I believe, in possession of all the felicity which this world can afford.

At the same time, I have a clear and distinct view down the whole vale of mortality, and can perceive, that there is nothing very exquisite to be expected from it: but, by making the best of every incident, whether fortunate or otherwise, I think a wise man may make the journey tolerably easy through this life, and must wait with patience for more perfect happiness in the next.

Wildgoose made some objection to the inactivity of such a situation for so young a man. To which Rivers answered, that he saw, indeed, some of his acquaintance rising into bishops, generals, admirals, judges, or eminent physicians; but, says he, they have their reward in the splendour and the applause of the world; I have mine in the ease and tranquillity of my life.

Before they parted, Rivers took the liberty, in his turn, to expostulate with his friend on his present romantic undertaking, and said, that although he did not doubt his intention was good, and that the world stood in need of some reformation, yet he could not think that any private person could be justified in disturbing the peace of society, without some divine commission for that purpose. But rea-

soning with a man under the influence of any passion, is like endeavouring to stop a wild horse, who becomes more violent from being pursued. The two friends, however, took leave with mutual good wishes. Wildgoose said, he should pray for Mr. Rivers's conversion; and Rivers, that it would be a great pleasure to him, to hear that Mr. Wildgoose was returned to his disconsolate mother.



CHAPTER XXI.

Arrive at Bristol.

It was now past the middle of the day, and the weather extremely hot. Tugwell, therefore, interceded with his master, to stop and refresh themselves at a small inn, a few miles short of Bristol; with which request, though impatient to get to his journey's end, Mr. Wildgoose thought it expedient to comply. He took himself a very slight refreshment; but desired Jerry to call for what he chose; which having done, and taken his pipe according to custom, Jerry sat down upon a bench, between a Bath postillion and the tapster, and took a comfortable nap. But Wildgoose soon roused him from his tranquil state, and again set out with hasty strides for the great commercial city of Bristol; which he considered, however, in no other light than as the Capernaum, the present residence of that great apostle, Mr. Whitfield. Here they arrived about six o'clock in the evening.

As soon as they were got through the city gate

into Temple-street, which gives one no very favourable idea of that opulent city, some boys called after Tugwell, who was a few yards behind his master, Ha! Jerry! your humble servant, master Jerry. Before he could express his surprise, another cries out, God ha' mercy Jerry! A third holloos out, Jerry for ever.

As soon as Tugwell could come up to Wildgoose, Odsbobs, cries he, why, master, our name is up; we may lie a-bed; I suppose they have heard of our preaching all over England by this time; the very boys in the street seem to know us, and call us by our names.—Why, replies Wildgoose, I do not suppose it is altogether the fame of our preaching that makes us known here; but I do not doubt that God will send his angel before us, as he did before Mr. Whitfield * in Wales; and wherever we come prepare people for our reception.

Wildgoose was going on in his observations, when Jerry now getting before him, he saw his name, in capital letters, written upon his back, with chalk; which was a piece of wagghery of the tapster's, at their last stage, who, having heard his master call him Jerry, while Tugwell took a nap between him and the postillion, as was related, had put that joke upon him. Wildgoose rubbed out the chalk as well as he could, to prevent them from being exposed to unnecessary speculation; and they trudged on towards the heart of the city.

Upon inquiring after a lodging of a sober sort of a tradesman at his door, they were directed down to the Quay; where they met with a tolerable decent apartment, at a gingerbread baker's, on reasonable terms; though they were obliged, by a prudent precaution of their landlady, to

* Vid. Journal.

pay a week's rent on their taking possession of the premises.

Wildgoose, thinking it now too late to wait on Mr. Whitfield that evening, employed it in making proper inquiries after his lodgings, and in giving good advice to the people where he himself lodged ; and, after eating a slight supper, retired early to his repose.

END OF THE THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME.





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